7.18.23.

LIBRARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PRINCETON, N. J.

Division PA8508

Section E5

1878

v.2

copy 1

J.J. COLMAN.

SOLD BY
THOMAS BAKER,
72 NEWMAN STREET,
LONDON, W., ENG.

Colloquies of Erasmus.

The Colloquies of Erasmus.

TRANSLATED BY

N. BAILEY.

Edited, with Notes, by the Rev. E. Johnson, M.A.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
REEVES & TURNER, 196, STRAND.
1878.

CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	Page
The Religious Pilgrimage	1
Ἰχθυοφαγία	38
The Funeral	99
The Echo	120
The Unequal Feast	125
Of Things and Words	132
Charon	139
The Assembly of Grammarians	146
The Unequal Marriage	153
The Imposture	167
Cyclops, or the Gospel Carrier	169
The Impertinents, or Cross-Purposes	178
The False Knight	181
The Play of Cockall	192
The Assembly or Parliament of Women	203
Diluculum, or the Early Rising	212
The Sober Feast	221
The Notable Art	227
The Sermon, or Merdardus	231
The Lover of Glory	252
Opulentia Sordida, or the Wealthy Miser	266
The Seraphick Funeral	281
Amicitia, or Friendship	300
Problema, the Problems	316
The Epicurean	326
The Conflict between Thalia *and* Barbarism	346
Concerning the Profitableness of Colloquies	357
Of the Method of Study	375
Notes	379

The Familiar Colloquies of Erasmus.

The RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

The ARGUMENT.

Ogygius *going a Pilgrimage for the Sake of Religion, returns Home full of Superstition. He had paid a Visit to St.* James *at* Compostella, *his Wife and Mother-in-Law having obliged him to make a Vow so to do. At that Time People began to be more cold, as to the Worshipping of Saints: For which Cause the Virgin* Mary *writes an Epistle full of Complaints, of their Worship being neglected. A Miracle of a Knight that was saved by the Help of the Virgin* Mary, *by opening a little Wicket through which he entred. Of the Virgin's Milk. St.* Bernard *is feign'd to have suck'd the same Pap of the Virgin* Mary, *that the Child* Jesus *did. A new Sort of Jewel call'd the Toad-Stone: The various Natures of Jewels. The Tomb of* Thomas Becket *at* Canterbury. *He falls foul on the prodigious Magnificence, Luxury and Wealth of Churches; and reprehends the Manners and Impieties of Sailors. The Absurdity of Kissing the Reliques of Saints, as Shoes, Slippers,* &c. *Saints are compared to Sheep.*

MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS.

MEN. What Novelty is this? Don't I see my old Neighbour *Ogygius*, that no Body has set their Eyes on this

six Months? There was a Report he was dead. It is he, or I'm mightily mistaken. I'll go up to him, and give him his Welcome. Welcome *Ogygius.*

Ogy. And well met, *Menedemus.*

Men. From what Part of the World came you? For here was a melancholy Report that you had taken a Voyage to the *Stygian* Shades.

Ogy. Nay, I thank God, I never was better in all my Life, than I have been ever since I saw you last.

Men. And may you live always to confute such vain Reports: But what strange Dress is this? It is all over set off with Shells scollop'd, full of Images of Lead and Tin, and Chains of Straw-Work, and the Cuffs are adorned with Snakes Eggs instead of Bracelets.

Ogy. I have been to pay a Visit to St. *James* at *Compostella*, and after that to the famous Virgin on the other Side the Water in *England*; and this was rather a Revisit; for I had been to see her three Years before.

Men. What! out of Curiosity, I suppose?

Ogy. Nay, upon the Score of Religion.

Men. That Religion, I suppose, the *Greek* Tongue taught you.

Ogy. My Wife's Mother had bound herself by a Vow, that if her Daughter should be delivered of a live Male Child, I should go to present my Respects to St. *James* in Person, and thank him for it.

Men. And did you salute the Saint only in your own and your Mother-in-Law's Name?

Ogy. Nay, in the Name of the whole Family.

Men. Truly I am persuaded your Family would have been every Whit as well, if you had never complimented him at all. But prithee, what Answer did he make you when you thanked him?

Ogy. None at all; but upon tendring my Present, he seemed to smile, and gave me a gentle Nod, with this same Scollop Shell.

Men. But why does he rather give those than any Thing else?

Ogy. Because he has plenty of them, the neighbouring Sea furnishing him with them.

Men. O gracious Saint, that is both a Midwife to Women in Labour, and hospitable to Travellers too! But what new Fashion of making Vows is this, that one who does nothing himself, shall make a Vow that another Man shall work? Put the Case that you should tie yourself up by a Vow that I should fast twice a Week, if you should succeed in such and such an Affair, do you think I'd perform what you had vowed?

Ogy. I believe you would not, altho' you had made the Vow yourself: For you made a Joke of Fobbing the Saints off. But it was my Mother-in-Law that made the Vow, and it was my Duty to be obedient: You know the Temper of Women, and also my own Interest lay at Stake.

Men. If you had not performed the Vow, what Risque had you run?

Ogy. I don't believe the Saint could have laid an Action at Law against me; but he might for the future have stopp'd his Ears at my Petitions, or slily have brought some Mischief or other upon my Family: You know the Humour of great Persons.

Men. Prithee tell me, how does the good Man St. *James* do? and what was he doing?

Ogy. Why truly, not so well by far as he used to be.

Men. What's the Matter, is he grown old?

Ogy. Trifler! You know Saints never grow old. No, but it is this new Opinion that has been spread abroad thro' the World, is the Occasion, that he has not so many Visits made to him as he used to have; and those that do come, give him a bare Salute, and either nothing at all, or little or nothing else; they say they can bestow their Money to better Purpose upon those that want it.

Men. An impious Opinion.

Ogy. And this is the Cause, that this great Apostle, that used to glitter with Gold and Jewels, now is brought to the very Block that he is made of, and has scarce a Tallow Candle.

Men. If this be true, the rest of the Saints are in Danger of coming to the same Pass.

Ogy. Nay, I can assure you, that there is a Letter handed about, which the Virgin *Mary* herself has written about this Matter.

Men. What *Mary*?

Ogy. She that is called *Maria a Lapide.*

Men. That's up towards *Basil,* if I am not mistaken?

Ogy. The very same.

Men. You talk of a very stony Saint. But who did she write it to?

Ogy. The Letter tells you the Name.

Men. Who did she send it by?

Ogy. An Angel, no Doubt, who laid it down in the Pulpit, where the Preacher, to whom it was sent, took it up. And to put the Matter out of all Doubt, you shall see the original Letter.

Men. Do you know the Angel's Hand, that is Secretary to the Virgin *Mary*?

Ogy. Well enough.

Men. By what Token?

Ogy. I have read St. *Bede*'s Epitaph, that was engraven by the same Angel, and the Shape of the Letters are exactly the same; and I have read the Discharge sent to St. *Ægidius,* and they agree exactly. Do not these prove the Matter plain enough?

Men. May a Body see it?

Ogy. You may, if you'll damn your Soul to the Pit of Hell, if ever you speak on't.

Men. 'Tis as safe as if you spoke it to a Stone.

Ogy. But there are some Stones that are infamous for this, that they can't keep a Secret.

Men. If you can't trust to a Stone, speak to a Mute then.

Ogy. Upon that Condition I'll recite it to you; but prick up both your Ears.

Men. I have done so.

Ogy. Mary *the Mother of* Jesus *to* Glaucoplutus *sendeth*

Greeting. This is to let you know, that I take it in good Part, and you have much obliged me, in that you have so strenuously followed Luther, *and convinced the World, that it is a Thing altogether needless to invoke Saints: For, before this Time, I was e'en wearied out of my Life with the wicked Importunities of Mortals. Every Thing was asked of me, as if my Son was always a Child, because he is painted so, and at my Breast, and therefore they take it for granted I have him still at my Beck, and that he dares not deny me any Thing I ask of him, for Fear I should deny him the Bubby when he is thirsty. Nay, and they ask such Things from me a Virgin, that a modest young Man would scarce dare to ask of a Bawd, and which I am ashamed to commit to Writing. A Merchant that is going a Voyage to* Spain *to get Pelf, recommends to me the Chastity of his kept Mistress; and a professed Nun, having thrown away her Veil, in Order to make her Escape, recommends to me the Care of her Reputation, which she at the same Time intends to prostitute. The wicked Soldier, who butchers Men for Money, bawls out to me with these Words, O Blessed Virgin, send me rich Plunder. The Gamester calls out to me to give him good Luck, and promises I shall go Snips with him in what he shall win; and if the Dice don't favour, I am rail'd at and curs'd, because I would not be a Confederate in his Wickedness. The Usurer prays, Help me to large Interest for my Money; and if I deny 'em any Thing, they cry out, I am no Mother of Mercy. And there is another Sort of People, whose Prayers are not properly so wicked, as they are foolish: The Maid prays,* Mary, *give me a handsome, rich Husband; the Wife cries, Give me fine Children; and the Woman with Child, Give me a good Delivery; the old Woman prays to live long without a Cough and Thirst; and the doting old Man, Send that I may grow young again; the Philosopher says, Give me the Faculty of starting Difficulties never to be resolv'd; the Priest says, Give me a fat Benefice; the Bishop cries out for the Saving of his Diocese; and the Mariner for a prosperous Voyage; the Magistrate cries out, Shew me thy Son before I die; the Courtier, That he may make an effectual*

Confession, when at the Point of Death; the Husbandman calls on me for seasonable Rain; and a Farmer's Wife, to preserve her Sheep and Cattle. If I refuse them any Thing, then presently I am hard-hearted. If I refer them to my Son, they cry, If you'll but say the Word, I'm sure he'll do it. How is it possible for me a lone Body, a Woman, and a Virgin, to assist Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gamesters, Brides and Bridegrooms, Women in Travail, Princes, Kings, and Peasants? And what I have mentioned is the least Part of what I suffer. But I am much less troubled with these Concerns now than I have been, for which I would give you my hearty Thanks, if this Conveniency did not bring a greater Inconveniency along with it. I have indeed more Leisure, but less Honour, and less Money. Before, I was saluted Queen of the Heavens, and Lady of the World; but now there are very few, from whom I hear an Ave-Mary. *Formerly I was adorned with Jewels and Gold, and had Abundance of Changes of Apparel; I had Presents made me of Gold and Jewels; but now I have scarce Half a Vest to cover me, and that is Mouse-eaten too: And my yearly Revenue is scarce enough to keep alive my poor Sexton, who lights me up a little Wax or Tallow Candle. But all these Things might be born with, if you did not tell us, that there were greater Things going forward. They say, you aim at this, to strip the Altars and Temples of the Saints every where. I advise you again and again to have a Care what you do: For other Saints don't want Power to avenge themselves for the Wrong done to them.* Peter, *being turn'd out of his Church, can shut the Gate of the Kingdom of Heaven against you.* Paul *has a Sword. And St.* Bartholomew *a Knife. The Monk* William *has a Coat of Mail under his Habit, and a heavy Lance too. And how will you encounter St.* George *on Horseback, in his Cuirassiers Arms, his Sword, and his Whinyard? Nor is* Anthony *without his Weapon, he has his sacred Fire: And the rest of them have either their Arms, or their Mischiefs, that they can send out against whom they please: And as for myself, although I wear no Weapons, you shall not turn me out, unless you turn my Son out too, whom I hold in*

my Arms. I won't be pulled away from him: You shall either throw us both out, or leave us both, unless you have a Mind to have a Church without a Christ. These Things I would have you know, and consider what Answer to give me; for I have the Matter much at Heart.

From our Stone House, the Calends of August, *the Year of my Son's Passion* 1524. *I the Stony Virgin have subscribed this with my own Hand.*

Men. In Truth this is a very terrible threatning Letter, and I believe *Glaucoplutus* will take Care what he does.

Ogy. He will, if he is wise.

Men. But why did not honest *James* write to him about this Matter?

Ogy. Truly I can't tell, except it is because he is a great Way off, and now-a-Days all Letters are intercepted.

Men. But what God carried you to *England*?

Ogy. A very favourable Wind; and I had made half a Promise to the beyond-Sea She-Saint, to pay her another Visit within two or three Years.

Men. What did you go to ask for of her?

Ogy. Nothing new; but those common Matters, the Health of my Family, the Increase of my Fortune, a long and a happy Life in this World, and eternal Happiness in the next.

Men. But could not our Virgin *Mary* have done as much for you here? She has at *Antwerp* a Temple, much more magnificent than that beyond Sea.

Ogy. I won't deny that she is able, but one Thing is bestowed in one Place, and another Thing in another: whether this be her Pleasure merely, or whether she being of a kind Disposition, accommodates herself in this to our Affections.

Men. I have often heard of *James*, but prithee give me some Account of that beyond-Sea Lady.

Ogy. I will do it as briefly as I can: Her Name is very famous all over *England*; and you shall scarce find any Body in that Island, who thinks his Affairs can be prosperous, unless he every Year makes some Present to that Lady,

greater or smaller, according as his Circumstances are in the World.

Men. Where-abouts does she dwell?

Ogy. Near the Coast, upon the furthest Part between the West and the North, about three Miles from the Sea; it is a Town that depends chiefly upon the Resort of Strangers: There is a College of *Canons* there, to which the *Latins* have added the Name of *Regulars*, which are of a middle Sort between Monks, and those *Canons* that are called *Seculars.*

Men. You tell me of amphibious Creatures, such as the Beavers are.

Ogy. Nay, so are Crocodiles too. But Trifling apart, I'll tell you in three Words: In odious Cases they are *Canons*, in favourable Cases they are *Monks.*

Men. You have hitherto been telling me Riddles.

Ogy. Why then I will give you a Mathematical Demonstration. If the Pope of *Rome* shall throw a Thunderbolt at all Monks, then they'll be all Canons; and if he will allow all Monks to marry, then they'll be all Monks.

Men. These are new Favours, I wish they would take mine for one.

Ogy. But to return to the Matter in Hand. This College has little else to maintain it, but the Liberality of the Virgin; for all Presents of Value are laid up; but as for any Thing of Money, or lesser Value, that goes to the Support of the Flock and the Head of it, which they call the Prior.

Men. Are they Men of good Lives?

Ogy. Not much amiss. They are richer in Piety than in Revenue: There is a clever neat Church, but the Virgin does not dwell in it herself; but upon Point of Honour has given it to her Son. Her Church is on the Right-Hand of her Son's.

Men. Upon his Right-Hand! which Way then does her Son look?

Ogy. That's well taken Notice of. When he looks toward the West he has his Mother on the Right, and when he looks toward the East, she is on his Left-Hand. And she does

not dwell there neither, for the Building is not finish'd ; the Doors and Windows are all open, and the Wind blows thro' it ; and not far off is a Place, where *Oceanus* the Father of the Winds resides.

Men. That's a hard Case, where does she dwell then ?

Ogy. In that unfinish'd Church, that I spoke of, there is a little boarded Chapel, with a little Door on each Side to receive Visitors. There's but a little Light to it, but what comes from the Tapers ; but the Scent is very grateful.

Men. All these Things conduce to Religion.

Ogy. Nay, *Menedemus*, if you saw the Inside of it, you would say it was the Seat of the Saints, it is all so glittering with Jewels, Gold and Silver.

Men. You set me agog to go thither too.

Ogy. If you do, you will never repent of your Journey.

Men. Is there any holy Oil there ?

Ogy. Simpleton, that Oil is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres, as of *Andrew*, *Catherine*, &c. *Mary* was never buried.

Men. I confess I was under a Mistake ; but make an End of your Story.

Ogy. That Religion may spread itself the more widely, some Things are shewn at one Place, and some at another.

Men. And it may be, that the Donations may be larger, according to the old Saying, *Fit cito per multas praeda petita manus. Many Hands will carry off much Plunder.*

Ogy. And there are always some at Hand, to shew you what you have a Mind to see.

Men. What, of the Canons ?

Ogy. No, no, they are not permitted, lest under the Colour of Religion they should prove irreligious, and while they are serving the Virgin, lose their own Virginity. Only in the inner Chapel, which I call the Chamber of the holy Virgin, a certain Canon stands at the Altar.

Men. What does he stand there for ?

Ogy. To receive and keep that which is given.

Men. Must People give whether they will or no ?

Ogy. No: but a certain religious Modesty makes some give, when any Body stands by, which would not give a Farthing, if there were no Witness of it; or give more than otherwise they would give.

Men. You set forth human Nature, as I have experienc'd in myself.

Ogy. There are some so devoted to the Holy Virgin, that while they pretend to lay one Gift on the Altar, by a wonderful Sleight of Hand, they steal what another has laid down.

Men. But put the Case no Body were by, would the Virgin thunder at them?

Ogy. Why should the Virgin do that, any more than God himself does, whom they are not afraid to strip of his Ornaments, and to break thro' the Walls of the Church to come at them?

Men. I can't well tell which I admire at most, the impious Confidence of those Wretches, or God's Patience.

Ogy. At the north Side there is a certain Gate, not of a Church, don't mistake me, but of the Wall that incloses the Church-Yard, that has a very little Wicket, as in the great Gates of Noblemen, that he that has a Mind to get in, must first venture the breaking of his Shins, and afterwards stoop his Head too.

Men. In Truth, it would not be safe for a Man to enter in against an Enemy at such a little Door.

Ogy. You're in the Right on't. But yet the Verger told me, that some Time since a Knight on Horse-Back, having escaped out of the Hands of his Enemy, who follow'd him at the Heels, got in thro' this Wicket. The poor Man at the last Pinch, by a sudden Turn of Thought, recommended himself to the holy Virgin, that was the nearest to him. For he resolv'd to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if the Gate had been open. When behold, which is such a Thing as was never heard of, both Man and Horse were on a sudden taken into the Church-Yard, and his Enemy left on the out-Side of it, stark mad at his Disappointment.

Men. And did he give you Reason to believe so wonderful a Relation?

Ogy. Without Doubt.

Men. That was no easy Matter to a Man of your Philosophy.

Ogy. He shew'd me a Plate of Copper nail'd on the Door, that had the very Image of this Knight, that was thus sav'd; and in the very Habit, which was then in Fashion among the *English*, which is the same we see in old Pictures, which, if they are drawn truly, the Barbers, and Dyers, and Weavers in those Days, had but a bad Time on't.

Men. Why so?

Ogy. Why, he had a Beard like a Goat; and there was not a Wrinkle in any of his Cloaths, they were made so strait to his Body, that the very Straitness of them made his Body the more slender. There was also another Plate that was an exact Description of the Chapel, and the Size of it.

Men. Then there was no Doubt to be made on't.

Ogy. Under the little Wicket there was an iron Grate, no bigger than what a Man on Foot could just get in at. For it was not fit that any Horse afterwards should tread upon that Place, which the former Knight had consecrated to the Virgin.

Men. And very good Reason.

Ogy. From hence towards the East, there is another Chapel full of Wonders; thither I went. Another Verger received me. There we pray'd a little; and there was shewn us the middle Joint of a Man's Finger; I kiss'd it, and ask'd whose Relick it was. He told me it was St. *Peter*'s; what, said I, the Apostle? He said it was. I then took Notice of the Bigness of the Joint, which was large enough to be taken for that of a Giant. Upon which, said I, *Peter* must Needs have been a very lusty Man. At this one of the Company fell a laughing; I was very much vext at it, for if he had held his Tongue, the Verger would have shewn us all the Relicks. However, we pacified him pretty

well, by giving him a few Groats. Before this little Chapel stood a House, which he told us, in the Winter-Time when all Things were buried in Snow, was brought there on a sudden, from some Place a great Way off. Under this House there were two Pits Brim-full, that were fed by a Fountain consecrated to the holy Virgin. The Water was wonderful cold, and of great Virtue in curing Pains in the Head and Stomach.

Men. If cold Water will cure Pains in the Head and Stomach, in Time Oil will quench Fire.

Ogy. But, my good Friend, you are hearing that which is miraculous; for what Miracle is there in cold Water quenching Thirst?

Men. That Shift goes a great Way in this Story.

Ogy. It was positively affirmed, that this Spring burst out of the Ground on a sudden, at the Command of the holy Virgin. I observing everything very diligently, ask'd him how many Years it was since that little House was brought thither? He said it had been there for some Ages. But, said I, methinks the Walls don't seem to carry any Marks of Antiquity in them: He did not much deny it. Nor these Pillars, said I: He did not deny but those had been set up lately; and the Thing shew'd itself plainly. Then, said I, that Straw and Reeds, the whole Thatch of it seems not to have been so long laid. He allow'd it. Nor do these cross Beams and Rafters, that bear up the Roof, seem to have been laid many Years ago. He confest they were not. And there being no Part of that Cottage remaining, said I to him, how then does it appear, that this is the very Cottage that was brought so far thro' the Air?

Men. Prithee, how did the Sexton extricate himself out of this Difficulty?

Ogy. He presently shew'd us an old Bear's Skin, tackt there to a Piece of Timber, and almost laught at us to our very Faces, for not having Eyes to perceive a Thing that was so plain. Therefore seeming to be satisfied, and excusing our Dulness of Apprehension, we turned ourselves to the Heavenly Milk of the blessed Virgin.

Men. O Mother like her Son! for as he has left us so much of his Blood upon Earth, so she has left us so much of her Milk, that it is scarce credible, that a Woman who never had but one Child, should have so much, altho' her Child had never suck'd a Drop.

Ogy. And they tell us the same Stories about our Lord's Cross, that is shewn up and down, both publickly and privately, in so many Places, that if all the Fragments were gathered together, they would seem to be sufficient Loading for a good large Ship; and yet our Lord himself carried the whole Cross upon his Shoulders.

Men. And don't you think this is wonderful?

Ogy. It may be said to be an extraordinary Thing, but not a wonderful one, since the Lord who encreases these Things according to his own Pleasure is Omnipotent.

Men. You put a very pious Construction upon it, but I am afraid that a great many such Things are forged for the Sake of getting Money.

Ogy. I cannot think God would suffer any one to put these Mockeries upon him.

Men. Nay, when both the Mother and Son, Father and Spirit are robb'd by sacrilegious Persons, they don't seem to be mov'd the least in the World, so as to deter wicked Persons, so much as by a Nod or a Stamp; so great is the Lenity of the Divine Being.

Ogy. This is true, but hear me out: That Milk is kept upon the high Altar, in which Christ is in the Middle, and his Mother, for Respect Sake, at his right Hand; for the Milk represents the Mother.

Men. Why, is it plain to be seen then?

Ogy. It is preserv'd in a Crystal Glass.

Men. Is it liquid then?

Ogy. What do you talk of being liquid, when it has been put in above 1500 Years ago. It is so concreted, you would take it for beaten Chalk, temper'd with the White of an Egg.

Men. But why don't they shew it open?

Ogy. Lest the Milk of the Virgin should be defil'd by the Kisses of Men.

Men. You say very well, for I believe there are some who put Lips to it, that are neither pure nor Virgin ones.

Ogy. As soon as the Officer sees us, he runs presently and puts on a Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, and falls down very devoutly and worships, and by and by gives us the holy Milk to kiss. Then we prostrated ourselves at the lowest Step of the Altar, and having first paid our Adoration to Christ, we apply'd ourselves to the Virgin in the following Prayer, which we had fram'd before-Hand for this very Purpose.

Virgin Mother, who hast merited to give Suck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son Jesus, from thy Virgin Breasts; we desire that being purified by his Blood, we may arrive at that happy Infant State of Dove-like Innocence, which being void of Malice, Fraud, and Deceit, we may continually desire the Milk of the Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to a perfect Man, and to the Measure of the Fulness of Christ, whose blessed Society thou wilt enjoy for evermore, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Men. Truly, a devout Prayer. But what Answer did she make?

Ogy. If my Eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleased: For the holy Milk seem'd to give a Leap, and the Eucharist seem'd to look somewhat brighter than usual. In the mean Time the Shewer of the Relicks came to us, without speaking a Word, holding out such a Kind of Table, as they in *Germany* that take Toll on the Bridges hold out to you.

Men. In Truth, I have oftentimes cursed those craving Tables, when I travelled in *Germany*.

Ogy. We laid down some Pieces of Money, which he presented to the Virgin. After this, by our Interpreter, (If I remember right) one *Robert Aldridge*, a well spoken young Man, and a great Master of the *English* Tongue, I enquired, as civilly as I could, what Assurance he had, that this was really the Virgin's Milk. And truly, I desired to be satisfied of this with a pious Intention, that I might stop the Mouths

of some impious Persons, who are us'd to scoff at all these Things. The Officer first contracted his Brow without speaking a Word; thereupon I prest the Interpreter to put the same Question to him again, but in the fairest Manner that could be; and he did it in so obliging a Manner, that if he had address'd himself to the Mother herself in these Terms, when she had but newly lain in, she would not have taken it amiss. But the Officer, as if he had been inspired with some Enthusiasm, looking upon us with astonished Eyes, and with a Sort of Horror, cursing our blasphemous Expression, said, *What Need is there for your putting this Question, when you have an Authentick Record?* And had turn'd us out of Doors for Hereticks, had not a few Pence pacified his Rage.

Men. But how did you behave yourselves in the Interim?

Ogy. Just as if we had been stunned with a Cudgel, or struck with Thunder; we sneak'd away, humbly begging his Pardon for our Boldness: For so a Man ought to do in holy Matters. Thence we went to the little Chapel, the Dwelling of the Virgin Saint. In our Way thither, an Expounder of sacred Things, one of the *Minors*, offers himself; he stares upon us as if he had a Mind to draw our Pictures; and having gone a little further, another meets us, staring upon us after the same Manner; and after him a third.

Men. It may be they had a Mind to have drawn your Picture.

Ogy. But I suspected far otherwise.

Men. What did you imagine then?

Ogy. That some sacrilegious Person had stolen some of the Virgin's Vestments, and that I was suspected as the Thief. Therefore, having entred the Chapel, I address'd myself to the Virgin-Mother with this short Prayer.

O thou who only of all Women art a Mother and a Virgin, the most happy of Mothers, and the purest of Virgins, we that are impure do now come to visit and address ourselves to thee that are pure, and reverence thee with our

poor Offerings, such as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to imitate thy most holy Life, that we may deserve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, to conceive the Lord Jesus in the most inward Bowels of our Minds, and having once conceiv'd him, never to lose him. Amen.

So I kiss'd the Altar, laid down some Money, and withdrew.

Men. What, did the Virgin hear? Did she give you no Nod as a Token that she had heard your Prayer?

Ogy. As I told you before, it was but an uncertain Light, and she stood in the Dark at the right Side of the Altar: And the Check of the former Officer had made me so dejected, that I did not dare to lift up my Eyes again.

Men. Then this Adventure had not a very happy Conclusion?

Ogy. Nay, the happiest of all.

Men. Nay, now you put me in Courage again; for, as your *Homer* says, *my Heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches.*

Ogy. After Dinner we go to Church again.

Men. How did you dare to do that, being suspected of Sacrilege?

Ogy. It may be I was: but I did not suspect myself. A clear Conscience fears nothing. I had a great Mind to see the Record that the Shewer of the Reliques had referr'd us to. Having hunted a great While for it, we found it at last; but it was hung up so high, that he must have good Eyes that could read it: And mine are none of the best, nor none of the worst. Therefore, not being willing wholly to trust to him in a Matter of such Moment, I went along with *Aldrisius* as he read it.

Men. Well! and were all your Doubts remov'd?

Ogy. I was asham'd of myself, that I should doubt of a Matter, that there was made so plain before one's Eyes, the Name, the Place, the Order of the Proceeding, in one Word, there was nothing omitted. There was one *William* of *Paris*, a Man of general Piety, but more especially religious in getting together the Relicks of Saints all over the Earth. He having travelled over a great many Countries, and

having every where diligently search'd Monasteries and Churches, at last arriv'd at *Constantinople*; (for this *William*'s Brother was a Bishop there). When he was preparing to return Home, the Bishop acquainted him, that there was a certain Nun that had the Virgin's Milk; and that he would be the happiest Man in the World, if he could possibly get any of it, either for Love or Money, or by any other Means; for that all the Relicks he had hitherto collected, were nothing, compared to that sacred Milk. Upon this, *William* never was at rest, till he had obtain'd one Half of this Milk; and having gotten this Treasure, thought himself richer than *Crœsus*.

Men. And very well he might, 'twas a Thing so unexpected too.

Ogy. He goes strait homeward, but falls sick by the Way.

Men. O how little Trust is to be put in human Felicity, that it shall be either perfect or long-liv'd!

Ogy. Finding himself in Danger, he sends for a *Frenchman*, a faithful Fellow-Traveller, and makes him swear Secrecy; and then delivers the Milk to him upon this Condition, That if he got Home safe, he should deposit that Treasure on the Altar of the holy Virgin that is worshipped at *Paris*, in that noble Church that has the River *Sein* on each Side of it, as if itself gave Place in Reverence to the Divinity of the Virgin. To sum up the Matter in few Words, *William* was buried; the other rides Post, but he falls sick by the Way, and thinking himself past Recovery, he delivers the Milk to an *Englishman* that was his Fellow-Traveller, making him take a solemn Oath that he would perform that which he himself was to have done. The one dies, the other takes it, and puts it upon the Altar, in the Presence of all the Canons of the Place, those that at that Time were call'd Regulars, as they are yet at St. *Genoveve*: He obtain'd Half this Milk of them, and carried it into *England*, and made a Present of it to this beyond-Sea Place, his Mind being moved thereunto by a Divine Impulse.

Men. Truly this Story hangs very handsomly together.

Ogy. Nay farther, that there might not be left the least Room to doubt, the very Names of the Bishops were set down, that were authorized to grant Releases and Indulgences to such as should come to see the Milk, according to the Power to them given, but not without some Donation or another.

Men. And how far did that Power extend?

Ogy. To forty Days.

Men. But are there Days in Purgatory?

Ogy. For certain there is Time there.

Men. But when they have dispos'd of this Stock of forty Days, have they no more to bestow?

Ogy. No: For there ever and anon arises something for them to bestow, and 'tis in this quite otherwise than it is with the Tub of the *Danaides.* For tho' that is continually filling, is always empty; but in this, tho' you are continually drawing out, there is never the less in the Vessel.

Men. But if the Remission of forty Days were given to a hundred thousand Men, would every one have so much?

Ogy. Yes, so much.

Men. And suppose that they that have received forty Days in the Morning, should ask for forty Days more at Night, Would they have wherewithal to give them?

Ogy. Yes, ten Times over in an Hour.

Men. I wish I had such a Cabinet at Home; I would not wish for above three Groats, if they might be doubled and tripled after that Manner.

Ogy. You might as well have wish'd to be all turn'd into Gold yourself, and as soon have had what you wish'd for. But to return to my Story, there was one Argument added, by a Man of great Piety and Candour, which is, that tho' the Virgin's Milk, which is shewn in many other Places, is indeed venerable enough, in that it was scrap'd off from Stones, yet this was more venerable than all the rest, because this was sav'd as it flow'd from the Virgin's Breast, without touching the Ground.

Men. But how does that appear?

Ogy. O! the Nun at *Constantinople* that gave it, said so.

Men. It may be she had it of St. *Bernard.*

Ogy. I believe she had.

Men. He, when he was very old, had the Happiness to taste Milk from the same Nipple which the Child *Jesus* sucked. Whence I wonder he was not rather called *Lactifluous* than *Mellifluous.* But how is that called the Virgin's Milk that did not flow from her Breasts?

Ogy. That did flow from her Breasts, but dropping upon the Stone she sat upon, while she was giving suck, it concreted, and was afterwards, by Providence, so multiplied.

Men. Right. Go on.

Ogy. These Things being over, we were just upon the Point of going away; but walking about, and looking round us to see if there was any Thing worth taking Notice of, the Chapel-Officers come to us again, leering at us, pointing at us with their Fingers, they advance to us, retreat, run backward and forward, nod, as if they would fain have said something to us, if they had had Courage enough to have done it.

Men. And was not you afraid then?

Ogy. No, not at all; but I looked them full in the Face very chearfully, as who should say, Speak and welcome. At length one of them comes up to me, and asked my Name. I told it him. He asked me if I was the Person that a Matter of two Years ago set up a Votive Table in *Hebrew* Letters? I told him I was.

Men. Can you write *Hebrew* then?

Ogy. No, but they call every Thing *Hebrew* that they can't understand. But by and by (upon calling, as I suppose) came the πρῶτος ὕστερος of the College.

Men. What Title of Dignity is that? Have they not an Abbot?

Ogy. No.

Men. Why so?

Ogy. Because they don't understand *Hebrew.*

Men. Have they no Bishop?

Ogy. None at all.

Men. Why so?

Ogy. Because the Virgin is so poor, that she has not wherewith to buy a Staff and a Mitre.

Men. Ha'n't they so much as a President?

Ogy. No, nor that neither.

Men. What hinders?

Ogy. Because a President is a Name of Dignity, and not of Holiness, and therefore the Colleges of Canons reject the Name of an Abbot, but they willingly allow the Name of a President.

Men. But this πρῶτος ὕστερος is what I never heard of before.

Ogy. In Truth you are but an indifferent Grammarian then.

Men. I know what ὑστερόπρωτον is in Rhetoric.

Ogy. Why that's it. He that is next the *Prior* is *Posterior Prior.*

Men. You mean a *Sub-Prior.*

Ogy. He saluted me very courteously. He told me what great Pains had been taken to read those Verses; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no Purpose; how often one grave Doctor of Divinity, and another of Law, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One said the Letters were *Arabick*, another said they were fictitious ones; but at last they found one that made a Shift to read the Title. It was written in *Latin* Words, and *Latin* Capitals. The Verses were *Greek*, in *Greek* Capitals, which at first Sight look'd like *Roman* Capitals. Being requested, I turn'd the Verses into *Latin*, Word for Word. They would have given me a Reward for this small Service, but I positively refused it, affirming that there was nothing so difficult that I would not, with all the Readiness in the World, undertake for the Sake of the Holy Virgin, even if she should command me to carry a Letter for her from thence to *Jerusalem.*

Men. What Occasion can she have for you to be her Letter-Carrier, that has so many Angels for her Secretaries and Pages?

Ogy. He pulled out of his Pouch a little Piece of Wood, cut off from the Beam on which the Virgin-Mother stood. The admirable Fragrancy of it, shewed it to be a Thing that was highly sacred. I having received this Present in the lowest Posture of Humility, and bare-headed, and having kiss'd it over and over, put it in my Pocket.

Men. May a Body see it?

Ogy. I'll let you see it if you will. But if you have eaten or drank to Day, or have had to do with your Wife last Night, I would not advise you to look upon it.

Men. Let me see it, there is no Danger.

Ogy. Here 'tis for you.

Men. O happy Man art thou that hast such a Present!

Ogy. Whether you know it or no, I would not exchange this little Fragment for all the Gold in *Tagus*. I'll set it in Gold, and put it in a Crystal Case, so that it may be seen through it. When this *Hysteroprotos* saw me so religiously transported with that small Present, thinking I deserved to have Things of greater Moment imparted to me, he asked me, if I had seen the Virgin's Secrets. That Word startled me a little, but I durst not ask him what he meant by the Virgin's Secrets; for in Matters so sacred there is Danger in a Slip of the Tongue. I told him I had not seen them; but I had a very great Desire to see them. Then I am conducted in as one in an Ecstacy. A Wax Taper or two was lighted, and a little Image was shewn me, that made no extraordinary Figure, neither for Magnitude, Matter, nor Workmanship, but of extraordinary Virtue.

Men. Bulk has no great Matter in it, as to the doing of Miracles. I have seen St. *Christopher* at *Paris*, not him of a Cart-Load, or of the Size of a *Colossus*, but rather of a large Mountain; but I never heard he was famous for doing Miracles.

Ogy. At the Feet of the Virgin there is a Jewel, that neither the *Latins* nor *Greeks* have yet given a Name to. The *French* have given it a Name from a Toad, because it has the Resemblance of a Toad in it so lively, that no Art

can match it. And that which is the more miraculous, is, that it is a very small Stone ; and the Image does not stand out of it, but is included in the very Body of the Stone, and may be seen thro' it.

Men. Perhaps they may fancy they see the Likeness of a Toad cut in it, as some fancy they see that of an Eagle in the Stalk of a Brake or Fern ; and as Boys, who see every Thing in the Clouds, as Dragons breathing out Fire, burning Mountains and armed Men fighting.

Ogy. Nay, that you may be thoroughly satisfied in the Matter, no living Toad ever shewed itself more plainly, than that is expressed there.

Men. I have been hearing your Stories all this While ; but I would have you find out some Body else to give Credit to your Story of the Toad.

Ogy. I don't at all wonder, *Menedemus*, that you are so incredulous ; I should not have believ'd it myself, if the whole Tribe of Divines had asserted it, unless I had seen it with these Eyes, I say, beheld with these very Eyes, and had experienced the Truth of it. But, methinks you seem not to be curious enough upon these natural Rarities.

Men. Why so ? what, because I won't believe that Asses fly.

Ogy. But do you not observe how Nature sports herself in imitating the Shapes and Colours of every Thing, in other Things, but especially in precious Stones ? And also, what admirable Virtues it has planted in them, which are altogether incredible, if common Experience did not force us to a Belief of them ? Prithee tell me, would you ever have believed without seeing it with your Eyes, that Steel could have been drawn by the Load-Stone, without touching it, or be driven away from it without being touch'd by it ?

Men. No, indeed I never should, although ten *Aristotles* had taken their Oaths of the Truth of it.

Ogy. Well then, don't say every Thing's a Fable that has not fallen within the Compass of your Experience. We find the Figure of a *Bolt* in a *Thunder-Stone* ; *Fire* in the

Carbuncle; the Figure of *Hail*, and the *Coldness* of it in the *Hail-Stone*, nay, even tho' you throw it into the Midst of the Fire; the deep and transparent *Waves* of the Sea in the *Emerald*; the *Carcinias* imitates the Figure of a *Sea-Crab*; the *Echites* of a *Viper*; the *Scarites* of a *Gilt-Head*; the *Theracites* of a *Hawk*; the *Geranites* shews you the figur'd *Neck of a Crane*; the *Ægophthalmus* shews the *Eye of a Goat*; and some shew that of a *Hog*, and another *three Human Eyes* together; The *Lycophthalmus* paints you out the *Eye of a Wolf* in four Colours, fiery and bloody, and in the Middle, black encompassed with white; if you open the black *Cyamea*, you will find a *Bean* in the Middle; the *Dryites* represents the *Trunk of a Tree*, and burns like *Wood*; The *Cissites* and *Narcissites* represent *Ivy*; the *Astrapias* darts forth *Rays of Lightning* out of the Midst of white or blue; the *Phlegontites* shews a *Flame* within, that does not come out; in the *Anthracitis* you may see certain Sparks running too and fro; the *Crocias* represents the *Colour of Saffron*; the *Rhodites* that of a *Rose*; the *Chalcites* of *Brass*; the *Aetites* the Figure of an *Eagle*, with a white Tail; the *Taos* represents a *Peacock*; the *Chelidonia* an *Asp*; the *Mermecites* has the Image of a *creeping Pismire* growing within it; the *Cantharias* shews a perfect *Beetle*; and the *Scorpites* admirably decyphers a *Scorpion*. But why should I proceed to recount that which is innumerable, when there is no Part of Nature, either in Elements, Animals, or Plants, which Nature, as it were to sport herself, does not give us some Resemblance of in Stones? And do you then admire that the Form of a Toad is represented in the *Bufonites*?

Men. I wonder that Nature has so much spare Time, as to divert herself in drawing the Pictures of every Thing.

Ogy. It has a Mind to exercise the Curiosity of Mankind, and by that Means to keep us from being idle. And yet as tho' we were at a Loss to know how to pass away our Time, we run a madding after Buffoons, Dice, and Jugglers.

Men. You say true.

Ogy. And some Persons of Credit add, that if you put

this Toad-Stone into Vinegar, it will move its Legs and swim.

Men. But why is this dedicated to the Virgin ?

Ogy. Because she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all Uncleanness, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and all Manner of earthly Desires.

Men. Woe to us then who carry so much of the Toad still in our Hearts !

Ogy. But we shall be pure if we worship the Virgin as we ought.

Men. How would she have us worship her ?

Ogy. You will perform most acceptable Service to her if you imitate her.

Men. That's soon said, but not so easily performed.

Ogy. It is hard, indeed ; but then it is very well worth the Pains.

Men. Come on, go forwards in what you have begun.

Ogy. Afterwards he shewed me Statues of Gold and Silver : This, says he, is solid Gold ; and this is only Silver gilt ; he told me the Weight of every one, the Price, and the Name of the Donor. I being full of Admiration at every Thing, and congratulating the Virgin being Mistress of so much Wealth, says the Officer to me, Inasmuch as I perceive you are so pious a Spectator, I think I should not do fairly by you, if I should conceal any Thing from you ; therefore you shall see the greatest Privacies the Virgin has : And presently he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar a World of admirable Things, the Particulars of which, if I should proceed to mention, the Day would not be long enough ; so that thus far the Journey succeeded to my Wish. I satisfied my Curiosity abundantly with fine Sights, and brought Home with me this inestimable Present, a Pledge of the Virgin's Love, given me by herself.

Men. Did you ever make Trial of the Virtues of this Piece of Wood ?

Ogy. I have. Three or four Days ago, I being in an House of Entertainment, found a Man stark mad, whom

they were just going to put into Chains ; I put this Piece of Wood privately under his Bolster, and he fell into a sound Sleep, and slept a long Time, and when he rose in the Morning he was as sober as ever.

Men. Perhaps he was not distracted but drunk, and Sleep commonly cures that Distemper.

Ogy. Menedemus, since you love to use Raillery, take another Subject. It is neither pious nor safe to make Sport with Saints. Nay, the Man himself told me, That there was a Woman appeared to him in his Sleep of an incomparable Beauty, that held forth a Cup to him to drink.

Men. Hellebore, I believe.

Ogy. That's uncertain ; but this is certain, that the Man recover'd his Reason.

Men. Did you pass by *Thomas* Archbishop of *Canterbury* ?

Ogy. No, I think I did not. It is one of the most religious Pilgrimages in the World.

Men. I long to hear it, if it won't be too much Trouble to you.

Ogy. It is so far from that, that you will oblige me in hearing of it. That Part of *England* that looks towards *Flanders* and *France* is called *Kent* : The Metropolis of it is *Canterbury*. There are two Monasteries in it, that are almost contiguous ; and they are both of *Benedictines*. That which bears the Name of *Augustine*, is the antienter of the two ; that which is now called by the Name of St. *Thomas*, seems to have been the Seat of St. *Thomas* the Archbishop, where he had led his Life with a few Monks, whom he chose for his Companions, as now-a-Days Deans have their Palaces near the Church, tho' separate from the Houses of other Canons. For, in old Time, both Bishops and Canons were Monks, as appears by the manifest *Vestigia* of Things. But the Church, that is dedicated to St. *Thomas*, raises itself up towards Heaven with that Majesty, that it strikes those that behold it at a great Distance, with an Awe of Religion, and now, with its Splendor, makes the Light of the neighbour-

ing Palaces look dim, and as it were obscures the Place that was antiently the most celebrated for Religion. There are two lofty Turrets, which stand, as it were, bidding Visitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that make the adjacent Country echo far and wide with their rolling Sound. In the south Porch of the Church stand three Stone Statues of Men in Armour, who with wicked Hands murdered the holy Man, with the Names of their Countries, *Tusci*, *Fusci*, and *Berti*.

Men. Why have such wicked Men so much Honour done them?

Ogy. They have the same Honour done to them, that is done to *Judas*, *Pilate*, *Caiaphas*, and the Band of wicked Soldiers, whose Images you may see carv'd upon stately Altars: And their Names are added, that none after them might arrogate to themselves the Glory of the Fact. They are set there in open Sight, to be a Warning to wicked Courtiers, that no one may hereafter presume to lay his Hand on either Bishops or the Possessions of the Church. For these three Ruffians ran mad with Horror of the Fact they had committed; nor had they come to themselves again, had not holy *Thomas* been implored in Favour of them.

Men. O the perpetual Clemency of Martyrs!

Ogy. When you are entered in, a certain spacious Majesty of Place opens itself to you, which is free to every one.

Men. Is there nothing to be seen there?

Ogy. Nothing but the Bulk of the Structure, and some Books chained to the Pillars, containing the Gospel of *Nicodemus*, and the Sepulchre of, I can't tell who.

Men. And what else?

Ogy. Iron Grates inclose the Place called the Choir, so that there's no Entrance; but so that the View is still open from one End of the Church to the other. You ascend to this by a great many Steps, under which there is a certain Vault that opens a Passage to the North Side. There they shew a wooden Altar, consecrated to the holy Virgin; it is a very small one, and remarkable for nothing, except as a Monu-

ment of Antiquity, reproaching the Luxury of the present Times. In that Place the good Man is reported to have taken his last Leave of the Virgin, when he was at the Point of Death. Upon the Altar is the Point of the Sword, with which the Top of the Head of that good Prelate was wounded, and some of his Brains that were beaten out, to make sure Work on't. We most religiously kiss'd the sacred Rust of this Weapon, out of Love to the Martyr. Leaving this Place, we went down into a Vault under Ground ; to that there belong two Shewers of Relicks. The first Thing they shew you, is the Skull of the Martyr, as it was bored through ; the upper Part is left open to be kiss'd, all the rest is cover'd over with Silver. There also is shewn you a leaden Plate with this Inscription, *Thomas Acrensis.* And there hang up in a great Place, the Shirts of Hair-Cloth, the Girdles, and Breeches, with which this Prelate used to mortify his Flesh, the very Sight of which is enough to strike one with Horrour, and to reproach the Effeminacy and Delicacy of our Age.

Men. Nay, perhaps of the Monks themselves.

Ogy. That I can neither affirm nor deny, nor does it signify much to me.

Men. You say right.

Ogy. From hence we return to the Choir. On the north Side they open a private Place. It is incredible what a World of Bones they brought out of it, Skulls, Chins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers, whole Arms, all which we having first adored, kiss'd ; nor had there been any End of it, had it not been for one of my Fellow-Travellers, who indiscreetly interrupted the Officer that was shewing them.

Men. Who was he ?

Ogy. He was an *Englishman,* his Name was *Gratian Pullus,* a Man of Learning and Piety, but not so well affected to this Part of Religion as I could wish he were.

Men. I fancy he was a *Wickliffite.*

Ogy. No, I believe he was not, tho' he had read his Books ; but I don't know where he had them.

Men. Did he make the Officer angry?

Ogy. He took out an Arm having yet some bloody Flesh upon it; he shew'd a Reluctance to the Kissing it, and a Sort of Uneasiness in his Countenance: And presently the Officer shut up all his Relicks again. After this we view'd the Table of the Altar, and the Ornaments; and after that those Things that were laid up under the Altar: all was very rich; you would have said *Midas* and *Crœsus* were Beggars compar'd to them, if you beheld the great Quantities of Gold and Silver.

Men. And was there no Kissing here?

Ogy. No, but my Mind was touch'd with other Sorts of Wishes.

Men. What where they?

Ogy. It made me sigh to think I had no such Relicks in my own House.

Men. A sacrilegious Wish!

Ogy. I confess it, and I humbly begg'd Pardon of the Saint, before I set my Foot out of the Church. After this we were carry'd into the Vestry. Good God! What a Pomp of Silk Vestments was there, of Golden Candlesticks! There we saw also St. *Thomas*'s Pastoral Staff: It look'd like a Reed plated over with Silver; it had but little of Weight, and nothing of Workmanship, and was no longer than up to one's Girdle.

Men. Was there never a Cross?

Ogy. I saw none: There was a Gown shewn, it was Silk indeed, but coarse, and without Embroidery of Jewels; and a Handkerchief, still having plain Marks of Sweat and Blood from the Saint's Neck. We readily kiss'd these Monuments of antient Frugality.

Men. Are these shewn to every Body?

Ogy. No certainly, my good Friend.

Men. How then did you come to have such Credit with them, that none of their Secrets were conceal'd from you?

Ogy. I had some Acquaintance with the Reverend Prelate *William Warham* the Archbishop, and he recommended me.

Men. I have heard he was a Man of great Humanity.

Ogy. Nay, if you knew the Man, you would take him for Humanity itself. He was a Man of that Learning, that Candour of Manners, and that Piety of Life, that there was nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplish'd Prelate. From hence we were conducted up higher; for, behind the high Altar, there is another Ascent, as into another Church. In a certain Chapel there was shewn to us the whole Face of the good Man set in Gold, and adorned with Jewels; and here a certain unexpected Chance had near interrupted all our Felicity.

Men. I want sadly to hear what mischievous Matter this was.

Ogy. My Friend *Gratian* lost himself here extremely. After a short Prayer, he says to the Assistant of him that shew'd us the Reliques, Good Father, is it true, as I have heard, that *Thomas*, while he liv'd, was very charitable to the Poor? Very true, replies he, and began to relate a great many Instances of his Charity. Then, answers *Gratian*, I don't believe that good Inclination in him is changed, unless it be for the better. The Officer assented. Then, says he again, if this holy Man was so liberal to the Poor, when he was a poor Man himself, and stood in Need of Charity for the Support of his own Body, don't you think he would take it well now, when he is grown so rich, and wants nothing, if some poor Woman having a Family of Children at Home ready to starve, or Daughters in Danger of being under a necessity to prostitute themselves for want of Portions, or a Husband sick in Bed, and destitute of all Comforts; if such a Woman should ask him Leave to make bold with some small Portion of these vast Riches, for the Relief of her Family, taking it either as by Consent, or by Gift, or by Way of Borrowing? The Assistant making no Answer to this, *Gratian* being a warm Man, I am fully persuaded, says he, that the good Man would be glad at his Heart, that when he is dead he could be able to relieve the Necessities of the Poor with his Wealth. Upon this the Shewer of the Relicks

began to frown, and to pout out his Lips, and to look upon us as if he would have eaten us up ; and I don't doubt but he would have spit in our Faces, and have turn'd us out of the Church by the Neck and Shoulders, but that we had the Archbishop's Recommendation. Indeed I did in some Measure pacify him with good Words, telling him, that *Gratian* did not speak this from his Heart, but had a drolling Way with him ; and also laid down a little Money.

Men. Indeed I exceedingly approve of your Piety. But I sometimes seriously think on't, how they can possibly excuse themselves from being guilty of a Fault, who consume such vast Sums in building, beautifying, and enriching Churches, setting no Bound to their Expences. I allow that there ought to be a Dignity in the sacred Vestments, the Vessels of a Church, agreeable to the solemn Service ; and would have the Structure of it to have a certain Air of Majesty. But to what Purpose are so many golden Fonts, so many Candlesticks, and so many Images ? To what Purpose is such a Profusion of Expence upon Organs, as they call them ? Nor are we indeed content with one Pair. What signify those Concerts of Musick, hired at so great an Expence ; when in the mean Time our Brothers and Sisters, Christ's living Temples, are ready to perish for Hunger and Thirst ?

Ogy. There is no Man, either of Piety or Wisdom, but would wish for a Moderation in these Matters ; but since this Error proceeds from a certain Extreme of Piety, it deserves some Favour, especially when we reflect on the other hand, on the contrary Error of others, who rob Churches rather than build them up. They are commonly endow'd by great Men and Monarchs, who would employ the Money worse in Gaming, or War. And moreover, if you take any Thing away from the Church, in the first Place it is accounted Sacrilege ; and in the second Place, it shuts up the Hands of those who had an Inclination to give ; and besides, it is a Temptation to Rapine. The Churchmen are rather Guardians of these Things than Masters of them. And

lastly, I had rather see a Church luxuriant with sacred Furniture, than as some of them are, naked and sordid, more like Stables than Churches.

Men. But we read, that the Bishops of old were commended for selling the sacred Vessels, and relieving the Poor with the Money.

Ogy. And so they are commended at this Day; but they are only commended; for I am of the Mind they neither have the Power, nor the Will, to follow the Example.

Men. But I hinder your Narration, I now expect to hear the Conclusion of your Story.

Ogy. Well! you shall have it, and I'll be very brief. Upon this, out comes the Head of the College.

Men. Who was he? the Abbot of the Place?

Ogy. He wears a Mitre, and has the Revenue of an Abbot, he wants nothing but the Name; he is call'd the *Prior*, because the Archbishop is in the Place of an Abbot. For in old Time, every one that was an Archbishop of that Diocese was a Monk.

Men. I did not matter if I was call'd a Camel, if I had but the Revenue of an Abbot.

Ogy. He seem'd to me to be a godly and prudent Man, and not unacquainted with the *Scotch* Divinity. He open'd us the Box, in which the Remainder of the Holy Man's Body is said to rest.

Men. Did you see the Bones?

Ogy. That is not permitted, nor can it be done without a Ladder. But a wooden Box covers a golden one, and that being craned up with Ropes, discovers an inestimable Treasure.

Men. What say you?

Ogy. Gold was the basest Part. Every Thing sparkled and shined with very large and scarce Jewels, some of them bigger than a Goose's Egg. There some Monks stood about with the greatest Veneration. The Cover being taken off, we all worshipp'd. The Prior, with a white Wand, touch'd every Stone one by one, telling us the Name in *French*, the

Value of it, and who was the Donor of it. The Principal of them were the Presents of Kings.

Men. He had Need to have a good Memory.

Ogy. You guess right, and yet Practice goes a great Way, for he does this frequently. Hence he carried us back into a Vault. There the Virgin *Mary* has her Residence; it is something dark, it is doubly rail'd in and encompassed about with iron Bars.

Men. What is she afraid of?

Ogy. Nothing, I suppose, but Thieves. And I never in my Life saw any Thing more laden with Riches.

Men. You tell me of Riches in the Dark.

Ogy. Candles being brought in, we saw more than a Royal Sight.

Men. What, does it go beyond the *Parathalassian* Virgin in Wealth?

Ogy. It goes far beyond in Appearance. What is concealed she knows best. These Things are shewn to none but great Persons, or peculiar Friends. In the End, we were carried back into the Vestry: There was pulled out a Chest covered with black Leather; it was set upon the Table, and opened. They all fell down on their Knees, and worshipped.

Men. What was in it?

Ogy. Pieces of Linen Rags, a great many of them retaining still the Marks of the Snot. These were those, they say, that the holy Man used to wipe the Sweat off from his Face and Neck with, the Snot out of his Nose, or any other such Sort of Filth which human Bodies are not free from. Here again my *Gratian* behaved himself in none of the most obliging Manners. For the gentle Prior offered to him, being an *Englishman*, an Acquaintance, and a Man of considerable Authority, one of the Rags for a Present, thinking he had presented him with a very acceptable Gift; but *Gratian* unthankfully took it squeamishly in his Fingers, and laid it down with an Air of Contempt, making up his Mouth at it, as if he would have smack'd it. For this was his Custom, if

any Thing came in his Way that he would express his Contempt to. I was both ashamed and afraid. Nevertheless the good Prior, tho' not insensible of the Affront, seemed to take no Notice of it; and after he had civilly entertained us with a Glass of Wine, dismissed us, and we went back to *London.*

Men. What Need was there for that, when you were not far from your own Shore?

Ogy. I was not, but I industriously shunned that Shore, it being more infamous for Cheats and Rapines than any Rocks are for Shipwrecks. I'll tell you what I saw in my last Passage that Way. There were a pretty many of us upon the Shore of *Calais,* who were carried thence in a Chaloupe to a large Ship. Among the rest there was a young *Frenchman* that was poor and ragged, and they demanded two Pence for his Passage; for so much they will have if they carry you but a Boat's Length: He pleaded Poverty. They in a Frolick would needs search him, and having pulled off his Shoes, they find ten or twelve Pieces of Silver between the Soles. They took the Money, laugh'd at him to his Face, and banter'd the *Frenchman* as a Cheat into the Bargain.

Men. What did the Fellow do then?

Ogy. What should he do but lament his Misfortune?

Men. Do they do these Things by Authority?

Ogy. By the same Authority that they steal the Baggage of a Guest in his Inn, or take his Purse upon the Road, if they find an Opportunity.

Men. It is very strange that they dare to commit such Villainy before so many Witnesses.

Ogy. They are so used to it, that they think they do well in it. There were many in the great Ship who looked on, and some *English* Merchants in the Boat, who grumbled at it; but to no Purpose. They boasted of it as a Piece of Wit in catching the *Frenchman* in his Roguery.

Men. I would hang up those Coast Thieves, and laugh at them, and banter them at the Gallows.

Ogy. Nay, both Shores abound with such Fellows. Hence I make this Improvement: If the little Thieves dare to do thus, what will their Masters do? So that I had rather, for the future, go ever so far about than that shortest Way. And besides, as the Descent to Hell is easy, but the Return is difficult; so the Entrance of this Shore is not very easy, and the getting out of it very difficult. There were at *London* some Skippers belonging to *Antwerp*; so I determined to take Passage with them.

Men. Are the Skippers of that Country any better than others?

Ogy. I confess, as an Ape will always be an Ape, so a Skipper will always be a Skipper: But if you compare them to those that live upon the Catch, they are Angels.

Men. I shall remember it, if I ever have a Mind to visit that Island. But go on again, I have led you out of the Way.

Ogy. In our Journey to *London*, not far from *Canterbury*, there's a narrow, hollow, steep Way, and a cragged, steep Bank on either Side, so that you can't escape it; for there is no other Way to go. Upon the left Hand of that Way, there is a little Cottage of old Mendicants. As soon as they espy a Man on Horseback coming, one of them runs out, and sprinkles him with holy Water, and then offers him the upper Leather of a Shoe, with a Brass Ring to it, in which is a Glass, as if it were some Gem. Having kiss'd it, you give a small Piece of Money.

Men. In such a Way, I had rather meet with a Cottage of old Mendicants, than a Gang of lusty Foot Pads.

Ogy. *Gratian* rode on my left Hand, next to this Cottage; he was sprinkled with holy Water, and took it pretty well; but upon presenting the Shoe, he ask'd what was meant by that? This, says the poor Man, was St. *Thomas*'s Shoe. *Gratian* fell into a Passion, and turning to me, said, What would these Brutes have? Will they make us kiss the Shoes of all that have been good Men? Why do they not as well give us their Spittle, and the other Excrements of their

Bodies, to kiss? I pitied the poor old Man, and comforted him, being sorrowful, by giving him a little Money.

Men. In my Opinion, *Gratian* was not angry altogether without a Cause. If these Shoes and Slippers were preserved as an Argument of Moderation in living, I should not dislike it: But I think it a Piece of Impudence, to thrust Slippers, and Shoes, and Stockings, upon any one to be kissed. If any one shall do it of their own free Choice, from a great Affection to Piety, I think they deserve to be left to their own Liberty.

Ogy. Not to dissemble, I think those Things had better be let alone; but in those Matters that cannot be mended on a sudden, it is my Way to make the best of them. In the mean Time my Mind was delighted with this Contemplation, that a good Man was like a Sheep, and a wicked Man like a hurtful Beast. A Viper indeed cannot bite when it is dead, yet it is infectious by its Stink and Corruption. A Sheep, while it lives, nourishes us with its Milk, cloaths us with its Wool, and enriches us by its Increase; when it is dead, it supplies us with Leather, and is every Part of it fit to be eaten. In like Manner, Men that are furious and devoted to this World, while they live are troublesome to all Persons, and when they are dead, are a Disturbance to those that are alive, with the Noise of the Bells and a pompous Funeral; and sometimes to their Successors at their entring upon their Possessions, by causing new Exactions. But good Men make themselves profitable, in all Respects, to the whole World. As this Saint, while he was alive, by his Example, his Doctrine, and Admonitions, invited to Piety, comforted the Friendless, succoured the Needy; so now he is dead, he is in some Sort more useful. He built this magnificent Church, and advanced the Authority of the Priesthood all over *England*: And now, after all, this Fragment of his Shoe maintains a Conventicle of poor Men.

Men. That indeed is a very pious Contemplation: But I admire, since you are of this Mind, that you never went to see St. *Patrick*'s Den, of which the People say so many prodigious Things, that I can scarce think likely to be true.

Ogy. Nay, there is no Report of it can be so prodigious, but that the Thing itself exceeds it.

Men. Why then, did you ever enter into it?

Ogy. Yes, I have ferried over a Lake truly *Stygian*, and descended into the very Jaws of *Avernus*, and seen all that is done in Hell.

Men. You'll bless me, if you shall not think much to relate it.

Ogy. I think this Preface of our Discourse has been prolix enough. I am going Home to give Order to get Supper ready; for I have not dined yet.

Men. Why have you had no Dinner? Is it upon a religious Account?

Ogy. No, but out of Spite.

Men. What, do you spite your Belly?

Ogy. No, but unconscionable Victuallers, who, altho' they serve you with what is not fit to be eaten, make no Scruple of demanding for it an unreasonable Price. This is the Way that I revenge myself on them: If I am in Hope of a good Supper, either at an Acquaintance's, or at an Eating-House, that is any Thing tolerable, my Stomach fails me at Dinner. If Fortune throws in my Way a Dinner, such as I like, then my Stomach fails me at Supper-Time.

Men. And are you not ashamed to be so stingy and sneaking?

Ogy. Believe me, *Menedemus*, in such Cases as this, those that make Use of their Modesty, employ it to a wrong Use. I have learned to keep my Bashfulness for other Purposes.

Men. I do e'en long for the Remainder of your Story, and therefore expect me at Supper, and there you may tell it more at Leisure.

Ogy. In Truth, I give you Thanks for taking the Freedom to invite yourself, when many who are invited with Earnestness, won't accept of it: But I will thank you over and over, if you shall sup at Home to Night; for my Time will be taken up in congratulating my Family. But I have

Advice to give you that will be more commodious for us both. Do you provide a Dinner at your House for me and my Wife to-Morrow, and I'll proceed in my Story till Supper-Time, till you shall say, you have your Belly-full ; and if you are contented so, we won't leave you at Supper neither. What, do you scratch your Head ? Do you but make Provision, and I'll give you my Word we will come without fail.

Men. I like Stories best gratis. However, come, I'll provide a Dinner for you, but it shall be an unsavoury one, if you don't make it relishing with your Stories.

Ogy. But hark ye, han't I set you a-gog to go on Pilgrimages ?

Men. Perhaps you may, by that Time you have finish'd your Relation ; but as I find myself at present, I have enough to do to travel my *Roman* Stations.

Ogy. Roman ones, you who never saw *Rome* ?

Men. I'll tell you : After that Manner I walk about my House, I go to my Study, and take Care of my Daughter's Chastity ; thence I go into my Shop, and see what my Servants are doing ; then into the Kitchen, and see if any Thing be amiss there ; and so from one Place to another, to observe what my Wife, and what my Children are doing, taking Care that every one be at his Business. These are my *Roman* Stations.

Ogy. But St. *James* would take Care of these Things for you.

Men. The Holy Scriptures enjoin me to look after them myself, but I do not find any Text to leave them to the Saints.

ΙΧΘΥΟΦΑΓΙΑ.

The Argument.

This Colloquy contains an ingenious Discourse concerning human Constitutions, which, tho' not altogether to be rejected, yet are not to be so much set by as some Persons do, who in a Manner prefer them before the divine Law itself. Others again, abuse both divine and human Constitutions, making them serve their own Profit and tyrannical Disposition. What Persons, and how far human Constitutions are binding, what they conduce to, and how much they differ from divine. The preposterous Judgment of Women concerning them is blamed. Many Incommodities proceed from eating of Fish, not only to Bodies, but also to Minds. The barbarous Cruelty of them that forbid the Use of Flesh to sickly Persons. Why the Ceremonial Law was abolished. The Pontifical Laws require Things more burdensome than the Ceremonial Laws of the Jews. The Custom of baptizing new-born Infants is reprehended. The Popish Ceremonies are a great Obstacle to many from embracing the Christian Religion. That there might be a general Peace in the Christian World, if the Emperor would remit something of his Right, and the Pope something of his. The God Terminus, *what he is. Human Laws are not binding of them-*

selves. God commands nothing injurious to the Health either of Soul or Body, not so much as Fasting. The common Custom of Mankind is to fear and reverence God and his Worship, less than Man.

A BUTCHER *and a* SALT-FISHMONGER.

BUT. Tell me, silly Seller of Salt-Fish, han't you bought a Halter yet?

Fish. A Halter, Butcher?

But. Yes, I say an Halter.

Fish. For what?

But. To hang yourself with.

Fish. Let them buy Halters that want them, I'm not weary of my Life yet.

But. But you will be weary of it quickly.

Fish. God send that may rather be your Case than mine. What's the Matter?

But. I'll tell you, if you don't know. Here's a Time coming upon you, that you and your Brother Tradesmen will be all starv'd to Death, and ready to hang yourselves out of the Way.

Fish. Easy, easy, Butcher, God send this may be our Enemies Case, and not ours. But prithee, Butcher, how came you to be a Fortune-Teller all on a sudden, to divine such a Calamity.

But. 'Tis no Guess-Work, I promise you; do not flatter yourself, 'tis Matter of Fact.

Fish. You fright me out of my Wits; if you have any Thing to say, let us have it out.

But. I'll tell you to your Cost. Here's a Dispensation of the College of Cardinals coming out, for every Body to eat what he lists. Then what will you and your Fraternity do, but be starved to Death in the Midst of your Heaps of stinking Salt-Fish.

Fish. They that have a Mind to it may feed upon Snails

or Nettles, with all my Heart. But is there a Prohibition that no Body shall eat Fish ?

But. No. But every Body is at Liberty to eat Flesh, that has a Mind to it.

Fish. If what you predict be true, you rather deserve to be hang'd than I ; and if it be false, you have more Need to buy a Halter. For I hope for a better Trade for the future.

But. You may have Stock enough by you, but your Belly's full of Fasting. But if you'll hear the best of the Story, you may live a little cleanlier than you used to do, and not have Occasion to wipe your snotty, scabby Nose upon your Elbow.

Fish. Ha, ha, now it is come out at last : *The Kettle calls the Pot Black-Arse.* Is there any Part of a Butcher cleaner and sweeter than his Backside ? I wish what you say were true, but I'm afraid you only feed me with Fancies.

But. What I tell you is too true to make a Jest on. But, prithee, how do you promise yourself a better Trade upon this Consideration ?

Fish. Because People are of that Humour, that they are most desirous of that which is forbidden.

But. What then ?

Fish. When they are at Liberty to eat Flesh, they will eat least of it ; and then no Entertainment will be accounted noble, but what has Fish at it, as it used to be in old Time : So I shall be glad if there be a Licence to eat Flesh. And I wish heartily that the eating Fish were forbidden too, then People would covet it more earnestly.

But. Well wish'd indeed.

Fish. I should wish so too if I were like you, and aim'd at nothing but getting Money, for the Sake of which thou sendest that lumpish, Flesh-fed Soul of thine to the Devil.

But. You are very smart upon me, but what you say is very silly.

Fish. What is it puts the See of *Rome* upon the relaxing the Law for prohibiting eating of Flesh, that has been observed for so many Ages ?

But. Why, indeed, they have had a Mind to do it a great While ago, and for this Reason, That they think, as it really is, that the City is defiled by Salt-Fishmongers ; the Lands, the Waters, Rivers, Air, and Fire are infected, and all the other Elements, if there be any more ; Mens Bodies corrupted, and filled with putrid Humours by the Eating of Fish ; from whence proceed Fevers, Consumptions, Gouts, Falling-Sicknesses, Leprosies, and what not of Diseases.

Fish. But prithee tell me, *Hippocrates*, how it comes to pass, that in well-govern'd Cities it is forbid to kill Oxen and Hogs within the Walls of the City ? For it would tend more to the Healthfulness of the City, if they were restrain'd from killing Sheep in it too. Why is there a certain Place appointed for Butchers apart from others, but lest if they had Liberty to rove about, and settle any where, they should infect the whole City ? Is there any Kind of Stink so pestilential as that of the corrupted Blood and Gore of Beasts ?

But. They are mere Perfumes compared to stinking Fish.

Fish. You, perhaps, may think them Perfumes, but it is a Sign the Magistrates thought otherwise that expell'd you the City. Besides that, how fragrant your Slaughter-Houses smell is very plainly seen, by Peoples stopping their Noses when they pass by them, and that they had rather have ten Bawds for their Neighbours, than one Butcher.

But. Whole Ponds and Rivers are little enough for you to wash your stinking Salt-Fish in ; for as the old Saying is, *You do but attempt to wash the Blackmoor white* ; for a Fish will always smell like a Fish, tho' you perfume it. Nor is it to be wonder'd at, that they smell so strong when they are dead, when many stink alive, and as soon as they are taken. Flesh, pickled up, is so far from stinking, that it may bé preserved many Years, and smell as sweet as a Violet at last. Nay, being but salted up with common Salt, will never stink ; and being hung up a drying in Smoke, or Wind, will have no ill Scent. But do what you will to a Fish it will smell like a Fish still. It is evident, there is no Stink to be compared to that of Fish ; that Fish corrupts even Salt it-

self, which was given for the very End of preserving Things from Putrefaction, by shutting, binding up, and also forcing out that which should produce any Thing nauseous, and drying up the Humours within, from whence Putrefaction might come: Fish is the only Thing on which Salt loses its Efficacy. It may be some nice Beau or other may stop his Nose as he passes by a Butcher's Shop, but no Body can bear to be in the Boat where your Salt-Fish is. If a Traveller chance to meet a Cart loaden with Salt-Fish on the Road, how does he run away, stop his Nose, hawk and spit, and curse the stinking Cargo? And if it were possible that Salt-Fish could be carried sweet into the City, as we do our Beef, when killed and dressed, the Law would be laid aside. But besides, what can you say as to them that stink while they are eaten? And besides, how often do we see your condemn'd Ware thrown into the Rivers by the Clerks of the Markets, and a Fine put upon you for selling it? And we should see that oftner, but that they, corrupted by you, don't so much regard the City's Good, as their own Profit. Nor is this the only Thing that you are notorious for; but besides that, there is a wicked Combination among you, to hinder fresh from coming to Town.

Fish. Pray, did no Body ever know a Butcher fined for killing measled Pork, or selling Mutton drowned in a Ditch, or maggotty Shoulders of Mutton dawb'd over with fresh Blood, to make 'em look as if new killed?

But. But no Body ever knew such an Instance of us as has been known by you lately, that nine Persons were poisoned by one Eel baked in a Pie: And this is what you furnish Citizens Tables with.

Fish. What you speak of was an Accident, and no Body can help that, when it pleases God it shall fall out so. But 'tis a daily Practice with you to sell young Cats for Rabbits, and Puppies for Hares, if People don't know 'em by their Ears, and rough Feet; not to speak of your Meat-Pies made of dead Mens Flesh.

But. That which you charge me with is the Failings of

Men in common ; and let them defend themselves that are guilty of the Fault : I make my Comparison between Gain and Gain. By the same Reason you may condemn Gardeners, who, by mistake, sell Henbane for Coleworts ; or Apothecaries, who administer Poison instead of Antidotes. There is no Trade, or Calling, that is not liable to these Mistakes. But you, when you act the most faithfully in your Calling, sell that which is Poison. If indeed you sold a Cramp-Fish, a Water-Snake, or a Sea-Hare, catch'd among other Fish, it would be an Accident rather than a Fault. Nor do I think it any more to be imputed to you, than to a Physician, that sometimes kills the Patient he undertakes to cure. And this might be excusable, if you only put off your stinking Wares in the Winter Season ; then the Cold might mitigate the Contagiousness of Infection : But you add putrid Matter to the Fire of the Summer Season, and render Autumn, which is of itself a sickly Season, more sickly. And in the Spring of the Year, when the Humours that have been lock'd up begin to flow, to the Hazard of the Body, then for two whole Months you exercise your Tyranny, and corrupt the Infancy of the springing Year, by bringing an Old Age upon it : And when Nature is busied to purge the Body from unwholsome Juices, and make it fresh and blooming with new, you throw into it mere Stinks and Corruption ; so that if there be any vitious Humours in the Body, you increase 'em, adding worse to bad, and not only so, but corrupting the good Juices of the Body. But this might be borne with too, if you only injured the Body; but inasmuch as by different Foods the Organs of the Mind are vitiated, you vitiate the very Minds themselves. So that do but mind your Fish-Eaters, how like Fishes do they look, pale, stinking, stupid and mute ?

Fish. O rare *Thales* ! But prithee, how wise are they that live upon Beets ? just as much as the Beets themselves. What Sort of Fellows are they that feed upon Beef, Mutton, and Goats Flesh ? truly, like Oxen, Sheep, and Goats themselves. You sell Kids for a mighty Delicacy, and yet

this Creature is very bad for the Falling-Sickness, and brings that Distemper upon the Flesh-Eaters. Were it not better to satisfy a craving Appetite with Salt-Fish?

But. Do you think then that all that your Naturalists write is true? But were what they say ever so true, it is certain, that to some Persons that are inclinable to Diseases, those Things that are good of themselves, prove hurtful. We sell Kids for those that are troubled with the Hectick, or Phthisick, but not for those that have the Vapours.

Fish. If the eating of Fish be so prejudicial, as you would insinuate, how comes it about, that our Superiors permit us to sell our Ware the whole Year, and make you keep Holy-Day for a good Part of it?

But. That's none of my Business to answer. But it may be, this was the Contrivance of wicked Doctors, that they might get the more Money.

Fish. I don't know what Doctors they are that you speak of; for I am sure none are greater Enemies to Fish than they are.

But. Goodman Coxcomb, to set you right in this Matter, it is not for your Sake, nor the Love of Fish; for none are more averse than they to the eating it, but 'tis their own Game they play. The more People are troubled with Coughs, Consumptions, and Chronick Distempers, the more they get by it.

Fish. I won't advocate for Doctors in this Matter; let them avenge their own Quarrel, when they get thee into their Clutches. The antient Sanctimony of Life, the Authority of the most Approved, the Majesty of Bishops, and the publick Usage of Christian Nations, are enough for my Purpose: All which, if you tax of Madness, I had rather be mad with them than be sober with Butchers.

But. You decline being an Advocate for Doctors, and so do I to be an Accuser or Censurer of the Antients, or common Custom. Those it is my Custom to revere, but not revile.

Fish. You're more cautious than pious in this Point, or I'm mistaken in you, Butcher.

But. In my Opinion, they are the wisest, that have least to do with those that carry Thunderbolts in their Hands. But however, I won't conceal what I understand from my Bible, translated into my Mother Tongue, that I sometimes read in.

Fish. What now, the Butcher's turn'd Parson too.

But. I am of the Opinion, that Mankind, in the first Ages, being newly form'd out of primitive Clay, were of more healthful Constitutions. This appears by their Vivacity. More than that, I believe, Paradise was a Place commodiously situated, and in a very healthy Climate. Such Bodies, in such a Situation, might be sustained without Food, by breathing the very Air, and Fragrancy of Herbs, Trees, and Flowers, that exhaled every where, and especially the Earth, spontaneously producing all Things in Abundance, without Man's Sweating or Toiling, who was neither infected with Distempers, nor Old Age. The Dressing of such a Garden was not a Toil, but rather a Pleasure.

Fish. Hitherto you seem to be right.

But. Of the various Increase of so fertile a Garden nothing was prohibited, but the Use of one single Tree.

Fish. That's true too.

But. And that for this Reason only, That they might pay their Acknowlegement to their Lord and Creator by Obedience.

Fish. All this is very right.

But. Moreover, I verily believe, that the new Earth produced every Thing better in its Kind, and of a more nutritive Juice, than it does now, grown old, and almost past Bearing.

Fish. Well, I grant it. Take that for granted.

But. And that especially in Paradise.

Fish. It is very probable.

But. If so, then Eating was rather for the Sake of Pleasure, than Necessity.

Fish. I have heard so.

But. At that Time to abstain from eating Flesh, was rather Humanity than Sanctity.

Fish. I don't know. I read that the Eating of Flesh was permitted after the Flood, but I don't read it was forbidden before: But to what Purpose were it, to permit it, if it were permitted before?

But. Why don't we eat Frogs? Not because they are forbidden, but because we have an Aversion to them. How can you tell, whether God might not instruct Man what Food human Nature required, and not what he permitted?

Fish. I can't divine.

But. But presently after Man's Creation, we read, *Rule ye over the Fish of the Sea, the Fowls of the Air, and every living Creature that moveth upon the Face of the Earth.* What Use was there of the Government of 'em, if it were not lawful to eat them?

Fish. O cruel Master! Do you eat your Men and Maid-Servants, your Wife and Children? Why don't you, at the same Time, eat your Chamber-Pot? for you are Master of that too.

But. But, prithee, hear me again, thou silly Salt-Fishmonger. There is a real Use of other Things, and not a bare Name of Dominion only. A Horse carries me upon his Back, and a Camel my Baggage. But what Use are Fish of, but to be eaten?

Fish. As if there were not Abundance of Fish that are good for Physick. And besides, there are a great many that were created merely for the Sake of Contemplation, and to carry us forth to admire their Creator. It may be, you don't believe that Dolphins carry Men on their Backs. In the last Place, there are some Fish that are useful to foretell a Tempest, as the *Echinus*, or *Sea-Urchin*; and would you not wish to have such a Servant in your own House?

But. Suppose that be granted, that before the Flood it was not lawful to eat any Food, but the Fruits of the Earth; it was no great Matter to abstain from those Things the Necessity of the Body did not require, and in the Killing of which was Cruelty; yet you will allow, that in the Beginning, the Eating of living Creatures was permitted, by Reason

of the Weakness of human Bodies. The Deluge had brought in a cold Temperament; and at this Time we see, those that live in cold Climates, are greater Eaters than others in hotter; and the Flood had either quite destroy'd, or at least spoiled, the Products of the Earth.

Fish. That is granted.

But. And yet, after the Deluge, they lived above 200 Years.

Fish. I believe they did.

But. Why then did God afterwards, as *Moses* commanded, tie up Persons of a weaker Constitution, and shorter-liv'd, to some particular Kinds of living Creatures, which he permitted to those of a stronger, without Exception?

Fish. Just as if it were my Province to give a Reason for what God did! But I believe, that God did then, as Masters do now, who contract their Indulgence towards their Servants, when they see them abuse their Lenity. So we forbear to feed a Horse with Oats and Beans, when he grows pamper'd, and too mettlesome, give him Hay more sparingly, and ride him with a curb Bridle, and a sharper Spur. Mankind had thrown off all Reverence of the Deity, and lived as licentiously, as if there was no God at all. Upon this Account, the Lattices of the Law, and Bars of Ceremonies, the Bridles of Threatnings and Precepts, were made Use of, to bring them to know themselves.

But. What then, do those Bars of the Law hold us in at this Day too?

Fish. Inasmuch as the Asperity of carnal Servitude is removed, we being by the Gospel adopted Sons of God: there being an Augmentation of Grace, there is a Diminution of the Number of Precepts.

But. How comes it to pass, that when God calls his Covenant everlasting, and Christ denies that he dissolved the Law, but fulfilled it; by what Confidence, I say, do Men of After-Ages dare to abrogate good Part of it?

Fish. That Law was not given to the *Gentiles*; and therefore it seemed meet to the Apostles, not to burden them

with the Load of Circumcision, lest, as the *Jews*, even at this Day, do, they should rather place the Hope of their Salvation in corporal Observances, than in Faith and Love towards God.

But. I forbear to speak of the *Gentiles*; what Scripture is there, that says plainly of the *Jews*, that if they did embrace the Gospel, they should be freed from the Servitude of the *Mosaical* Law?

Fish. That was prophesied by the Prophets, who promise a new Covenant and a new Heart, and introduce God, as abhorring the Festival Days of the *Jews*, aversating their Meat-Offerings, abhorring their Fasts, rejecting their Gifts, and desiring a People of circumcised Hearts; and the Lord himself confirmed what they had promised, who, holding forth to his Disciples his Body and Blood, calls it the *New Testament.* If nothing be abolished of the old, why is this called a new one? The Lord did not only abrogate the *Jewish* Choice of Meats by his Example, but by his Doctrine; when he denies that Man is defiled by Meats which go into the Stomach, and pass thence into the Draught. He teaches *Peter* the same by a Vision: And *Peter* himself shews the same, in that he, with *Paul* and others, eat of common Meats, from which the Law commanded them to abstain. *Paul* treats in this Manner every where in his Epistles, nor is there any Doubt, but what Christians now practise, was handed down to us by Tradition from the Apostles themselves. So that the *Jews* were not so properly set at Liberty, as weaned from Superstition, as from the Milk to which they had been accustomed and made familiar; but now was grown out of Season. Neither is the Law abrogated, but it is but requisite, that that Part of it should give Way, which was not essential. Leaves and Flowers bespeak Fruit coming; and when a Tree is loaded with that, no Body covets the Flowers. Nor is any Body sorry that his Son's Puerility is gone, when Maturity of Age is come: Nor does any Body call for Candles and Torches, when the Sun is gotten above the Horizon: Nor does a School-Master com-

plain, if a Son, being come to Man's Estate, puts in his Claim for Freedom, and, in his Turn, has the Master under his Tuition. A Pledge ceases to be a Pledge, when the Thing promised is produced. The Spouse comforts herself with the Bridegroom's Letters, till she is married; she kisses his Presents, embraces his Picture; but when she comes to enjoy his Company, she disregards those Things she before admired for the Sake of it. The *Jews*, at first, were very hardly brought off from those Things they had been accustomed to; which is just as if a Child that had been used to suck, being grown a lusty Fellow, should cry for the Breast, and slight more solid Food. So they were forced, as it were, from those Figures, Shadows, and temporary Comforts, that they might entirely turn themselves to him, whom that Law had promised and shadowed out.

But. Who would have expected so much Divinity from a Seller of Salt-fish?

Fish. I used to serve the *Dominican* College in our City with Fish; and, by that Means they often dine with me, and I sometimes with them; and I gather'd these Things from their Discourses.

But. In Truth, instead of a Seller of Salt-Fish, you deserve to be a Seller of fresh Fish. But prithee tell me, If you were a *Jew*, (for I cannot very well tell, whether you are one or not,) and you were like to be starved with Hunger, would you eat Swine's Flesh, or rather die?

Fish. I can't very well tell what I should do; for I do not yet well understand what I ought to do.

But. God has forbid both; *Thou shalt not kill*, and *thou shalt not eat Swine's Flesh.* In such a Case as this, which Precept must give Way to the other?

Fish. In the first Place, it does not appear, that God has forbidden the Eating Swine's Flesh, meaning, that a Man should rather be accessory to his own Death, than eat it. For the Lord excuses *David*, in that he eat Shew-Bread contrary to the Letter of the Law: And in the *Babylonish* Captivity, many Things were omitted by the *Jews*, which

were required by the Law. *Secondly*, I am of Opinion, that the Law which Nature has dictated, and therefore is perpetual and inviolable, ought to be accounted the more obligatory, which never was, nor ever will be abrogated.

But. But why then were the *Maccabees* so much commended, that chose rather to die than eat Swine's Flesh?

Fish. I suppose, because this Eating being required by the King, did comprise in itself a Denial in the general of the Law of the Country; as Circumcision, which the *Jews* endeavoured to obtrude on the *Gentiles*, carried in it a Profession of the whole Law; just as Money given in Earnest, obliges to the Performance of the whole Contract.

But. Well then, if this more gross Part of the Law is justly taken away, after the Exhibition of the Gospel, by what Authority are either the same, or like Things, imposed upon us, especially when our Lord calls his Yoke an easy one, and *Peter*, in the *Acts* of the Apostles, calls the Law of the *Jews* a hard one, which neither they, nor their Fathers, were able to bear? Circumcision is taken away, but Baptism came in the Room of it, and indeed, I was about to say, with a harder Condition. That was deferr'd till the eighth Day, and if any Thing happen'd to the Child in that Time, the Vow of Circumcision was taken for Circumcision itself. But we dip Children, scarce well got out of the dark Caverns of the Mother's Womb, all over in cold Water, which has stood a long Time in a stony Font, (not to say while it stinks) and if it chance to die upon the first Day, or in its very Ingress into the World, tho' there be no Fault neither in its Parents nor Friends, the poor Babe is doom'd to eternal Damnation.

Fish. They do say so indeed.

But. The Sabbath is abrogated; nay indeed, not abrogated, but translated to the *Sunday*. What does it signify? The *Mosaick* Law enjoin'd a few Fast-Days; but what a Number have we added to them? And as to the Choice of Meats, how much freer were the *Jews* than we are, who were at Liberty to eat Sheep, Capons, Partridges, and Kids, all the

Year round? They were forbid the Use of no Garment, but what was mix'd with Linen and Woollen: But now, besides the appointed and forbidden Forms and Colours of a great Number of Garments, the Head must be shaven too, some after one Manner, and some another. Not to mention that heavy Burden of Confession, the Wallets of human Constitutions, Tythes, and those not single ones neither; Matrimony skrew'd up into too narrow a Compass, the new Laws of Affinity, and Abundance of other Things, which render the *Jews* Circumstances much more easy than ours.

Fish. Indeed, Butcher, you are much out of the Way, the Yoke of Christ is not to be accounted for by that Rule you imagine. A Christian is tyed up in many Points, and to harder Circumstances, and liable to a greater Punishment: But to make Amends for this, the greater Strength of Faith and Love that is added, makes those Things pleasant which by Nature are burdensome.

But. Pray tell me, why, when the Holy Spirit descended from Heaven of old, in the Shape of fiery Tongues, and enrich'd the Hearts of Believers with a more copious Gift of Faith and Charity, why was the Burden of the Law taken away from them, as from Persons weak, and in Danger under an unequal Yoke? Why did *Peter*, by the Inspiration of the Spirit, call it *an intolerable Burden*?

Fish. It was taken away on one Part, lest *Judaism*, as it had begun, should overwhelm the Glory of the Gospel; and lest the *Gentiles*, by the Stumbling-Block of the Law, should be alienated from Christ, among whom there were many weak Persons, who were in a double Danger: On the one Hand, lest they should believe there was no Salvation to be had without the Observation of the Law; and on the other Hand, lest they should rather chuse to remain in *Paganism*, than take upon them the Yoke of the *Mosaick* Law. It was necessary to allure these weak Minds, as it were, with a Bait of Liberty. Secondly, That they might heal them who deny'd there was any Hope of Salvation by the Profession of the Gospel, without the Observation of the Law, Circumci-

sion, Sabbaths, the Choice of Meats, and other Things of that Kind, they either wholly took away, or changed into something else. And besides, whereas *Peter* denies that he was able to bear the Burden of the Law, it is not to be understood of him as to the Person he then bare, when there was nothing unbearable to him, but of the stupid and weak *Jews*, who, tho' they were cloy'd with it, fed upon the Husk, not having any Relish of the Spirit.

But. You argue indeed very smartly. But for all that, in my Opinion, even at this Day, there is no less Reason why those carnal Obligations that are arbitrary, and not obligatory, should be taken away.

Fish. Why so?

But. I lately saw the whole World described in a large Map; from thence I learn'd how small a Part of the World it was, that truly and sincerely professed the Christian Religion: One small Part of *Europe* to the East, and another towards the North; the third inclining towards the South, but reaching but a little Way; and the fourth Part, which is *Poland*, inclining towards the East. All the Rest of the World is either possess'd by *Barbarians*, or such as differ but very little from brute Beasts; or *Schismaticks*, or *Hereticks*, or both.

Fish. But did you not mind the Southern Shore, and the Christian Islands that lay scatter'd about it?

But. I saw them, and learn'd that there were great Spoils brought out of them, but no Christianity carry'd into them. When indeed, when there is so plentiful a Harvest, it seems most adviseable for the Propagation of the Christian Religion, to do as the Apostle did, who took away the Burden of the *Mosaick* Law, lest the *Gentiles* should fall back: so now to allure the weak, the Obligations to some Ceremonies should be removed; without which the World was saved in the Beginning, and may now, if it hath Faith and Gospel Charity. Again, I both hear and see many who place Religion in Places, Garments, Meats, Fasts, Gestures and Songs, and for the Sake of these Things judge their Neighbour con-

trary to the Precept of the Gospel. From whence it comes to pass, that whereas Faith and Charity constitute the Christian Religion, they are both extinguished by those Superstitions. For he is far from the Faith of the Gospel who depends upon these Acts; and he is far from Christian Charity, who for the Sake of Meat or Drink, which a Person may lawfully use, exasperates his Brother, for whose Liberty Christ died. What bitter Contentions do we see among Christians! What spightful Calumnies upon Account of a Garment differently tied, or of different Colours than what is customary, and about that Sort of Food which the Water produces, and that which the Land produces! And if this Evil had reach'd but a few, it might have been slighted. But now we see the whole World in a Flame, on Account of these deadly Contentions. These and such like Things, were they removed, we should both live in greater Concord, not minding Ceremonies, but pressing after those Things which Christ hath taught us; and the Nations of the World would the more readily embrace Religion, were it accompanied with Liberty.

Fish. But there is no Salvation out of the Pale of the Church.

But. I confess it.

Fish. Whosoever does not own the Authority of the Pope, is out of the Pale of the Church.

But. I don't deny that neither.

Fish. But he that neglects his Injunctions does not own him.

But. But I hope a Time will come, that the Pope, who is *Clement* by Name, and most of all so by Nature, will mitigate all these Things, which hitherto seem to have alienated some People from the *Roman* Church; that he may bring all Nations to the Communion of it, and will rather pursue those Things that are for the Good of the Church, than his own private Interest. I hear daily Complaints of yearly Offerings, Pardons, Dispensations, and other Exactions and Church Grievances; but I believe he will so moderate all

Things, that in Time to come it would be impudent to complain.

Fish. I wish all Monarchs would do the like, and then I would not doubt but Christianity, which is now confined to a narrow Compass, would extend itself, when the barbarous Nations did perceive that they were called not to human Servitude, but to Gospel Liberty; and that they were not sought after to be made a Prey of, but to a Fellow-Enjoyment of Happiness and Holiness. If once they came to be united with us, and found in us Manners truly Christian, they would of their own Accord offer us more than the utmost Violence can extort from them.

But. I should soon hope to see that accomplish'd, if that mischievous *Ate* that has engaged the two most mighty Monarchs in the World in a bloody War, were sent to her Place (*i. e.* to the Dogs.)

Fish. I admire that that is not done already, when nothing can be imagined more humane than *Francis*, and I look upon it, that *Charles* has had Principles instilled into him by his Masters, that by how much the more Fortune enlarges the Bounds of his Empire, by so much the more he encreases in Clemency and Bounty; besides that good Humour and Lenity is peculiar to his Age.

But. You won't find that they will be wanting in any Thing.

Fish. What then is it, that hinders the Accomplishment of that which all the World wishes for?

But. Why, the Lawyers have not yet come to an Agreement about Bounds and Limits, and you know that the Storm of a Comedy always ends in the Calm of a Matrimony; and the Tragedies of Princes commonly end in the like Manner. But in Comedies Matches are quickly made up, but among great Men, Matters move but slowly; and it is better to have a Wound long in healing, than presently to break out again in an Ulcer.

Fish. But do you think Marriages to be firm Bonds of Amity?

But. I would have them so indeed ; but I see sometimes the sharpest Contentions rise from them ; and when once a War arises between near Kindred, it not only is more extensive, but harder to be made up.

Fish. I confess it, and acknowledge it to be true.

But. But do you think it fit, that because of the Contentions and Delays of Lawyers, in Relation to Contracts, the whole World should be kept in Pain ? For as Matters are now, there is no Safety any where, and the worst of Men take Advantage of the Opportunity, while there is neither Peace nor War.

Fish. It is not my Business to determine concerning the Counsels of Princes. But if I were *Caesar*, I know what I would do.

But. Well, come on then, you shall be *Caesar* and the Pope too, if you please. What is it you would do ?

Fish. I had rather be Emperor, and King of *France.*

But. Well, let it be so, you shall be both of them then.

Fish. I would immediately take upon me a Vow of Peace, and publish a Truce throughout my Dominions, disband my Forces, and make it a capital Crime for any to touch so much as a Hen that was not their own. So having settled Affairs to my Conveniency, or rather that of the Publick, I would treat concerning the Limits of my Dominion, or the Conditions of a Match.

But. Have you projected any firmer Ties than those of Matrimony ?

Fish. I think I have.

But. Let's hear them.

Fish. Were I Emperor, I would without Delay, thus treat with the King of *France* : " My Brother, some evil Spirit " has set this War on Foot between you and me ; nor do we " fight for our Lives, but our Dominions. You, as to your " Part, have behaved yourself as a stout and valiant Warrior. " But Fortune has been on my Side, and of a King made " you a Captive. What has been your Lot, may be mine, " and your Mishap admonishes all of our human Condition.

"We have experienced that this Way of Contention has "been detrimental to both of us; let us engage one another "after a different Manner. I give you your Life, and restore "you your Liberty, and instead of an Enemy take you for "my Friend. Let all past Animosities be forgotten, you are "at free Liberty to return into your own Dominions, enjoy "what is your own, be a good Neighbour, and for the future "let this be the only Contention, which shall out-do the "other in Offices of Fidelity and Friendship; nor let us vie "one with another, which shall govern the largest Do- "minions, but who shall govern his own with the greatest "Justice and Goodness. In the former Conflict I have bore "away the Prize of Fortune, but in this he that gets the bet- "ter, shall gain far more Glory. As for me, the Fame of "this Clemency will get me more true Glory than if I had "added all *France* to my Dominion. And in you a grateful "Mind will be more to your Praise than if you had drove "me quite out of *Italy*. Don't you envy me the Praise that "I am ambitious of, and I'll on the other Hand carry myself "toward you, that you shall willingly owe an Obligation to "so good a Friend."

But. In Truth, not only all *France*, but all the World might be attach'd by this Method. For if this Ulcer should happen to be skin'd over, rather than throughly heal'd, by unequal Terms, I am afraid that upon the first Opportunity the Skin being broken, Abundance of corrupt Matter would issue out, and that with more dangerous Consequences.

Fish. How great and glorious would this Act of Humanity render *Charles* all over the World? What Nation would not readily submit to so generous and kind a Prince?

But. You have acted the Part of the Emperor very well. Now act the Pope too.

Fish. It would be too long to go thro' every Thing. I will tell you in brief. I would so demean myself that the whole World should see that there was a Prince of the Church that aspired after nothing but the Glory of *Christ*, and Salvation of Mankind. That would infallibly take away all Invi-

diousness from the Name of *Pope*, and gain him solid and lasting Glory. But by the Way, from worse to better. We have digress'd from our first Proposition.

But. Well, I'll bring you to Rights again, by and by. But do you say then, that the Pope's Laws are binding to the whole Church ?

Fish. I do say so.

But. What, to the Punishment of Hell ?

Fish. They say so.

But. And are the Bishops Laws obligatory in like Manner ?

Fish. I think they are every one in his own Diocese.

But. And those of Abbots too ?

Fish. I am in Doubt as to that. For they receive their Administration upon certain Conditions, nor have any Power to burden their Inferiors with Constitutions without the Concurrence of the whole Order.

But. But what if a Bishop receive his Function upon the same Conditions ?

Fish. I doubt as to that.

But. Can the Pope annul what a Bishop has constituted ?

Fish. I believe he can.

But. Can no Body annul what the Pope decrees ?

Fish. No, no Body.

But. How comes it about that we hear of the Resuming of Popes Constitutions, under this Title, that they have not been rightly instructed ; and that the Constitutions of former Popes have been antiquated by later, as deviating from Piety ?

Fish. Those were surreptitious and temporary Things. For the Pope considered as a Man, may be ignorant of Person and Fact. But that which proceeds from the Authority of an universal Council, is a heavenly Oracle, and is of equal Authority with the Gospel itself, or at least very near it.

But. Is it lawful to doubt concerning the Gospels ?

Fish. By no Means ; no, nor the Councils neither, rightly assembled by the holy Spirit, carried on, published and received.

But. What if any one should doubt whether there is any Council so constituted? as I hear concerning the Council at *Basil*, which has been rejected by some; nor do all approve of that of *Constance.* I speak of those that are accounted Orthodox, not to mention the late *Lateran* Council.

Fish. Let them that will doubt at their own Peril. I will not doubt for my Part.

But. Had *Peter* then the Authority of making new Laws?

Fish. He had.

But. And had *Paul* too, and the rest of the Apostles?

Fish. Yes, they had every one in their own Churches committed to them by *Peter* or *Christ.*

But. And have the Successors of *Peter* a like Authority with *Peter* himself?

Fish. Why not?

But. And is there the same Regard to be had to the Pope of *Rome*'s Letter, as to the Epistle of St. *Peter* himself, and as much to the Constitutions of Bishops, as to the Epistles of *Paul*?

Fish. Nay, I think and more too, if they command and make it a Law by Authority.

But. Is it lawful to doubt, whether *Peter* and *Paul* wrote by the Inspiration of the holy Spirit?

Fish. Nay, let him be accounted an Heretick that doubts of that.

But. And do you think the same of the Ordinances and Constitutions of the Popes and Bishops?

Fish. I do as to the Popes, but I should make some Question as to the Bishops; but that it seems a Part of Piety not to be suspicious of any Person unless there be very good Grounds for it.

But. But why will the holy Spirit suffer a Bishop to err rather than a Pope?

Fish. Because that Error is the most dangerous that proceeds from the Head.

But. If the Constitutions of Prelates are of such Force, what does the Lord mean in *Deuteronomy*, who uses so se-

vere a Commination ; That none add to or diminish from the Law ?

Fish. He does not add to the Law, that more largely explains what lay couch'd in it, and who suggests those Things that have Relation to the Observation of the Law ; nor does he diminish, who preaches the Law according to the Capacity of the Hearers, declaring some Things, and concealing others, according to the Circumstances of the Time.

But. Were the Constitutions of the *Pharisees* and *Scribes* obligatory ?

Fish. I don't think they were.

But. Why so ?

Fish. Because, tho' they had Authority to teach, yet not to make Laws.

But. Which Power is the greatest, that of making human Laws, or that of interpreting divine ?

Fish. That of making human Laws.

But. I am of another Mind : For he that has the Right of interpreting his Opinion, has the Force of a divine Law.

Fish. I don't well take you in.

But. I'll explain it to you. The divine Law commands us to assist our Parents. The *Pharisee* interprets it thus : That which is offer'd to the Church is given to the Father ; because God is the Father of all. Does not the divine Law then give Place to this Interpretation ?

Fish. But that's a false Interpretation.

But. But when once they have receiv'd an Authority of interpreting, how can I tell which Interpretation is true, and especially if they differ among themselves ?

Fish. If you cannot be satisfied, as to the Sense of the Commonalty, follow the Authority of the Prelates ; that is the safest.

But. Is then the Authority of the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* devolv'd upon Divines and Preachers ?

Fish. It is.

But. I hear none more ready to inculcate, *Hear, I say unto you*, than those that never made Divinity much their Study.

Fish. You must hear all candidly, but with Judgment, unless they are quite mad. Then People ought to rise and hiss them out of the Pulpit, to make them sensible of their Madness. But you ought to believe those that have arrived to the Degree of a Doctor in Divinity.

But. But among them I find a great many that are much more ignorant and foolish, than those that are altogether illiterate; and I see much Controversy among the Learned themselves.

Fish. Single out the best Things, and leave those Things that are difficult to others; always receiving those Things that the Consent of the Rulers, and Majority, has approv'd.

But. I know that is the safest Way. But then there are false Constitutions as well as false Interpretations.

Fish. Whether there be or no, let others look to that. I believe there may be.

But. Had *Annas* and *Caiaphas* Authority to make Laws?

Fish. Yes they had.

But. Did these Mens Constitutions in all Things oblige to the Punishment of Hell?

Fish. I can't tell.

But. Suppose *Annas* had made an Order, that no Body coming from a Market should touch a Bit of Meat before he had washed his Body: If any one eat Meat unwashed, did he incur the Pain of Damnation?

Fish. I think not, unless the Contempt of the publick Authority aggravated the Crime.

But. Did all the Laws of God oblige to the Punishment of eternal Damnation?

Fish. I believe not; for God forbids all Sin, how venial soever, if we may believe Divines.

But. But perhaps a venial Sin might send to Hell, unless God by his Mercy assisted our Infirmity.

Fish. It is no Absurdity to say so, but I dare not affirm it.

But. When the *Israelites* were in Captivity in *Babylon*, besides a great many other Things which the Law requires, many of them omitted Circumcision; did all these perish?

Fish. God knows that.

But. If a *Jew* should privately, for Fear of being starved, eat Swine's Flesh, would he be guilty of a Crime?

Fish. In my Opinion, the Necessity would excuse the Fact; inasmuch as *David* was excused by the Mouth of God himself, that he had eat holy Bread, which is called Shew-Bread, contrary to the Precept of the Law; and did not only eat it himself, but also fed his profane Companions with it too.

But. If any one lay under that Necessity that he must either steal or starve, which ought he to chuse, to steal or be starv'd to Death?

Fish. Perhaps, in that Case, Theft would not be Theft.

But. How's that? What, is not an Egg an Egg?

Fish. Especially, if he took it with an Intention of making a Return, and pacifying the Owner, as soon as he should be in a Capacity to do it.

But. What if a Man must either lose his own Life, or swear falsly against his Neighbour? which must he chuse?

Fish. Death.

But. What if he could save his Life by committing Adultery?

Fish. He ought rather to chuse Death.

But. What if he could save his Life by committing Fornication?

Fish. They say he ought rather to die.

But. Why does not an Egg cease to be an Egg here; especially if there be no Force offered or Injury done?

Fish. There is wrong done to the Maiden's Body.

But. What if by Perjury?

Fish. He ought to die.

But. What say you as to a simple harmless Lye?

Fish. They say a Man must rather die. But I am of Opinion, that upon an urgent Necessity, or a great Advantage, such a Sort of a Lye rather is no Fault, or a very small one; unless it be that having once opened the Way, there is Danger of our growing into a Habit of lying injuriously. Put

the Case that by a harmless Lye, a Man might save the Bodies and Souls of his own Country ; which would a pious Man chuse ? Would he refuse to tell the Lye ?

But. What others would do, I can't tell, but as for me, I would make no Scruple of telling fifteen as notorious Lyes as ever *Homer* told in his Life, and presently wash away my Guilt with Holy Water.

Fish. I would do the same.

But. Well then, it is not what God has commanded, nor what he has forbid, that obliges to eternal Damnation.

Fish. It seems otherwise.

But. Then the *Modus* of the Obligation is not so much from the Author of the Law, as from the Matter of it. For some Things give Way to Necessity, and some do not.

Fish. It seems so.

But. What if a Priest should be in Danger of his Life, and should save it by marrying ? Whether should he chuse ?

Fish. Death.

But. When a Divine Law can give Way to Necessity, why does not this Human Law give Way to it ?

Fish. It is not the Law that hinders, but the Vow.

But. What if any one should make a Vow of going to *Jerusalem*, but could not do it without being sure to lose his Life, shall he go, or shall he die ?

Fish. Why he ought to die, unless he can get his Vow dispensed with by the Pope.

But. But why may one Vow be dispensed with, and not another ?

Fish. Because one is a solemn Vow, and the other a private one.

But. What do you mean by a solemn one ?

Fish. That which is usual.

But. Why then, is not the other a solemn one which is a daily one ?

Fish. Yes, but then it is a private one.

But. Well then, if a Monk should profess privately before an Abbot, would not this be a solemn one ?

Fish. You trifle. A private Vow is the easier discharged, because it is dispensed with the least Offence; he that makes a private Vow, does it with this Intention, that if it be convenient he may alter his Mind.

But. Then might they vow with this Intention, that vow perpetual Chastity?

Fish. They ought so to do.

But. Then it would be perpetual, and not perpetual. What if it were the case of a *Carthusian* Monk, that he must either eat Meat or die? Whether ought he to chuse?

Fish. Physicians tell us, that there is no Flesh so efficacious but *Aurum potabile*, and Jewels would answer the End.

But. Which is the more useful, to succour a Person in Danger of Life with Gold and Jewels, or with the Price of them to succour a great many, whose Lives are in Danger, and to let the sick Man have a Chicken?

Fish. I can't say as to that.

But. But the eating of Fish or Flesh is not of the number of those Things that are called Substantials.

Fish. Let us leave the *Carthusians* to be their own Judge.

But. Let us then talk in the general. Sabbath-Keeping has been diligently, frequently, and largely inculcated in the Law of *Moses.*

Fish. True.

But. Whether then ought I to relieve a City in Danger, neglecting the Sabbath, or not?

Fish. Do you think me a *Jew* then?

But. I wish you were, and a circumcised one too.

Fish. The Lord himself hath solved that Difficulty; saying, *The Sabbath was made for Man, and not Man for the Sabbath.*

But. Well then, is that Law of Force in all human Constitutions?

Fish. Yes, except any Thing obstruct.

But. What if a Law-Maker make a Law, not with this Design, that it should be obligatory upon the Pain of eternal Damnation, nor indeed unto any Guilt, and to have no other force but an Exhortation?

Fish. Good Man, is it not in the Law-Maker's Power how far the Law shall be binding? He uses his Authority in making the Law, but as to what it shall oblige to, and what not, that is in the Hand of God.

But. Why then do we hear our Parish Priests out of the Pulpit crying, To morrow you must fast under Pain of eternal Damnation, if it does not appear to us how far a human Law is binding?

Fish. They do this, that they may in an especial Manner strike Terror into the Contumacious, for I presume those Words do properly belong to them. But whether they are a Terror to the Contumacious, I know not, they throw weak Persons into Scruples and Danger. It is a hard Matter to suit both.

But. The Power of the Law and Custom are much the same.

Fish. Sometimes Custom is the more powerful.

But. They that introduce a Custom, whether they do it with design of bringing any one into a Snare or not, they oftentimes bring 'em into an Obligation, whether they will or no.

Fish. I am of your Mind.

But. Custom may lay a Burden upon a Man when it cannot take it off again.

Fish. It may so.

But. Well then, now I hope you are sensible how dangerous a Thing it is to impose new Laws upon Men without any Necessity, or a very great Utility.

Fish. I confess it.

But. When the Lord says, *Swear not at all*, does he render every one that swears obnoxious to the Pains of Hell.

Fish. I think not, I take it to be a Counsel, and not a Command.

But. But how can that be made clear to my Understanding, when he has scarce forbid any thing with greater Strictness and Severity, than that we *Swear not*?

Fish. You must learn of your Teachers.

But. When *Paul* gives Advice, does he oblige to the Pain of Damnation?

Fish. By no Means.

But. Why so?

Fish. Because he will not cast a Stumbling-Block before the Weak.

But. So then it is in the Breast of the Maker of the Law, to lay liable to Damnation or not. And it is a sacred Thing to beware, lest we lay a Stumbling-Block before the weak by any Constitutions.

Fish. It is.

But. And if *Paul* made Use of this Caution, much more ought Priests to use it, of whom it is uncertain, whether they have the Spirit or not.

Fish. I confess so.

But. But a little While ago you deny'd that it was at the Lawgiver's Pleasure, how far the Law should oblige a Person.

Fish. But here it is a Counsel, and not a Law.

But. Nothing is easier than to change the Word. *Swear not*, is it a Command?

Fish. It is.

But. Resist not Evil?

Fish. It is a Counsel.

But. But this last carries in it the Face of a Command more than the former; at least is it in the Breasts of Bishops whether they will have their Constitutions, Commands, or Counsels?

Fish. It is.

But. You deny'd that strenuously but now. For he who will not have his Constitution render any one guilty of a Crime, he makes it Advice, and not Command.

Fish. True: But it is not expedient the Vulgar should know this, lest they should presently cry out, that what they han't a Mind to observe is Counsel.

But. But then what will you do as to those weak Consciences, that are so miserably perplexed by thy Silence? But come on, pray tell me, can learned Men know by any

certain Tokens, whether a Constitution has the Force of a Counsel or a Command ?

Fish. As I have heard, they can.

But. Mayn't a Body know the Mystery ?

Fish. You may, if you won't blab it out.

But. Pshaw, I'll be as mute as a Fish.

Fish. When you hear nothing but, *We exhort, we ordain, we command*, it is a Counsel ; when you hear, *We command, we require*, especially if Threatnings of Excommunication be added, it is a Command.

But. Suppose I owe Money to my Baker, and can't pay him, and had rather run away than be cast into Prison, am I guilty of a capital Offence ?

Fish. I think not, unless a Will be wanting as well as Ability ?

But. Why am I excommunicated then ?

Fish. That Thunderbolt affrights the Wicked, but does not hurt the Innocent. For you know amongst the antient *Romans*, there were certain dreadful threatning Laws, made for this very Purpose ; as that which is fetch'd from the twelve Tables, concerning the cutting the Body of the Debtor asunder, of which there is no Example extant, because it was not made for Use but Terror. And now as Lightning has no Effect upon Wax or Flax, but upon Brass, so such Excommunications don't operate upon Persons in Misery, but upon the Contumacious. To speak ingenuously, to make Use of *Christ*'s Thunderbolt on such frivolous Occasions as these are, seems in a Manner to be as the Antients said, *in lente unguentum.*

But. Has a Master of a House the same Power in his own House, as a Bishop has in his Diocese ?

Fish. It is my Opinion he has proportionably.

But. And do his Prescriptions equally oblige.

Fish. Why not ?

But. I command that no Body eat Onions : How is he that does not obey, a Sinner before God ?

Fish. Let him see to that.

But. Then for the future, I'll say I admonish you, not I command you.

Fish. That will be wisely done.

But. But suppose I see my Neighbour in Danger, and therefore I take him aside and Admonish him privately to withdraw himself from the Society of Drunkards and Gamesters, but he slighting my Admonition, lives more profligately than before; does my Admonition lay him under an Obligation?

Fish. In my Opinion it does.

But. Then neither by Counsel nor Exhortation we avoid the Snare.

Fish. Nay, it is not Admonition, but the Argument of Admonition that brings into the Snare. For if I admonish my Brother to make Use of Slippers, and he does not do it, he is not guilty of a Crime.

But. I will not put the Question at this Time, how far the Prescriptions of Physicians are obligatory. Does a Vow lay liable to the Pain of eternal Damnation?

Fish. Yes.

But. What, all Kind of Vows?

Fish. Ay, all universally, if they be possible, lawful and voluntary.

But. What do you mean by voluntary?

Fish. That which is extorted by no Necessity.

But. What is Necessity?

Fish. Fear falling upon a Man of Constancy.

But. What, upon a *Stoick*, such a one as *Horace* says, *if the World fall to Pieces about his Ears, would not be afraid?*

Fish. Shew me such a *Stoick*, and then I'll give you an Answer.

But. But, without Jesting, can the Fear of Famine or Infamy fall upon a Man of Constancy?

Fish. Why not?

But. Suppose a Daughter that is not at her own Disposal, should marry privately, without the Consent of her Parents, who would not give their Consent if they knew it; will the Vow be lawful?

Fish. It will.

But. I can't tell whether it be or no; but this I am sure of, if there be any such, this is one of the Number of those which, altho' they be true, yet lest they be a Scandal to the weak, are to be kept secret. Again, suppose a Virgin who, by her Parents Consent, has engaged herself in Marriage to her Lover, should enter herself in the Cloister of St. *Clare*; will this Vow be allowable and lawful?

Fish. Yes, if it be a solemn one.

But. Can that be solemn that is done in a Field, and a dark Monastery?

Fish. It is accounted so.

But. Suppose the same Person at Home, a few Witnesses being present, should make a Vow of perpetual Virginity, will it not be a lawful Vow?

Fish. No.

But. Why so?

Fish. Because a more holy Vow is in the Way.

But. If the same Maid sell a Field, will the Contract be good?

Fish. I think not.

But. And will it be valid if she give herself into the Power of another?

Fish. If she devote herself to God.

But. And does not a private Vow devote a Person to God? And does not he that receives the holy Sacrament of Matrimony, devote himself to God? And can they whom God has joined together, devote themselves to the Devil? when only of married Persons God has said, *Whom God has joined, let no Man put asunder.* And besides this, when a young Man not come of Age, and a simple Maid, by the Threats of Parents, Severity of Tutors, the wicked Instigation of Monks, fair Promises, and Terrifyings, is thrust into a Nunnery; is the Vow a free Vow?

Fish. Yes, if they are at Years of Discretion.

But. A Virgin of that Age is emphatically *doli capax*, being easy to be imposed upon. What if I should purpose

in my Mind to drink no Wine on a *Friday*? would my Purpose bind me as strongly as a Vow?

Fish. I don't think it would.

But. What Difference is there then between a determinate Purpose, and a Vow conceiv'd in the Mind?

Fish. The Mind of binding.

But. You deny'd but just now, that the Mind signified any Thing in this Matter. Do I purpose if I am able, and vow whether I am able or not?

Fish. You have it.

But. Have it? I have Clouds painted upon the Wall, that is just nothing at all. What then, is the *Ratio* of the Matter to be disregarded in a Purpose?

Fish. I think so.

But. And must we take Care of that on Account of the Law, and this on Account of the Vow?

Fish. Yes.

But. Suppose the Pope should make a Law, that no Body should marry any one within the seventh Degree of Affinity, would he be guilty of a Sin that should marry a Cousin in the sixth Degree?

Fish. In my Opinion he would.

But. What if a Bishop should put forth an Edict, that no Body should have to do with his Wife except on a *Monday*, *Thursday*, and *Saturday*? would he be guilty of a Sin that should have to do with her upon other Days?

Fish. I think he would.

But. What if he should enjoin, that no Body should eat bulbous Roots?

Fish. What does that signify to Piety.

But. Because bulbous Roots are Provocatives, but what I say of Bulbs, I say even of the Herb Rocket?

Fish. I can't well tell.

But. Why, can't you tell where lies the Force of Obligation in human Laws?

Fish. In the Words of St. *Paul, Be obedient to those that are set over you.*

But. Upon this Foot the Constitution of a Bishop and Magistrate binds all Persons.

Fish. Yes, if it be just, and lawfully made.

But. But who shall be Judge of that?

Fish. He that made it: For he that makes the Law ought to interpret it.

But. What then, must we be obedient to all Constitutions, without Distinction?

Fish. I think we should.

But. What if a Fool or a wicked Person be set over us, and he make a foolish and wicked Law? must we abide by his Judgment? and must the People obey, as having no Right to judge?

Fish. What signifies it to suppose what is not?

But. He that succours his Father, and would not succour him, unless the Law oblig'd him to it, does he fulfil the Law or not?

Fish. No, I think he does not.

But. Why not?

Fish. In the first Place, because he does not fulfil the Will of the Law-Giver: Secondly, he adds Hypocrisy to his wicked Will.

But. If he fasts, that would not fast unless the Church requir'd him, does he satisfy the Law?

Fish. You change both the Author of the Law, and the Matter of it.

But. Well then, compare a *Jew*, if he fasting upon Days appointed, would not fast unless the Law requir'd him, with a *Christian*, who keeping a Fast appointed by Men, would not keep it if there were no Law for it; or if you had rather, a *Jew* abstaining from Swine's Flesh, and a *Christian* abstaining from Flesh and Milk-Meats on *Friday*.

Fish. I believe there ought to be some Grains of Allowance made to Infirmity, tho' the Law be against it; but not so to him that on purpose acts and murmurs against a Law.

But. But you do allow, that the divine Laws do not always oblige to eternal Damnation.

Fish. Why should I not?

But. But do you not dare to own, that there is any human Law which does not bind to the same Penalty, but leave a Man in Suspense? Then you seem to attribute something more to the Laws of Men than to the Laws of God. Lying and Backbiting are evil in their own Nature, and forbidden by God himself; and yet you acknowledge that some Kind of Lyes and Backbitings do not bind a Person to the Punishment of Hell: And yet you don't dare to exempt a Person from the same Punishment, that upon any Condition whatsoever eats Flesh on a *Friday.*

Fish. It is none of my Business to acquit or condemn any one.

But. If divine and human Laws bind equally alike, what Difference is there between one and the other?

Fish. This Difference, that he that transgresses a human Law, sins immediately against Man, (if you will allow me to use School-Terms) but mediately against God; he that transgresses a Divine Law, *è contra.*

But. Where's the Difference, in mingling Vinegar and Wormwood, which is put in first, if I must drink 'em both? Or, what Matter is it, whether a Stone that has given me a Wound, rebounds from me to a Friend directly or sideways?

Fish. I have learn'd that.

But. And if the *Modus* of a Law's binding, in Laws of both Kinds, is to be taken from the Matter and Circumstances, what Difference is there between the Authority of God, and that of Man?

Fish. Indeed a very wicked Question!

But. There are, for all that, a great many that don't think there is much Difference. God gave a Law by *Moses*, and it is not lawful to violate it: And he also gives Laws by a *Pope*, or a *Council*; What Difference is there between the one and the other? *Moses*'s Law was given by a Man, and our Laws were given by Men. And it should seem that those Laws which God gave by one *Moses*, should be of less Mo-

ment than those which the Holy Spirit gives by a full Council of Bishops and learned Men.

Fish. It is unlawful to doubt concerning the Spirit of *Moses.*

But. Paul comes in the Place of a Bishop; what Difference is there then betwixt the Precepts of *Paul* and of any other Bishop?

Fish. Because, without Controversy, *Paul* wrote by the Inspiration of the Spirit.

But. How far extends this Authority of Writers?

Fish. I think no farther than the Apostles themselves, unless that the Authority of Councils ought to be look'd upon inviolable.

But. Why may we not doubt of *Paul*'s Spirit?

Fish. Because the Consent of the Church is against it.

But. May we doubt concerning that of Bishops?

Fish. We ought not rashly to be suspicious of those, unless the Matter manifestly savours of Gain or Impiety.

But. But what think you of the Councils?

Fish. We ought not to doubt of them, if they are rightly constituted and managed by the Holy Spirit.

But. Is there then any Council that is not so?

Fish. It is possible there may be such, otherwise Divines would never have made this Exception.

But. Then it seems that it is lawful to doubt concerning Councils themselves.

Fish. I don't think we may, if they be received and approved by the Judgment and Consent of Christian Nations.

But. But since we have exceeded the Bound that God has set, and within which he would have the sacred and inviolable Authority of the Scripture circumscribed, it seems to me, that there is some other Difference between Laws divine and human.

Fish. What is that?

But. Divine Laws are immutable, unless such as are of that Kind, that they seem to be given only for a Time, for the Sake of Signification and Coercion, which the Prophets

foretold should end, as to the carnal Sense of them, and the Apostles have taught us are to be omitted. And then again, as to human Laws ; there are sometimes unjust, foolish, and hurtful Laws made, and therefore either abrogated by the Authority of Superiors, or by the universal Neglect of the People : But there is nothing such in the divine Laws. Again, a human Law ceases of itself, when the Causes for which it was made cease ; as for Instance, suppose a Constitution should enjoin all Persons yearly to contribute something towards building a Church, the Requirement of the Law ceases when the Church is built. Add to this, that a human Law is no Law, unless it be approved by the Consent of those who are to use it. A divine Law can't be dispensed with nor abrogated ; altho' indeed, *Moses* being about to make a Law, required the Consent of the People ; but this was not done because it was necessary, but that he might render them the more criminal in not keeping it. For, indeed, it is an impudent Thing to break a Law that you gave your Approbation to the making of. And in the last Place, inasmuch as human Laws commonly concern corporal Matters, and are School-Masters to Piety, they seem to cease, when a Person has arrived to that Strength in Grace, that he does not stand in Need of any such Restraints, but only should endeavour to avoid giving an Offence to weak Persons, who are conscientiously scrupulous. As for Instance, suppose a Father enjoins a Daughter that is under Age, not to drink Wine, that she may with the greater Safety preserve her Virginity till she is married ; when she comes of Age, and is delivered up to a Husband, she is not bound to her Father's Injunction. There are many Laws that are like Medicaments, that are alter'd and give Place according to the Circumstances, and that with the Approbation of the Physicians themselves, who, if they should at all Times make Use of the Remedies the Antients prescribed, would kill more than they cure.

Fish. You indeed heap a great many Things together, some of which I like, and others I do not, and some I don't understand.

But. If a Bishop's Law manifestly savours of Gain, that is, if he makes an Order, that every Parish-Priest every Year purchase, at a Guinea apiece, a Right of Absolution in those Cases that are called Episcopals, that he might extort the more Money from those in his Jurisdiction; do you think it ought to be obey'd?

Fish. Yes, I think it ought; but at the same Time we ought to exclaim against this unjust Law, but always avoiding Sedition. But how comes it about that you turn Catechiser at this Rate, Butcher? Every one should keep to his own Trade.

But. We are often perplexed with these Questions at Table, and sometimes the Contest proceeds to Blows and Bloodshed.

Fish. Well, let them fight that love fighting; I think we ought with Reverence to receive the Laws of our Superiors, and religiously observe them, as coming from God; nor is it either safe or religious either to conceive in Mind, or sow among others any sinister Suspicion concerning them. And if there be any Tyranny in them, that does not compel us to Impiety, it is better to bear it, than seditiously to resist it.

But. I confess this is a very good Way to maintain the Authority of Persons in Power; I am pretty much of your Mind, and as for them, I do not envy them. But I should be glad to hear any Thing wherein the Liberty and Advantage of the People is aimed at.

Fish. God will not be wanting to his People.

But. But where all this While is that Liberty of the Spirit that the Apostles promise by the Gospel, and which *Paul* so often inculcates, saying, *The Kingdom of God consists not in Meat and Drink*; and that *we are not Children under a School-Master*; and that *we do no longer serve the Elements of this World*; and Abundance of other Expressions: if Christians are tied to the Observance of so many more Ceremonies than the *Jews* were; and if the Laws of Man bind more closely than a great many Commands of God?

Fish. Well, Butcher, I'll tell you, the Liberty of Christians

does not consist in its being lawful for 'em to do what they will, being set free from human Ordinances, but in that they do those Things that are enjoined them with a Fervour of Spirit and Readiness of Mind, willingly and chearfully, and so are Sons rather than Servants.

But. Very cleverly answer'd indeed! But there were Sons under the *Mosaic* Law, and there are now Servants under the Gospel; and I am afraid the greatest Part of Mankind are so, if they are Servants who do their Duty by Compulsion. What Difference is there then between the new Dispensation and the old?

Fish. A great Deal in my Opinion: Because the old taught under a Veil, and the new is laid open to View; that which the old foretold by Parables and Riddles, the new explains clearly; what that promised darkly, this exhibits for the most Part manifestly: that was given to one Nation singly, this equally teaches all the Way of Salvation; that imparted that notable and spiritual Grace to a few Prophets and famous Men, but this largely sheds abroad every Kind of Gifts, as Tongues, healing Diseases, Prophecies and Miracles, into Persons of all Ages, Sexes, and Nations whatsoever.

But. Where are those Gifts now?

Fish. They are ceased, but not lost, either because there is no Need of them, now the Doctrine of Christ is spread abroad, or else because many are only Christians in Name, and we want Faith, which is the Worker of Miracles.

But. If Miracles are necessary on Account of Unbelievers, I'm sure the World is full of them now.

Fish. This is an Unbelief simply erring, such as that of the *Jews* murmuring against *Peter*, because he had received *Cornelius*'s Family into the Grace of the Gospel; and such as was that of the Gentiles, who thought the Religion they had received from their Ancestors was sufficient to Salvation; and the Apostles Doctrine to be a strange Superstition: These were converted by seeing Miracles. But now those that believe not the Gospel when it shines so gloriously thro' the whole World, do not err simply, but being

blinded by their evil Affections, will not understand that they may do what is good; such as these no Miracles would reduce to a better Mind. And now is the Time of healing, but the Time of punishing will come.

But. Indeed you have said many Things that have a Probability in them: however, I am resolved not to depend upon the Judgment of a Salt-Fishmonger; but I will go to some Divine, eminent for Learning, and what he says concerning all these Things, I'll believe.

Fish. Who? *Pharetrius*?

But. He dotes before he is old, and is fit to preach to none but doting old Women.

Fish. Well then, what? *Bliteus*?

But. Do you think I'll give any Credit to a prating Sophister?

Fish. Well then, *Amphicholus*?

But. I'll never trust him to answer Questions, that never answer'd my Demands for the Meat I trusted him. Can he resolve hard Questions, that was always insolvent as to his Debts?

Fish. Who then? *Lemantius*?

But. I shan't chuse a blind Man to shew me the Way.

Fish. Who then?

But. If you have a Mind to know, it is *Cephalus*, a Man very well versed in three Languages, and accomplish'd with all good Literature, familiarly acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, and antient Fathers.

Fish. I'll advise you better: Go to the *Elysian* Shades, and there you'll find *Rabin Druin*, he'll cut all your knotty Questions in two with a Pair of Sheers.

But. Do you go before and clear the Way.

Fish. But, setting aside Jesting, is that true you told me, of a Dispensation for Flesh-eating?

But. No, I did but joke with you to teaze you. And if the Pope had ever so much Mind to do it, you Fishmongers would raise Mobs about it. And besides, the World is full of a Sort of Pharisees, who have no other Way of appearing

religious but by such Superstitions, who would neither be deprived of their ostentatious Sanctity, nor suffer their Successors to have more Liberty than they had themselves. Nor, indeed, would it be for the Interest of Butchers, to have a free Toleration to eat every Thing; for then our Trade would be very uncertain, for now our Profit is more certain, and we run less Hazards, as well as have less Trouble.

Fish. What you say is very true, and we should be in the same Condition.

But. I am glad here is something found out at last, that a Fishmonger and Butcher can agree in. But to begin to talk seriously, as perhaps it would be convenient for Christians not to be ty'd up to so many Ceremonies, especially to such as make but very little to true Religion, not to say that make against it; so I have no Mind to vindicate those Persons, who reject and set light by all human Ordinances; nay, such as often do many Things, because they are forbid to do them. Yet I can't but admire at the absurd Notions of Mankind in many Things.

Fish. Nor can I help wondring at them neither.

But. We are for confounding Heaven and Earth together, if we do but suspect any Danger of lessening the Authority of Priests, as to their Impositions; and are all asleep when we are under imminent Danger of attributing so much to the Authority of Man, that the Authority of God suffers by it. So we avoid one Evil, and fall into another far more pernicious. That there is Honour due to Bishops no Body denies, especially if they act agreeably to what they talk. But it is a wicked Thing to transfer the Honour due to God alone, upon Men; and in doing too much Honour to Men, to do too little to God. God is to be honoured and reverenced in our Neighbour; but, however, we ought to take Care at the same Time that God, by this Means, be not robbed of his Honour.

Fish. We see a great many Men lay so much Stress upon corporal Ceremonies, that relying upon them they neglect Matters of real Religion, arrogating that to their own Merits,

which ought to be attributed to the divine Bounty; and there taking up their Station, where they should begin to ascend to greater Perfection, and reviling their Neighbour for those Things that in themselves are neither good nor bad.

But. And when in the same Matter there are two Things, one better than the other, we commonly chuse the worst of them. The Body, and those Things that belong to the Body, are every where made more Account of than those of the Mind. And it is accounted a great Crime to kill a Man, and indeed it is so; but to corrupt Mens Minds with poisonous Doctrine and pernicious Principles, is made a Jest on. If a Priest lets his Hair grow, or wears a Lay Habit, he is thrown into Prison and severely punished; but if he sits tippling in a Bawdy-House with Whores, games, or debauches other Mens Wives, and never takes a Bible in his Hand, he is still a Pillar of the Church. Not that I excuse the wearing a Lay Habit, but I accuse the Absurdity of Mens Notions.

Fish. Nay, if he shall neglect to say his Prayers at stated Hours, he must be excommunicated; but if he be an Usurer, or guilty of Simony, he goes Scot-free.

But. If any Body sees a *Carthusian* in a Dress not of the Order, or eating Flesh, how does he curse him, tremble at the Sight, and fall into a Fright, lest the Earth should open and swallow up him for wearing, and himself for beholding it? But let the same Person see him drunk as a Lord, reviling his Neighbour with notorious Lyes, imposing upon his poor Neighbour with manifest Frauds, he is not at all shock'd at that.

Fish. So if any one sees a *Franciscan* with a Girdle without Knots, or an *Augustin* girt with a Woollen one instead of a Leather one, or a *Carmelite* without one, or a *Rhodian* with one, or a *Franciscan* with whole Shoes on his Feet, or a *Cruciferian* with Half-Shoes on; will he not set the whole Town into an Uproar?

But. There were lately in our Neighbourhood two Women, whom one would take for Persons of Prudence, and

the one miscarried, and the other fell into a Fit on seeing a *Canon*, who was a President of the Nuns in a Cloister not far distant, appear out of Doors, without a Surplice under his Gown: But the same Women have frequently seen these Sort of Cattle junketting, singing and dancing, to say no more; and their Stomachs never so much as heav'd at it.

Fish. Perhaps some Allowance ought to be made for the Sex. But I suppose you know *Polythrescus*: He was dangerously ill, his Distemper was a Consumption: The Physicians for a long Time had persuaded him to eat Eggs and Milk-Meats, but to no Purpose: The Bishop exhorted him to do the like; but he being a Man of Learning, and a Batchelor in Divinity, seem'd to resolve rather to die, than to take the Advice of either of these Physicians. At last the Doctors, and his Friends together, contriv'd to put the Cheat upon him, making him a Potion of Eggs and Goats Milk, telling him it was Juice of Almonds. This he took very freely, and for several Days together mended upon it, till a certain Maid told him the Trick, upon which he fell to vomiting of it up again. But the very same Man that was so superstitious in relation to Milk, had so little Religion in him, that he forswore a Sum of Money that he owed me. Having gotten before an Opportunity to tear the Note of his Hand that he had given me, he forswore it, and I was obliged to sit down with the Loss. But he took not the Oath with so much Difficulty, but that he seem'd to wish he had such Complaints made against him every Day. What can be more perverse than such a Spirit? He sinned against the Mind of the Church, in not obeying the Priest and the Doctors: But he whose Stomach was so weak in relation to Milk, had a Conscience strong enough as to Perjury.

But. This Story brings to my Mind what I heard from a *Dominican* in a full Auditory, who upon Easter-Eve was setting out the Death of Christ, that he might temper the Melancholiness of his Subject, by the Pleasantness of the Story. A certain young Man had got a Nun with Child, and her great Belly discover'd her Fault: A Jury of Nuns

were impannell'd, and the Lady Abbess sat Judge of the Court. Evidence was given against her; the Fact was too plain to admit of a Denial; she was obliged to plead the Unavoidableness of the Crime, and defended the Fact upon that Consideration; also transferring the Blame to another, having Recourse to the *Status Qualitatis*, or if you will rather have it so, the *Status Translationis*. I was overcome, says she, by one that was too strong for me. Says the Abbess, then you should have cry'd out. So I would, says the Prisoner, had it not been a Crime to make a Noise in the Dormitory. Whether this be a Fable or not, it must be confest, there are a great many foolisher Things than this done. But now I will tell you what I have seen with my own Eyes. The Man's Name, and Place where he lives, shall be concealed. There was a Cousin of mine, a Prior that was next in Degree to the Abbot of the *Benedictine* Order, but of that Sort that don't eat Flesh, unless it were out of the Place they call the great Refectory; he was accounted a learned Man, and he was desirous to be so accounted, about fifty Years of Age: it was his daily Practice to drink freely, and live merrily; and once every twelve Days to go to the Hot-Houses, to sweat out the Diseases of his Reins.

Fish. Had he wherewithal to live at that Rate?

But. About six hundred Florins a Year.

Fish. Such a Poverty I myself would wish for.

But. In short, with drinking and whoring he had brought himself into a Consumption. The Doctors had given him over; the Abbot order'd him to eat Flesh, adding that terrible Sentence, *Upon Pain of Disobedience*; but he, tho' at the Point of Death, could scarce be brought to taste Flesh, tho' for many Years he had had no Aversion to Flesh.

Fish. A Prior and an Abbot well match'd! I guess who they are, for I remember I have heard the same Story from their own Mouths.

But. Guess.

Fish. Is not the Abbot a lusty fat Man, that has a stammering in his Speech; and the Prior a little Man, but strait-bodied and long-visag'd?

But. You have guess'd right.

Fish. Well, now I'll make you Amends; I'll tell you what I saw with my own Eyes but t'other Day; and what I was not only present at, but was in a Manner the chief Actor. There were two Nuns that went to pay a Visit to some of their Kinsfolks; and when they came to the Place, their Man-Servant had left behind him their Prayer-Book, which was according to the Custom of the Order and Place where they liv'd. Good God! What a vexatious Thing that was! They did not dare to go to Supper before they had said their *Vespers*, nor could they read in any Book but their own; and at the same Time all the Company was in great Haste to go to Supper: the Servant runs back, and late at Night brings the Book; and by that Time they had said their Prayers, and got to Supper, 'twas ten o'Clock at Night.

But. That is not much to be found Fault with hitherto.

Fish. You have heard but one Part of the Story yet. At Supper the Nuns begin to grow merry with Wine; they laugh'd, and jok'd, and kiss'd, and not over-modestly neither, till you could hardly hear what was said for the Noise they made; but no Body used more Freedom than those two Virgins that would not go to Supper before they had said their Prayers. After Supper there was dancing, singing of lascivious Songs, and such Doings I am asham'd to speak of; insomuch that I am much afraid that Night hardly pass'd very honestly; if it did, the wanton Plays, Nods and Kisses deceived me.

But. I don't blame the Nuns for this, so much as the Priests that look after them; but, come on, I'll give you Story for Story, or rather a History that I myself was an Eye-Witness of. A little While since there were some Persons sent to Prison for baking Bread on a *Sunday*, tho' at the same Time they wanted it. Indeed, I do not blame the Deed, but I do the Punishment. A little after, being *Palm-Sunday*, I had Occasion to go to the next Street, and being there about four o'Clock in the Afternoon, I saw a Sight, I can't well tell whether I shall call it ridiculous or wretched:

I scarce believe any Bacchanals ever had so much Lewdness in them ; some were so drunk they reel'd to and fro, like a Ship toss'd by the Waves, being without a Rudder ; others were supporting one so drunk he could not go, and hardly able to stand themselves ; others fell down, and could scarce get up again ; some were crowned with Leaves of Oak.

Fish. Vine-Leaves and Wands would have befitted them better.

But. The Senior of them, acting the Part of *Silenus*, was carried like a Pack upon Mens Shoulders, after the Manner they carry a dead Corps, with his Feet foremost, but with his Face downwards, lest he should be chok'd with his own Vomit, vomiting plentifully down the Heels of those that carry'd hindmost ; and as to the Bearers, there was not a sober Man amongst 'em ; they went along laughing, but after such a Manner, that you might perceive they had lost their Senses. In short, they were all mad ; and in this Pickle they made a Cavalcade into the City in the Day-Time.

Fish. How came they to be all so mad ?

But. You must know, in the next Town, there was Wine sold something cheaper than in the City, so a Parcel of boon Companions went thither, that they might attain the greater Degree of Madness for the lesser Sum of Money ; but tho', indeed, they did spend the less Money, they got the more Madness. If these Men had but tasted an Egg, they would have been haul'd to Prison as if they had committed Paricide ; when, besides their neglecting divine Service, and Evening Prayers upon so sacred a Day, so much Intemperance was not only committed with Impunity, but no Body seem'd to be so much as displeas'd at it.

Fish. But that you may not wonder so much at that, in the Midst of the Cities, and in Alehouses next to the Churches, upon the most solemn Holidays, there was drinking, singing, dancing, fighting, with such a Noise and Tumult, that divine Service could not be perform'd, nor one Word heard that the Parson said. But if the same Men had set a Stitch in a

Shoe, or eat Pork on a *Friday*, they would have been severely handled; tho' the Lord's Day was instituted chiefly for this End, that they might be at Leisure to attend to the Doctrine of the Gospel; and therefore it was forbid to mend Shoes, that they might have Leisure to trim their Souls. But is not this a strange perverting of Judgment?

But. A prodigious one. Whereas there are two Things in the ordering a Fast, the one Abstinence from Meat, and the other the Choice of it; there is scarce any Body ignorant, that the first is either a divine Command, or very near it; but the other not only human, but also in a Manner opposite to the Apostles real Doctrine; however we excuse it, nevertheless by a preposterous Judgment in common, it is no Crime to eat a Supper, but to taste a Bit of Meat that is forbidden by Man, but permitted by God, and also by the Apostles, this is a capital Crime. Fasts, tho' it is not certain they were commanded by the Apostles, yet they are recommended in their Examples and Epistles. But the forbidding the eating of Meats, that God has made to be eaten with Thanksgiving, if we were to defend that before St. *Paul*, as a Judge, to what Shifts should we be driven? And yet, almost all the World over, Men eat plentifully, and no Body is offended at it; but if a sick Man taste a Bit of a Chicken, the whole Christian Religion is in Danger. In *England* the common People have a Supper every other Day, in *Lent* Time, and no Body wonders at it; but if a Man, at Death's Door in a Fever, should sup a little Chicken Broth, it is accounted a Crime worse than Sacrilege. Among the same Persons in *Lent* Time, than which there is nothing of greater Antiquity, nor more religiously observ'd among Christians, as I have said before, they sup without any Penalty; but if you shall attempt to do the same, after *Lent* is over, on a *Friday*, no Body will bear it; if you ask the Reason of it, they'll tell you 'tis the Custom of the Country. They curse a Man who does not observe the Custom of the Country, and yet they forgive themselves the Neglect of the antient Custom of the universal Church.

Fish. He is not to be approved, that without Cause neglects the Custom of the Country wherein he lives.

But. No more do I blame them that divide *Lent* between God and their Bellies; but I find Fault with preposterous Censuring in Matters.

Fish. Tho' the Lord's Day was instituted in an especial Manner, that Persons might meet together to hear the Gospel preach'd; he that does not hear Mass, is look'd upon as an abominable Sinner; but he that neglects to hear a Sermon, and plays at Ball in the Time, is innocent.

But. What a mighty Crime is it accounted for any one to receive the Sacrament, not having first wash'd his Mouth! when, at the same Time, they do not stick to take it with an unpurified Mind, defiled with vile Affections.

Fish. How many Priests are there, that would die before they would participate the Sacrament in a Chalice and Charger, that has not been consecrated by a Bishop, or in their every-Day Clothes? But among them all that are thus nice, how many do we see that are not at all afraid to come to the Lord's Table, drunk with the last Night's Debauch? How fearful are they, lest they should touch the Wafer with that Part of the Hand that has not been dipp'd in consecrated Oil? Why are they not as religious in taking Care that an unhallow'd Mind does not offend the Lord himself?

But. We won't so much as touch a consecrated Vessel, and think we have been guilty of a heinous Offence, if we shall chance so to do; and yet in the mean Time, how unconcern'd are we, while we violate the living Temples of the Holy Spirit?

Fish. Human Constitutions require that no Bastard, lame, or one that hath but one Eye, be admitted to any sacred Function; how nice are we as to this Point? But in the mean Time, Unlearned, Gamesters, Drunkards, Soldiers, and Murderers, are admitted every where. They tell us, that the Diseases of the Mind lie not open to our View: I don't speak of those Things that are hidden, but of such as are more plain to be seen than the Deformity of the Body.

But. There are Bishops likewise, that have nothing, as to their Function to value themselves upon, but some sordid Accomplishments. The Gift of Preaching, which is the chief Dignity of a Bishop, this they make to give Place to every sordid Thing ; which they would never do, unless they were possess'd with a preposterous Judgment.

Fish. He that shall profane a Holy-Day instituted by a Bishop, is hurried away to Punishment : but some great Men setting at Nought the Constitution of Popes and Councils, and all their Thunderbolts, who hinder Canonical Elections, ravage the Church-Lands, not sparing Alms-Houses and Hospitals, erected by the Alms of pious Persons for the Succour of the Old, Sick, and Needy, think themselves Christians good enough, if they do but wreak their ill Temper upon Persons that offend in trivial Matters.

But. But we had better let great Men alone, and talk about Salt-Fish and Flesh.

Fish. I agree with you : Let us return to Fasts and Fish. I have heard say that the Pope's Laws do by Name except Boys, old Men, and sick and weak Persons, such as work hard, Women with Child, sucking Children, and very poor People.

But. I have often heard the same.

Fish. I have also heard a very great Divine, I think his Name is *Gerson*, say further, if there be any other Case of equal Weight with those which the Pope's Laws except by Name, the Force of the Precept gives Way in like Manner. For there are peculiar Habits of Body which render the Want of some Things more material than an evident Disease ; and there are Distempers that do not appear that are more dangerous than those that do : therefore he that is acquainted with his own Constitution, has no Need to consult a Priest ; even as Infants do not, because their Circumstances exempt them from the Law. And therefore they that oblige Boys, or very old Men, or Persons otherwise weak, to fast, or to eat Fish, commit a double Sin : First, against Brotherly Charity : And secondly, against the very Inten-

tion of the Pope, who would not involve them in a Law, the Observation of which would be pernicious to them. Whatsoever Christ has ordered, he has ordained for the Health of Body and Mind both; neither does any Pope claim to himself such a Power, as by any Constitution of his, to bring any Person into Danger of Life: As, suppose that any Person by not eating in the Evening, should not rest at Night, and so for Want of Sleep be in Danger of growing light-headed, he is a Murderer, both against the Sense of the Church, and the Will of God. Princes, as oft as it suits with their Conveniency, publish an Edict threatning with a capital Punishment: How far their Power extends I will not determine; but this I will venture to say, they would act more safely, if they did not inflict Death for any other Causes, than such as are express'd in the Holy Scriptures. In Things Blame-worthy, the Lord dehorts from going to the Extremity of the Limits, as in the Case of Perjury, forbidding to swear at all; in Murder, forbidding to be angry; we by a human Constitution force Persons upon the extreme Crime of Homicide, which we call Necessity. Nay, as oft as a probable Cause appears, it is a Duty of Charity, of our own Accord, to exhort our Neighbour to those Things that the Weakness of his Body requires: And if there be no apparent Cause, yet it is the Duty of Christian Charity kindly to suppose it may be done with a good Intention, unless it carries along with it a manifest Contempt of the Church. A profane Magistrate very justly punishes those that eat contumaciously and seditiously; but what every one shall eat in his own House, is rather the Business of a Physician than a Magistrate: Upon which Account, if any Person shall be so wicked as to cause any Disorder; they are guilty of Sedition, and not the Person that consults his own Health, and breaks no Law, neither of God nor Man. In this the Authority of the Pope is misapplied; 'tis absurd to pretend the Authority of Popes in this Case, who are Persons of so much Humanity, that if they did but know a good Reason for it, they would of their own Accord invite them to those Things

that are for their Health, and defend them by Dispensations against the Slanders of all Persons. And besides, throughout *Italy*, they permit Flesh to be sold in certain Markets, for the Sake of the Health of such Persons as are not comprehended in that Law. Besides, I have heard Divines that have not been precise in their Sermons, say, Don't be afraid at Supper-Time to eat a Piece of Bread, or drink a Pint of Wine or Ale, to support the Weakness of the Body. If they take upon them the Authority of indulging, so that they will indulge a small Supper to those that are in Health, and that contrary to the Ordinance of the Church, which requires Fasting; may they not permit not only a small Supper, but a pretty hearty one, to such Persons whose Weakness requires it, and the Popes themselves expressly declare that they approve it? If any one treats his Body with Severity, it may be called Zeal, for every one knows his own Constitution best; but where is the Piety and the Charity of those Persons that reduce a weak Brother, wherein the Spirit is willing, but the Flesh weak, even to Death's Door, or bringing him into a Disease worse than Death itself, against the Law of Nature, the Law of God, and the Sense and Meaning of the Law of the Pope himself?

But. What you mention brings to my Mind what I saw myself about two Years since: I believe you know *Eros* an old Man, about sixty Years of Age, a Man of a very weakly Constitution, who by a lingering Illness, acute Diseases, and hard Studies, even enough to kill a Horse, was brought to Death's Door. This Man by some occult Quality in Nature, had, from a Child, a great Aversion to eating Fish, and an Inability to endure Fasting, so that he never attempted them without imminent Hazard of his Life, at last obtain'd a Dispensation from the Pope to defend him against the malevolent Tongues of some Pharisaical Spirits. He not long ago, upon the Invitation of Friends, goes to the City *Eleutheropolis*, a City not at all like its Name: it was then Lent-Time, and a Day or two were devoted to the Enjoyment of his Friends, in the mean Time Fish was the common Diet;

but he, lest he gave Offence to any Person, tho' he had his Necessity to justify him, as well as the Pope's Dispensation to bear him out, eat Fish. He perceived his old Distemper coming upon him, which was worse than Death itself; so he prepares to take his Leave of his Friends, and go Home; being necessitated so to do, unless he would lie sick there. Some there suspecting that he was in such Haste to go, because he could not bear to eat Fish, got *Glaucoplutus*, a very learned Man, and a chief Magistrate in that Province, to invite him to Breakfast. *Eros* being quite tir'd with Company, which he could not avoid in a publick Inn, consented to go, but upon this Condition, that he should make no Provision, but a Couple of Eggs, which he would eat standing, and immediately take Horse and be gone. He was promis'd it should be as he desir'd; but when he comes, there was a Fowl provided: *Eros* taking it ill, tasted nothing but the Eggs, and rising from Table, took Horse, some learned Men bearing him Company Part of the Way. But however it came about, the Smell of the Fowl got into the Noses of some Sycophants, and there was as great a Noise in the City, as if ten Men had been murder'd; nor was the Noise confin'd there, but was carried to other Places two Days Journey off, and, as is usual, still gain'd by carrying; adding, that if *Eros* had not got away, he had been carried before the Justice, which tho' that was false, yet true it was, that *Glaucoplutus* was obliged to give the Magistrate Satisfaction. But now considering the Circumstances of *Eros*, had he eat Flesh in publick, who could justly have been offended at it? And yet in the same City all Lent-Time, but especially on Holidays, they drink till they are mad, baul, dance, fight, play at Dice at the Church-Door, so that you can't hear what the Parson says when he is preaching; and this is no Offence.

Fish. A wonderful Perversity of Judgment!

But. I'll tell you another Story not much unlike this: It is now almost two Years since the same *Eros* went for the Sake of his Health to *Ferventia*, and I out of Civility bore him Company. He went to an old Friend's House, who

had given him frequent Invitations by Letters : He was a great Man, and one of the Pillars of the Church. When they came to eating of Fish, *Eros* began to be in his old Condition ; a whole Troop of Distempers were coming upon him, a Fever, severe Head-Ache, Vomiting, and the Stone. His Landlord, tho' he saw his Friend in this Danger, did not dare to give him a Bit of Flesh-Meat ; but why ? he saw a great many Reasons that he might do it ; he saw likewise the Pope's Licence : but he was afraid of publick Censure ; and the Disease had grown so far upon him, that then it was in Vain to give it him.

Fish. What did *Eros* do ? I know the Man's Temper, he'd sooner die than be injurious to his Friend.

But. He shut himself up in a Chamber, and lived three Days after his own Manner ; his Dinner was one Egg, and his Drink Water and Sugar boil'd. As soon as his Fever was abated he took Horse, carrying Provision along with him.

Fish. What was it ?

But. Almond-Milk in a Bottle, and dry'd Grapes in his Portmanteau. When he came Home, the Stone seiz'd him, and he lay by for a whole Month. But for all this, after he was gone, there was a very hot, but a false Report of eating Flesh follow'd him, which reach'd as far as *Paris* ; and a great many notorious Lyes told about it. What Remedy do you think proper for such Offences ?

Fish. I would have every Body empty their Chamber-Pots upon their Heads, and if they happen to meet them in the Street, to stop their Noses while they go by them, that they may be brought to a Sense of their Madness.

But. I think truly the Divines ought to write sharply against such Pharisaical Impiety. But what is your Opinion of his Landlord ?

Fish. He seems to me a very prudent Man, who knows from what frivolous Causes the People excite such dismal Tragedies.

But. This may indeed be the Effect of Prudence, and we

may interpret the good Man's Timorousness as favourably as may be; but how many are there, who in the like Case suffer their Brother to die, and pretend a Cautiousness to act against the Usage of the Church, and to the Offence of the People; but have no Fear upon them of acting to the Offence of the People, in living a Life publickly scandalous, in Rioting, Whoring, Luxury, and Idleness, in the highest Contempt of Religion, in Rapine, Simony, and Cheating?

Fish. There are too many such; that which they call Piety, is nothing but a barbarous and impious Cruelty. But yet methinks they seem to be more cruel, who do not leave a Man in Danger occasionally, but invent Dangers for him, and force many into them as into a Trap, into manifest Danger of both Body and Soul, especially having no Authority for it.

But. I wait to hear what you have to say.

Fish. About thirty Years ago I liv'd at *Paris,* in the College call'd *Vinegar-College.*

But. That's a Name of Wisdom: But what say you? Did a Salt-Fishmonger dwell in that sour College? No wonder then, he is so acute a Disputant in Questions in Divinity; for, as I hear, the very Walls there teach Divinity.

Fish. You say very right; but as for me, I brought nothing out of it but my Body full of gross Humours, and my Clothes full of Lice. But to go on as I began: At that Time one *John Standoneus* was President, a Man whose Temper you would not mislike, and whose Qualifications you would covet; for as I remember, in his Youth, when he was very poor himself, he was very charitable, and that is much to be commended; and if he had still supply'd the Necessities of young Persons, as he found them Materials for going on with their Studies, he would not have had so much Money to have spent lavishly, but would have done Praise-worthily: But what with lying hard, by bad and spare Diet, late and hard Studies, within one Year's Space, of many young Men of a good Genius, and very hopeful, some he kill'd, others he blinded, others he made run distracted, and others he

brought into the Leprosy, some of whom I know very well; and in short, not one of them but what was in Danger by him. Was not this Cruelty against one's Neighbour? Neither did this content him, but adding a Cloke and Cowl, he took away the eating of Flesh altogether, and transplanted such Plants as those into far distant Countries: So that if every one should give themselves such a Liberty as he did himself, their Followers would over-spread the whole Face of the Earth. If Monasteries had their Rise from such Beginnings as these, what Danger are not only Popes, but Kings themselves in? It is a pious Thing to glory in the Conversion of a Neighbour to Piety; but to seek for Glory in a Dress or Diet, is Pharisaical. To supply the Want of a Neighbour, is a Part of Piety; to take Care that the Liberality of good Men be not converted to Luxury, is Discipline; but to drive a Brother into Distempers, Madness, and Death, is Cruelty, is murdering him. The Intention of Murder may, indeed, be wanting, but Murder it is. Perhaps some will say, no Body forces them into this Kind of Life; they come into it voluntary, they beg to be admitted, and they are at Liberty to go away when they are weary of it; but this is a cruel Answer. Is it to be thought, that young Men can tell better what is good for them, than Men of Learning, Experience, and Age? A Man might thus excuse himself to a Wolf, that had drawn him into a Trap, when he was almost famish'd with Hunger. But can he that sets unwholesome and poisonous Food before a Man that is ready to gnaw his Flesh for Hunger, so excuse himself to him when he is perishing, by saying, No Body forc'd you to eat it, you devour'd what was set before you willingly and eagerly? May he not justly answer him, You have not given me Food, but Poison? Necessity is very prevalent, Hunger is very sharp; therefore let them forbear to use these plausible Excuses, that they were, indeed, at Liberty to let it alone. But whosoever uses such Engines, uses Force. Neither did this Cruelty only destroy mean Persons, but many Gentlemens Sons too, and spoil'd many a hopeful Genius. It is, indeed,

the Part of a Father, to hold in Youth that is apt to grow lascivious, by Restraint. But in the very Depth of Winter, here's a Morsel of Bread given them when they ask for their Commons ; and as for their Drink, they must draw that out of a Well that gives bad Water, unwholesome of itself, if it were not made the worse by the Coldness of the Morning : I have known many that were brought to such an ill State of Health, that they have never got over it to this Day. There were Chambers on a Ground-Floor, and rotten Plaister, they stood near a stinking House of Office, in which none ever dwelt, but he either got his Death, or some grievous Distemper. I shall say nothing of the unmerciful Whippings, even of innocent Persons. This they say is to break their Fierceness, for so they call a sprightly Genius ; and therefore, they thus cow their Spirits, to make them more humble in the Monasteries : Nor shall I take Notice how many rotten Eggs were eaten ; nor how much sour Wine was drank. Perhaps these Things may be mended now ; but however, 'tis too late for those that are dead already, or carry about an infected Carcass. Nor do I mention these Things because I have any ill Will to the College, but I thought it worth While to give this Monition, lest human Severity should mar inexperienc'd and tender Age, under the Pretence of Religion. How much Civility, or true Piety, may be taught there at present, I don't determine. If I could but see that those that put on a Cowl, put off Naughtiness, I should exhort every Body to wear one. But besides, the Spirit of a vigorous Age is not to be cow'd for this Sort of Life ; but the Mind is to be form'd for Piety. I can scarce enter into a *Carthusian* Monastery, but I find some Fools and some Madmen among them. But it is Time now, after so long a Digression, to return to our first Proposition.

But. We lose nothing by the Digression, as long as we have talked to the Purpose ; but, perhaps, you have something further to add concerning human Constitutions.

Fish. In my Mind, he does by no Means observe a human Constitution, who neglects to do what he aim'd at that or-

dain'd it. He that upon Holy-Days forbears working, and does not employ them in divine Duties, profanes the Day, by neglecting to do that for which End it was appointed; therefore is one good Work forbidden that a better may be done. But now, as for those that leave their secular Employ, to go to Junketting, Whoring, and Drinking, Fighting and Gaming, they are guilty of a double Profanation of it.

But. It is my Opinion, that the Task of saying Prayers was imposed upon Priests and Monks for this Purpose, that by this Exercise they might accustom themselves to lift up their Hearts to God: and yet he that neglects saying his Prayers, is in Danger to be punished; but he that only mumbles over the Words with his Mouth, and does not regard the Meaning of 'em, nay, nor take Pains so much as to learn the Language they are written in, without which he can't tell what the Sound meaneth, is accounted a good Man by others, and he thinks himself such.

Fish. I know a great many Priests that look upon it a heinous Sin to omit any Part of their Prayers, or by Mistake to have said concerning the Virgin *Mary*, when they should have said concerning St. *Paul.* But the same Persons count it no Crime to game, whore, and drink, tho' these Things are forbidden both by the Law of God and Man.

But. Nay, I myself have known a great many, that would sooner die than be persuaded to take the Sacrament after they had chanc'd to taste a Bit of Food, or let a Drop of Water go down their Throat while they were washing their Mouths; yet the same Persons will own, that they have so much Malice against some, that, if they had an Opportunity, they would kill them; nor are they afraid with this Temper of Mind to approach the Lord's Table.

Fish. That they take the Sacrament fasting, is a human Ordinance; but that they lay aside Wrath before they come to the Lord's Table, is a Command of the Lord himself.

But. But then again, how preposterously do we judge concerning Perjury! He is accounted an infamous Person,

who swears he has paid a Debt, when it is proved he has not. But Perjury is not charged upon a Priest, who publickly lives unchastly, tho' he publickly profess a Life of Chastity.

Fish. Why don't you tell this to the Bishops Vicars, who swear before the Altar, that they have found all that they present to be entred into holy Orders, to be fit Persons in Age, Learning and Manners ; when for the most Part there are scarce two or three that are tolerable, and most of them scarce fit to follow the Plow ?

But. He is punish'd that being provok'd, swears in a Passion ; but they that forswear themselves every three Words they speak, escape Scot-free.

Fish. But they don't swear from their Hearts.

But. By the same colourable Pretence you may vindicate a Man that kills another, saying, he did not do it in his Heart. Perjury is not lawful either in Jest or Earnest ; and it would make the Crime the greater to kill a Man in Jest.

Fish. What if we should weigh the Oaths Princes take at their Coronation in the same Scale ?

But. These Things, tho' indeed they are very serious Matters, being done customarily, are not accounted Perjuries. There is the same Complaint concerning Vows. The Vow of Matrimony is without Doubt of divine Right ; yet it is dissolved by entring into a monastick Life of Man's Invention. And tho' there is no Vow more religious than that of Baptism, yet he that changes his Habit, or his Place, is sought after, apprehended, confin'd, and sometimes put to Death for the Honour of the Order, as tho' he had murder'd his Father ; but those whose Lives are diametrically repugnant to their Baptismal Vows, in that they serve Mammon, their Bellies, and the Pomps of this World, are in mighty Esteem, are never charged with breaking their Vow, nor upbraided, nor call'd Apostates ; but are reckon'd good Christians.

But. The common People have the like Esteem of good and bad Deeds, and the Safeguard of Virtue : What a scan-

dal is it for a Maid to be overcome? But a lying, slanderous Tongue, and a malicious, envious Mind, are greater Crimes; and where is it that a small Theft is not punish'd more severely than Adultery. No Body will willingly keep him Company that has been accused of Theft; But it is accounted a Piece of Honour, to hold a Familiarity with such as are drench'd in Adultery. No Body will deign to marry a Daughter to a Hangman who executes the Law for a Livelihood, and a Judge does the same; but they have no Aversion at all to the affinity of a Soldier, who has run away from his Parents, and listed himself a Soldier for Hire, and is defil'd with all the Rapes, Thefts, Sacrileges, Murders, and other Crimes, that used to be committed in their Marches, Camps, and Retreats; this may be taken for a Son in Law, and tho' he be worse than any Hangman, a Maid may love him dearly, and account him a noble Personage. He that steals a little Money must be hang'd; but they that cheat the Publick of their Money, and impoverish Thousands by Monopolies, Extortions, and Tricking and Cheating, are held in great Esteem.

Fish. They that poison one Person, are hang'd for it; but they that poison a whole Nation with infectious Provisions go unpunish'd.

But. I know some Monks so superstitious, that they think themselves in the Jaws of the Devil, if by chance they are without their sacred Vestments; but they are not at all afraid of his Claws, while they are lying, slandering, drunkening, and acting maliciously.

Fish. There are a great many such to be seen among private Persons, that can't think their House safe from evil Spirits, unless they have holy Water, holy Leaves, and Wax Tapers; but they are not afraid of 'em because God is so often offended in them, and the Devil served in them.

But. How many are there, who put more trust in the Safeguard of the Virgin *Mary*, or St. *Christopher*, than of Christ himself? They worship the Mother with Images, Candles, and Songs; and offend Christ heinously by their impious

Living. A Mariner when in a Storm is more ready to invoke the Mother of Christ or St. *Christopher*, or some one or other of the Saints, than Christ himself. And they think they have made the Virgin their Friend, by singing her in the Evening the little Song, *Salve Regina*, tho' they don't know what it is they do sing ; when they have more Reason to be afraid, that the Virgin should think they jeer her by their so singing, when the whole Day, and great Part of the Night is spent in obscene Discourses, Drunkenness, and such Doings as are not fit to be mentioned.

Fish. Ay ; and so a Soldier, when he's about any dangerous Enterprise, is more ready to remember *George*, or *Barbara*, than Christ. And tho' there is no Reverence more acceptable to the Saints, than the Imitation of their Deeds, by which they have approv'd themselves to Christ, that is despis'd as much as can be ; and we fancy that St. *Anthony* is mightily attach'd to us, if we keep some Hogs consecrated to him, and have him painted upon Doors and Walls with his Hog, his Fire, and his Bell ; and never fear that which is more to be dreaded, lest he should look with an evil Eye upon those Houses, where those Wickednesses reign, that the holy Man always abhorred. Do we say over Rosaries and Salutations to the holy Virgin ? we should rather recount to her the Humiliation of our Pride, the repressing our Lusts, the forgiving of Injuries. The Mother of Christ takes more Delight in such Songs as these, and these are the Offices that oblige them both.

But. A Man that is sick is more ready to remember St. *Rochus* or *Dionysius*, than Christ, the only Health of Mankind ; and more than that, they that from the Pulpit interpret the holy Scriptures, which none, without the Assistance of the Spirit, can rightly understand, or profitably teach ; they chuse rather to invoke the Aid of the Virgin *Mary*, than of Christ or his Spirit. And he's suspected for a Heretick, that dares to mutter against this Custom which they call laudable. But the Custom of the antient Fathers was much more laudable, such as *Origen, Basil, Chrysostom*,

Cyprian, *Ambrose*, *Jerom*, and *Austin* used, who often invoked *Christ*'s Spirit, but never implored the Aid of the Virgin : But they are not at all displeased at them, who have presumed to alter so holy a Custom, taken from the Doctrine of Christ and the Apostles, and the Examples of holy Fathers.

Fish. A great many Monks are guilty of such like Errors, who persuade themselves that St. *Benedict* is mightily attach'd to them, if they wear his Cowl and Cloke ; tho' I don't believe he ever wore one so full of Folds, and that cost so much Money ; and they are not afraid of his Anger, in that they do not imitate him in his Life at all.

But. He is a very good Son of St. *Francis*, who does not disdain to wear an Ash-colour'd Habit, and a Canvas Girdle ; but compare their Lives, and nothing can be more disagreeable : I speak of a great many, but not of all. And this may be carried thro' all Orders and Professions. A preposterous Confidence springs from an erroneous Judgment, and from them both, preposterous Scandals. Let but a *Franciscan* go out of Doors with a Leather Girdle, if he has chanc'd to lose his Rope ; or an *Augustine* with a Woollen one, or one that uses to wear a Girdle without one ; what an Abomination would it be accounted ? What Danger is there, that if some Women should see this, they would miscarry ! And from such Trifles as these, how is brotherly Charity broke in upon ! what bitter Envyings, how virulent Slanderings ! The Lord exclaims against these in the Gospel, and so does *Paul* vehemently, and so ought Divines and Preachers to do.

Fish. Indeed they ought to do so ; but there are a great many among them, whose Interest it is to have People, Princes, and Bishops, such as they are themselves. And there are others again, that have no more Sense, as to these Things, than the People themselves ; or if they do know better, they dissemble it, consulting their own Bellies, rather than the Interest of *Jesus Christ.* And hence it comes to pass, that the People being every where corrupted with erroneous Judgments, are secure where there is Danger, and

fearful where there is none; can sit down satisfied where they should proceed, and go forward when they should return. And if a Man attempt to bring any one off from these erroneous Principles, presently they cry out Sedition; as tho' it were Sedition for any one, with better Remedies, to endeavour to correct a vitious Habit of Body, which an ignorant Pretender to Physick has for a long Time nourished, and almost brought it to be natural. But 'tis Time to leave off these Complaints, for there is no End of them. And if the People should hear what Discourse we have, we are in Danger to have a new Proverb raised upon us, That a Salt-Fishmonger and a Butcher trouble their Heads about such Things.

But. If they did, I would return this Proverb upon them, *Sæpe etiam est olitor valde opportune loquutus.* A little while ago I was talking of these Things at the Table, and, as ill Luck would have it, there sat a ragged, lousy, stern, old, wither'd, white-liver'd Fellow, he had scarce three Hairs on his Head, and whenever he open'd his Mouth, he shut his Eyes; they said he was a Divine, and he call'd me a Disciple of *Antichrist*, and a great many such like Things.

Fish. What did you do then? Did you say nothing?

But. I wish'd him a Dram of sound Judgment in his stinking Brain, if he had any.

Fish. I should be glad to hear the whole of that Story.

But. So you shall, if you will come and dine with me on *Thursday* next; you shall have a Veal-Pye for Dinner, so tender bak'd, that you may suck it thro' a Quill.

Fish. I'll promise you I will come; if you'll come and dine with me on *Friday*, I'll convince you, that we Fishmongers don't live merely on stinking Salt-Fish.

The FUNERAL.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy paints out the different Kinds of Deaths in two private Persons, describing, as in a Picture, the extravagant Expence that those Persons are at, who put their Confidence in Fictions, more than those that trust in the Mercy of God. In the Person of George Balearicus, *he takes Occasion to rally the foolish Ambition of rich Men, who extend their Luxury and Pride beyond even Death itself. That the Way to Death is harder than Death itself. That God would therefore have Death to be terrible to us, that we might not be ready to contemn Life. That Physicians don't use to be present where Persons are dying. Of the Orders of Monks, who play upon the Folly of rich Men for their own Gain, when it should be their Business especially to correct it. The Pompousness of the* Venetians *at Funerals, altho' it be but that of a Cobler.* Cornelius, *a Man truly pious, composes himself for Death after another, and indeed a more Christian Manner.*

MARCOLPHUS, PHÆDRUS.

MAR. Where have you been, *Phædrus*? What, are you just come out of *Trophonius*'s Cave?

Ph. What makes you ask me that Question?

Mar. Because you look so horridly sad, sour, and slovenly; in short, you don't look at all like what you are called.

Ph. If they that have been a long Time in a Smith's Shop, commonly have a Dirty Face, do you wonder that I that have been so many Days with two Friends that were sick, dying, and are now buried, should look a little more sad than I used to do, especially when they were both of them my very dear Friends?

Mar. Who are they that you talk of?

Ph. I suppose you know *George Balearicus*, don't you?

Mar. I know him by Name, and that's all; I never saw his Face.

Ph. I know the other was wholly a Stranger to you; his Name was *Cornelius Montius*. They were both of them my particular Friends, and had been so for many Years.

Mar. It was never my Lot to be by where any one was dying.

Ph. But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my Wish.

Mar. Well, but is Death so terrible a Thing as they make it?

Ph. The Way to't is worse than the Thing itself; so that if a Man could free his Mind from the Terror and Apprehension of it, he would take away the worst Part of it. And, in short, whatsoever is tormenting, either in Sickness or in Death itself, is render'd much more easy by Resignation to the Will of God; for, as to the Sense of Death, when the Soul is departing from the Body, I am of Opinion, they are either wholly insensible, or the Faculty is become very dull and stupid; because Nature, before it comes to that Point, lays asleep and stupifies all the sensible Faculties.

Mar. We are born without Sense of Pain, as to ourselves.

Ph. But we are not born without Pain to our Mother.

Mar. Why might we not die so? Why would God make Death so full of Pain?

Ph. He was pleased to make Birth painful and dangerous to the Mother, to make the Child the dearer to her; and Death formidable to Mankind, to deter them from laying violent Hands upon themselves; for when we see so many

make away themselves, as the Case stands, what do you think they would do, if Death had no Terror in it? As often as a Servant, or a Son, is corrected, or a Woman is angry at her Husband, any Thing is lost, or any Thing goes cross, Men would presently repair to Halters, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, or Poisons. Now the Bitterness of Death makes us put a greater Value upon Life, especially since the Dead are out of the Reach of the Doctor. Altho', as we are not all born alike, so we do not all die alike; some die suddenly, others pine away with a languishing Illness; those that are seized with a Lethargy, and such as are stung by an Asp, are as it were cast into a sound Sleep, and die without any Sense of Pain. I have made this Observation, that there is no Death so painful, but a Man may bear it by Resolution.

Mar. But which of them bore his Death the most like a Christian?

Ph. Why truly, in my Opinion, *George* died the most like a Man of Honour.

Mar. Why then, is there any Sense of Ambition, when a Man comes to that Point?

Ph. I never saw two People make such different Ends. If you will give me the Hearing, I'll tell you what End each of them made, and you shall judge which of them a Christian would chuse to make.

Mar. Give you the Hearing! Nay, I desire you will not think much of the Trouble, for I have the greatest Mind in the World to hear it.

Ph. Well then, you shall first hear how *George* died. As soon as ever the certain Symptoms of Death appeared, the Physicians, who had attended upon him during his Sickness, saying never a Word of the Despair they had of his Life, demanded their Fees.

Mar. How many Doctors had he?

Ph. Sometimes ten, sometimes twelve, but never under six.

Mar. Enough in Conscience to have done the Business of a Man in perfect Health.

Ph. As soon as ever they had gotten their Money, they

privately hinted to some of his near Relations, that his Death was near at Hand, and that they should take Care of the Good of his Soul, for there was no Hope of his Recovery; and this was handsomely intimated by some of his particular Friends to the sick Man himself, desiring him that he would commit the Care of his Body to God, and only mind those Things that related to a happy Exit out of this World. *George* hearing this, look'd wonderful sourly at the Physicians, taking it very heinously, that they should leave him now in his Distress. They told him, that Physicians were but Men, and not Gods, and that they had done what Art could do, but there was no Physick would avail against Fate; and so went into the next Chamber.

Mar. What did they stay for after they were paid?

Ph. They were not yet agreed upon the Distemper; one would have it to be a Dropsy, another a Tympany, another an Imposthume in the Guts: every Man of them would have it to be a different Disease; and this Dispute they were very hot upon all the Time he was sick.

Mar. The Patient had a blessed Time of it all this While!

Ph. And to decide this Controversy, they desired by his Wife, that the Body might be opened, which would be for his Honour, being a Thing very usual among Persons of Quality, and very beneficial to a great many others; and that it would add to the Bulk of his Merits; and lastly, they promised they would purchase thirty Masses at their own Charge for the Good of his Soul. It was a hard Matter to bring him to it, but at last, by the Importunities and fair Words of his Wife and near Relations, he was brought to consent to it; and this being done, the Consultation was dissolved; for they say, it is not convenient that Physicians, whose Business it is to preserve Life, should be Spectators of their Patient's Death, or present at their Funerals. By and by *Bernardine* was sent for to take his Confession, who is, you know, a very reverend Man, and Warden of the *Franciscans*. His Confession was scarce over, but there was a whole houseful of the four Orders of Begging-Fryars, as they are called.

Mar. What! so many Vultures to one Carcass?

Ph. And now the Parish-Priest was called, to give him the Extreme Unction, and the Sacrament of the Eucharist.

Mar. That was very religiously done.

Ph. But there had like to have been a very bloody Fray between the Parish-Priest and the Monks.

Mar. What, at the sick Man's Bed-Side?

Ph. Nay, and Christ himself looking on too.

Mar. Pray, what was the Occasion of so sudden a Hurly-burly?

Ph. The Parson of the Parish, so soon as ever he found the sick Man had confess'd to the *Franciscan*, did Point-blank refuse to give him either the Extreme Unction, the Eucharist, or afford him a Burial, unless he heard his Confession with his own Ears. He said he was the Parson of the Parish, and that he was accountable for his own Flock; and that he could not do it, unless he was acquainted with the Secrets of his Conscience.

Mar. And don't you think he was in the Right?

Ph. Why indeed they did not think so, for they all fell upon him, especially *Bernardine*, and *Vincent* the *Dominican*.

Mar. What had they to say?

Ph. They rattled off the Parson soundly, calling him Ass, and one fitter to be a Pastor of Swine than Men's Souls. *I*, says Vincent, *am a Batchelor of Divinity, and am shortly to be licensed, and take my Degree of Doctor; and you can scarce read the Collect, you are so far from being fit to dive into the Secrets of a Man's Conscience: but if you have such an Itch of Curiosity, go Home and inquire into the Privacies of your Concubine and Bastards.* And a great Deal more of such Stuff that I am asham'd to mention.

Mar. And did he say nothing to all this?

Ph. Nothing, do you say? Never was any Man so nettled. *I*, says he, *will make a better Batchelor than you, of a Bean-Stalk; as for your Masters* Dominic *and* Francis, *pray where did they ever learn* Aristotle's *Philosophy, the Arguments of* Thomas, *or the Speculations of* Scotus? *Where did they take*

their Degree of Batchelors? You have crept into a credulous World, a Company of mean Wretches, tho' some I must confess were devout and learned. You nested at first in Fields and Villages, and thence anon you transplanted yourselves into opulent Cities, and none but the best Part of them neither would content you. Your Business lay then only in Places that could not maintain a Pastor; but now, forsooth, none but great Men's Houses will serve your turn. You boast much of your being Priests; but your Privileges are not worth a Rush, unless in the Absence of the Bishop, Pastor, or his Curate. Not a Man of you shall ever come into my Pulpit, I'll assure you, as long as I am Pastor. It is true, I am no Batchelor; no more was St. Martin, *and yet he discharged the Office of a Bishop for all that. If I have not so much Learning as I should, I will never come a begging to you for it. Do you think the World is so stupid, as to think the Holiness of* Dominic *and* Francis *is entail'd upon the Habit? Is it any Business of yours, what I do at my own House? It is very well known in the World what you do in your Cells, and how you handle your holy Virgins. No Body is ignorant that you make those rich Mens Houses you frequent, no better than they should be.* For the rest, *Marcolphus*, you must excuse me, it is too foul to be told; but in Truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers very scurvily; and there had been no End of it, if *George* had not held up his Hand, in Token he had something to say, and it was with much ado that the Storm was laid at last, tho' but for a little While. Then says the sick Man, *Peace be among you, I'll confess myself over again to you, Mr. Parson; and as for the Charge of tolling the Bell, my Funeral-Rites, my Monument and Burial, they shall all be paid down to you before you go out of the House; I'll take Order that you shall have no Cause to complain.*

Mar. Did the Parson refuse this fair Proposal?

Ph. He did not absolutely refuse it, but he mutter'd something to himself about Confession; but he remitted it at last, and told them, there was no Need of troubling the Patient, or the Priest, with the same Things over again; *but*

if he had confessed to me in Time, said he, *perhaps he would have made his Will upon better Conditions; but if it be not as it should be, you must now look to it.* This Equity of the sick Man vexed the Monks to the Heart, who thought very much that any Part of the Booty should go to the Parson of the Parish. But upon my Intercession the Matter was composed; the Parson gave the sick Man the Unction and the Sacrament, received his Dues, and went away.

Mar. Well, now certainly a Calm follow'd this Storm, did there not?

Ph. So far from it, that this Storm was no sooner laid, than a worse follow'd.

Mar. Upon what Ground pray?

Ph. I'll tell you. There were four Orders of Begging-Fryars in the House already; and now, in comes a fifth of Cross-Bearers, against which all the other four Orders rise up in a Tumult, as illegitimate and spurious, saying, *Where did you ever see a Waggon with five Wheels? or with what Face would they reckon more Orders of Mendicants, than there were Evangelists? At this Rate ye may even as well call in all the Beggars to ye, from the Bridges and Cross-Ways.*

Mar. What Reply made the Cross-Bearers to this?

Ph. They asked them how the Waggon of the Church went before there were any Mendicants at all. And so after that, when there was but one Order, and then again when there were three? *As for the Number of the Evangelists*, say they, *it has no more Affinity with our Orders than with the Dye, for having on every Side four Angles. Pray, who brought the* Augustines *or* Carmelites *into the Order? When did* Austin *or* Elias *go a begging? For they make them to be Principals of their Order.* These and a great Deal more they thundred out violently; but being over-power'd with Numbers of the four Orders, they could not stand the Charge, but were forced to quit the Ground, but threatning them with dreadful Things.

Mar. Well, but I hope all was quiet now.

Ph. Nay, not so, for this Confederacy against the fifth

Order, was come almost to Daggers drawing ; the *Franciscan* and *Dominican* would not allow the *Augustines* and *Carmelites* to be true Mendicants, but Bastards and Suppositious. This Contention rose to that Height, that I was afraid it would have come to Blows.

Mar. And could the sick Man endure all this ?

Ph. They were not in his Bed-Chamber now, but in a Court that joined to it, but so that he could hear every Word they said ; for there was no whispering, believe me, but they very fairly exercised their Lungs. Besides, Men, as you know, are quicker of hearing than ordinary, in Sickness.

Mar. But what was the End of this Dispute ?

Ph. Why, the sick Man sent them Word by his Wife, that if they would but hold their Tongues a little, he would set all to Rights ; and therefore desired that the *Augustines* and *Carmelites* should go away for the present, and that they should be no Losers by it, for they should have the same Portion of Meat sent them Home, that those had that staid there. He gave Direction, that all the five Orders should assist at his Funeral, and that every one of them should have an equal Share of Money ; but that they should not all be set (down) at the common Table, lest they should fall together by the Ears.

Mar. The Man understood Oeconomy, I perceive, that had the Skill to compose so many Differences, even upon his Death-Bed.

Ph. Phoo ; he had been an Officer in the Army for many Years, where such Sort of Mutinies are common among the Soldiers.

Mar. Had he a great Estate ?

Ph. A very great one.

Mar. But ill-gotten perhaps, as is common, by Rapine, Sacrilege, and Extortion.

Ph. Indeed Officers commonly do so, and I will not swear for him that he was a Jot better than his Neighbours : But if I don't mistake the Man, he made his Fortune by his Wit, rather than by down-right Violence.

Mar. After what Manner?

Ph. He understood Arithmetic very well.

Mar. And what of that?

Ph. What of that? why, he would reckon 30000 Soldiers when there were but 7000, and a great many of those he never paid neither.

Mar. A very compendious Way of accounting!

Ph. Then he would lengthen out the War, and raise Contributions monthly, both from Friends and Foes; from his Enemies, that they might not be plunder'd; and from his Friends, that they might have Commerce with the Enemy.

Mar. I know the common Way of Soldiers; but make an End of your Story.

Ph. Bernardine and *Vincent*, with some Companions of their Order, staid with the sick Man, and the rest had their Provisions sent them.

Mar. Well, and did they agree among themselves that staid upon Duty?

Ph. Not very well; they continually grumbled something about the Prerogative of their Bulls; but they were fain to dissemble the Matter, that they might go the better on with their Work: Now the Will is produced, and Covenants enter'd into before Witnesses, according to what they had agreed upon between themselves.

Mar. I long to hear what that was.

Ph. I'll tell you in brief, for the whole would be a long History. He leaves a Widow of thirty eight Years of Age, a discreet virtuous Woman; and two Sons, the one of nineteen, and the other fifteen Years of Age; and two Daughters, both under Age. He provided by this Testament, that his Wife, seeing she would not be prevail'd upon to confine herself to a Cloister, should put on the Habit of a *Beguin*, which is a middle Order, between a Laick and a Religious: And the eldest Son, because he could not be prevail'd upon to turn Monk——

Mar. There's no catching old Birds with Chaff.

Ph. That as soon as his Father's Funeral was over, he

should ride Post to *Rome*, and there being made a Priest before his Time, by the Pope's Dispensation, he should say Mass once a Day, for one whole Year, in the *Lateran* Church, for his Father's Soul; and creep up the holy Steps there upon his Knees every *Friday*.

Mar. And did he take this Task upon himself willingly?

Ph. To deal ingenuously with you, as willingly as an Ass takes his Burden. His younger Son was dedicated to St. *Francis*, his eldest Daughter to St. *Clare*, and the younger to *Catherine Senensis*. This was all that could be obtain'd; for it was *George*'s Purpose, that he might lay the greater Obligation upon God, to dispose of the five Survivors into the five Orders of the Mendicants; and it was very hard pressed too: But his Wife and his eldest Son could not be wrought upon by any Terms, either fair or foul.

Mar. Why, this is a Kind of disinheriting.

Ph. The whole Estate was so divided, that the Funeral Charges being first taken out, one Twelfth-Part of it was to go to his Wife; one Half of that for her Maintenance, and the other Half to the Stock of the Place where she should dispose of herself; upon Condition, that if she should alter her Mind, the whole should go to that Order. Another Twelfth was to go to the eldest Son, who was to have so much Money paid him down upon the Nail, as would bear the Charges of his Journey, purchase him a Dispensation, and maintain him at *Rome*; provided always, that if he should at any Time change his Mind, and refuse to be initiated into holy Orders, his Portion should be divided between the *Franciscans* and *Dominicans*: And I fear that will be the End of it, for he had a strange Aversion to that Course of Life. Two Twelfth-Parts were to go to the Monastery that should receive his younger Son, and two more to those that should entertain his Daughters; but upon this Condition, that if they should refuse to profess themselves, the Money should go intire to the Cloister. And then *Bernardine* was to have one Twelfth, and *Vincent* another; a Half Share to the *Carthusians*, for the Communion of the

good Works of the whole Order. The remaining Twelfth and Moiety was to be distributed among such private Poor, as *Bernardine* and *Vincent* should think worthy of the Charity.

Mar. It would have been more Lawyer-like to have said *quos vel quas*, instead of *quos* only.

Ph. The Testament was read, and the Stipulation ran in these Words: George Balearicus, *dost thou, being alive, and of sound and disposing Mind and Memory, approve of this Testament, which thou madest long since according to thy own Mind? I approve it. Is this thy last and unchangeable Will? It is. Dost thou constitute me and this Batchelor* Vincent *the Executors of this thy last Will? I do so.* And then he was commanded to subscribe it.

Mar. How could he write when he was dying?

Ph. Why, *Bernardine* guided his Hand.

Mar. What did he subscribe?

Ph. Whosoever shall attempt to violate this Testament, may he incur the Displeasure of St. Francis *and St.* Dominic.

Mar. But were they not afraid to have an Action *Testamenti inofficiosi* [of a forged Will] brought against them?

Ph. That Action does not take Place in Things dedicated to God; nor will any Man willingly go to Law in a Suit with him. When this was over, the Wife and Children give the sick Man their right Hands, and swear to the Observance of his Directions. After this they fell to treating of the Funeral Pomp, and there was a Squabble about that too: but it was carried at last that there should be nine out of every one of the five Orders, in Honour of the five Books of *Moses*, and the nine Choirs of Angels; every Order to carry its proper Cross, and sing the Funeral Songs. To these, besides the Kindred, there should be thirty Torch-Bearers hired, and all in Mourning, in Memory of the thirty Pieces of Silver our Saviour was sold for; and for Honour's Sake, twelve Mourners to accompany them, as a Number sacred to the Apostolical Order. That behind the Bier should follow *George*'s Horse, all in Mourning, with his Head ty'd down to his Knees in such a Manner, that he might

seem to look upon the Ground for his Master. That the Pall should be hung about with Escutcheons ; and that the Body should be laid at the right Hand of the high Altar, in a marble Tomb, some four Foot from the Ground, and he himself lying in Effigy at Length on the top of it, cut in the purest Marble, all in Armour from Head to Foot. To his Helmet a Crest, which was the Neck of an *Onocrotalus*, and a Shield upon his left Arm, charged with three Boars Heads *Or*, in a Field *Argent* ; his Sword by his Side, with a golden Hilt, and a Belt embroider'd with Gold and Pearl, and golden Spurs, he being a Knight of the Golden Order. That there should be a Leopard at his Feet, and an Inscription on his Tomb worthy of so great a Man. His Heart he would have to be buried separately in St. *Francis* his Chapel, and his Bowels he bequeathed to the Parish, to be honourably interr'd in our Lady's Chapel.

Mar. This was a Noble Funeral, but a dear one. Now, a Cobler at *Venice* should have as much Honour done him, and with very little or no Charge at all ; the Company gives him a handsome Coffin, and they have many Times 600 Monks, all in their Habits, to attend one Corpse.

Ph. I have seen it myself, and could not but laugh at the Vanity of those poor People. The Fullers and Tanners march in the Van, the Coblers bring up the Rear, and the Monks march in the Body ; you would have said it had been a *Chimera*, if you had seen it. And *George* had this Caution too, that the *Franciscans* and *Dominicans* should draw Lots which should go first at the Funeral, and after them the rest, that there might be no quarrelling for Place : the Parson and Clerk went in the lowest Place (that is, first) for the Monks would not endure it otherwise.

Mar. I find *George* had Skill in marshalling of a Ceremony, as well as an Army.

Ph. And it was provided, that the Funeral Service, which was to be perform'd by the Parish-Priest, should be performed with a Concert of Musick, for the greater Honour of the Deceased. While these and such like Things were doing

the Patient was seiz'd with a Convulsion, which was a certain Token that he was near his End: so that they were now come to the last Act.

Mar. Why, is not all done yet?

Ph. Now the Pope's Bull is to be read, wherein he is promised a full Pardon of all his Sins, and an Exemption from the Fear of Purgatory; and with a Justification over and above of his whole Estate.

Mar. What, of an Estate gotten by Rapine?

Ph. Gotten by the Law of Arms, and Fortune of War. But one *Philip* a Civilian, his Wife's Brother, happen'd to be by at the reading of the Bull, and took Notice of one Passage that was not as it should be, and raised a Scruple upon it, of its not being authentick.

Mar. It might very well have been let pass at this Time, and no Notice taken of it, if there had been any Error, and the Sick never the worse for it.

Ph. I am of your Mind, and I'll assure you it so wrought upon *George*, that it had like to have cast him into Despair: and in this Case *Vincent* shew'd himself a Man indeed; he bid *George* be satisfied, for that he had an Authority to correct or supply any Error or Omission that might be in the Bull: *So that*, says he, *if this Bull should deceive you, this Soul of mine shall stand engag'd for thine, that thine shall go to Heaven, or mine be damn'd.*

Mar. But will God accept of this Way of changing Souls? Or, if he does, is the Pawn of *Vincent*'s Soul a sufficient Security for *George*'s? What if *Vincent*'s Soul should go to the Devil, whether he changes it or no?

Ph. I only tell you Matter of Fact: It is certain, that *Vincent* effected this by it, that the sick Man was much comforted. By-and-by the Covenants are read, by which the whole Society promise to transfer to *George* the Benefits of the Works which were done by all the four Orders, and also a Fifth, that of the *Carthusians.*

Mar. I should be afraid that such a Weight would sink me to Hell, if I were to carry it.

Ph. I speak of their good Works only; for they bear down a Soul that is about to fly to Heaven, no more than Feathers do a Bird.

Mar. But who will they bequeath their evil Works to then?

Ph. To the *German* Soldiers of Fortune.

Mar. By what Right?

Ph. By Gospel Right; for, *to him that has, shall be given.* And then was read over how many Masses and Psalms were to accompany the Soul of the Deceased, and there was a vast Number of them. After this, his Confession was repeated, and they gave him their Benediction.

Mar. And so he dy'd?

Ph. Not yet: They laid a Mat upon the Ground, roll'd up at one End in the Form of a Pillow.

Mar. Well, and what's to be done now?

Ph. They strew'd Ashes upon it, but very thin, and there they laid the sick Man's Body; and then they consecrated a *Franciscan*'s Coat with Prayers and Holy-Water, and that they laid over him, and a Cowl under his Head (for there was no putting it on then) and his Pardon and the Covenants with it.

Mar. This is a new Way of dying.

Ph. But they affirm that the Devil has no Power over those that die in this Manner; for so they say St. *Martin* and St. *Francis*, and others died.

Mar. But their holy Lives were correspondent to their Deaths. But prithee, what follow'd?

Ph. They then presented the sick Man with a Crucifix, and a Wax Candle: Upon the holding out the Crucifix, says the sick Man, *I used to be safe in War under the Protection of my own Buckler; but now I will oppose this Buckler to my Enemy:* and having kiss'd it, laid it at his left Side. And as to the holy Taper; *I was*, said he, *ever held to be a good Pikeman in the Field; and now I will brandish this Lance against the Enemy of Souls.*

Mar. Spoken like a Man of War!

Ph. These were the last Words he spake, for Death presently seized his Tongue, and he breath'd his last. *Bernardine* kept close to him in his Extremity, on his right Hand, and *Vincent* on his left; and they had both of them their Pipes open: One shew'd him the Image of St. *Francis*, the other that of St. *Dominic*; while the rest up and down in the Chamber were mumbling over certain Psalms to a most melancholy Tune; *Bernardine* bawling in his right Ear, and *Vincent* in his left.

Mar. What was it they bawl'd?

Ph. Bernardine spake to this Purpose: George Balearicus, *if thou approvest of all that is here done, lean thy Head toward thy right Shoulder.* And so he did. *Vincent* on the the other Side said, George, *fear not, you have St.* Francis *and St.* Dominic *for your Defenders, therefore be of good Courage: Think on what a great Number of Merits are bestow'd upon thee, of the Validity of thy Pardon; and remember, that I have engaged my Soul for thine, if there be any Danger. If you understand all this, and approve of it, lean your Head upon your left Shoulder.* And so he did. And then they cry'd out as loud as before, *If thou art sensible of all this, squeeze my Hand;* then he squeez'd his Hand: so that, what with turning of his Head, and squeezing of the Hand, there were almost three Hours spent. And when *George* began to yawn, *Bernardine* stood up and pronounced the Absolution, but could not go thro' with it, before *George*'s Soul was out of his Body. This was about Midnight, and in the Morning they went about the Anatomy.

Mar. And pray what did they find out of Order in the Body?

Ph. Well remember'd, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a piece of a Bullet that stuck to the Diaphragm.

Mar. How came that?

Ph. His Wife said he had been wounded with a Musket-Shot; and from thence the Physicians conjectured, that some Part of the melted Lead remained in his Body. By-and-by they put the mangled Corpse (after a Sort) into a *Francis-*

can's Habit; and after Dinner they buried him with Pomp, as it had been ordered.

Mar. I never heard of more Bustle about a Man's dying, or of a more pompous Funeral; but I suppose you would not have this Story made publick.

Ph. Why not?

Mar. Lest you should provoke a Nest of Hornets.

Ph. There is no Danger; for if what I relate be done well, it is convenient the World should know it; but if it be ill done, all good Men will thank me for discovering it; and they themselves being seized with Shame for what they have done, will do so no more. Besides, it may possibly preserve the Simple from falling into the like Mistakes; for some learned and pious Men have frequently complained to me, that the Superstition and Wickedness of some few, brings a Scandal upon the whole Order.

Mar. This is well and bravely said. But I would fain know what became of *Cornelius*.

Ph. Why truly, he died as he lived, without troubling any Body. He had an anniversary Fever, which took him every Year at such a certain Time; but being now worse than ordinary, either by Reason of Age (for he was above sixty Years old) or some other Cause, finding that his fatal Day was drawing on, he went to Church upon a Sunday, four Days before he died, confess'd to the Parish-Priest, heard divine Service and the Sermon, and having received the Sacrament went Home.

Mar. Had he no Physicians?

Ph. Only one, who was as good in Morals as he was in his Profession; his Name is *James Castrutius*.

Mar. I know him, as honest a Man as any in the World.

Ph. He told him, he should be ready to serve him in any Thing he could as a Friend; but that in his Opinion his Business lay rather with God than the Doctor. *Cornelius* received this Answer as chearfully, as if he had assured him of his Recovery. Wherefore, altho' he had been always very charitable according to his Power, yet he then bestow'd

upon the Needy all that he could possibly spare from the Necessities of his Wife and Children, not upon such as take a seeming Pride in a Sort of Poverty, that are every where to be met withal, but upon those good Men, that oppose a laborious Industry to an innocent Poverty. I desired him that he would betake himself to his Bed, and send for a Minister to him, rather than fatigue his weak Body. He reply'd, that it had been always his Desire rather to make his Friends easy where he could, by doing good Offices, than to make himself troublesom to them by receiving; and that he was now willing to die as he had liv'd. Nor would he take to his Bed till the very last Day, and Part of the last Night, of his Life. In the Interim he supported his weak Body with a Stick, or else sat in a Chair, but very rarely went into the naked Bed, but lay down in his Cloaths, his Head being raised. And in this Time he was either giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, especially those of his Acquaintance and Neighbours, or reading something of the Scriptures, proper to strengthen his Faith in God, or that shew his Love to Mankind. And when he was so tired that he could not read himself, he heard some Friend read to him; and would very frequently, and with wonderful Affection, exhort his Family to mutual Love and Concord, and the Exercise of true Piety; comforting his Friends, who were sollicitous for his Death, with great Tenderness; and gave it often in Charge to his Family, to take Care to see all his Debts paid.

Mar. Had he not made a Will?

Ph. Yes, a long Time before; he had taken Care to do that when he was in perfect Health; for he was used to say, that what a Man did at his last Gasp was rather a Dotage than a Testament.

Mar. Had he given any Thing to Monasteries, or poor People?

Ph. No, not a Cross; *I have*, says he, *already in my Life-Time, given according to my Ability, and now as I leave the Possession of what I have to my Family, I leave them the*

disposing of it too, and I trust that they will employ it better than I have done.

Mar. Did he send for no holy Men, as *George* did?

Ph. Not a Man: There was no Body about him but his own Family and two intimate Friends.

Mar. I admire what he meant by that.

Ph. He said, he was not willing to trouble more People when he went out of the World, than he did when he came into it.

Mar. I want to hear this Story out.

Ph. You shall hear it presently. *Thursday* came, and finding himself extremely weak, he kept his Bed. The Parish-Priest being then call'd, gave him the Extreme Unction, and again the Sacrament; but he made no Confession, for he said he had no Scruple upon his Mind. The Parson then began to talk to him about his Burial, with what Pomp, and in what Place he would be buried. *Bury me,* says he, *as you would bury the meanest Christian; nor do I concern myself where you lay this worthless Body of mine, it will be found all one at the Day of Judgment wheresoever you lay it; and as to the Pomp of my Funeral, I matter it not.* When he came to mention the ringing of Bells, and saying Masses, (tricenary and anniversary) Pardons and purchasing a Communion of Merits; he reply'd, *My good Pastor, I shall find myself never the worse if no Bell be rung at all; if you will afford me but one funeral Office, it will abundantly content me; but if there be any Thing else, that the publick Custom of the Church has made necessary, and that can't well be omitted without Scandal to the Weak, I leave that to your Pleasure. Nor am I at all desirous to buy any Man's Prayers or rob any Man of his Merits; there is Merit enough in Christ, and to spare; and I trust that I myself shall be the better for the Prayers and Merits of the whole Church, if I be but a living Member of it. My whole Hope is in these two Assurances; the one is, that the Lord Jesus, the chief Shepherd, hath taken all my Sins upon him, nailing them to his Cross; the other is, that which Christ himself hath signed and sealed with his own holy Blood,*

which gives us Assurance of eternal Salvation, if we place all our Trust in him. Far be it from me, to insist upon being furnished with Merits and Pardons, and provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whose Sight no Flesh living shall be justified; because his Mercy is boundless and unspeakable, to it I appeal from his Justice. The Parson hearing this, went away; and *Cornelius* with great Joy and Chearfulness (as one transported with the Hope of a better Life) caused some Texts to be read out of the holy Scriptures, that confirm the Hope of the Resurrection, and set before him the Rewards of Immortality; as that out of *Isaiah*, concerning the Death of *Hezekiah*, together with the Hymn; and then the fifteenth Chapter of the first Epistle of *Paul* to the *Corinthians*; the Death of *Lazarus* out of *John*; but especially the History of Christ's Passion, out of the Gospels. But O with what Affection did he take in all these Scriptures, sighing at some Passages, folding his Hands, as in Thankfulness, at others; one While rapt and overjoy'd at some Passages, and another While sending up short Ejaculations! After Dinner, having taken a little Rest, he order'd the twelfth Chapter of St. *John* to be read, to the End of the Story. Here you would have said the Man was transfigured and possessed with a new Spirit. When it grew toward Evening, he called for his Wife and Children, and raising himself as well as he could, he thus bespake them: *My dear Wife, the same God that once joined us together, doth now part us, but only in our Bodies, and that too for a short Time. That Care, Kindness, and Piety, that thou hast hitherto used to divide betwixt me, and the tender Pledges of our mutual Love, do thou now transfer wholly to them. Think thou canst do nothing more acceptable either to God or to me, than to educate, cherish, and instruct those whom God has given us the Fruit of our conjugal Relation, that they may be found worthy of Christ. Double therefore thy Piety upon them, and account upon my Share too, as translated unto thee. If thou shalt do this, as I trust thou wilt, they will not be accounted Orphans; and if ever thou shouldst marry*

again—At which Word his Wife burst out into Tears, and was about to forswear ever to think of marrying again; but *Cornelius* interposed: *My dearest Sister in Christ, if the Lord Jesus shall vouchsafe to thee Resolution and Strength of Spirit, be not wanting to the heavenly Gift, for it will be more commodious, as well for thyself as the Children. But if the Infirmity of the Flesh shall carry thee another Way, know that my Death has indeed freed thee from the Bonds of Wedlock, but not from that Obligation, which in both our Names thou owest in common to the Care of our Children. As to Marriage itself, make Use of the Freedom that God has given thee; only let me intreat and admonish thee of this one thing, to make choice of a Husband of such a Disposition, and discharge thyself so towards him, that he, either by his own Goodness, or for thy good Carriage, may be kind to our Children. Therefore have a Care of tying thyself up by any Vow; keep thyself free to God, and to our Children, and bring them up in all Points religiously, and take Care that they don't fix upon any Course of Life, till by Age and Experience they shall come to understand what is fittest for them.* Then turning to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Piety, Obedience to their Mother, and mutual Love and Concord among themselves. And having done, he kiss'd his Wife and them, pray'd for them, and making the Sign of the Cross, recommended them to the Mercy of Christ. And then looking round upon all about him, *By to-Morrow Morning*, says he, *the Lord who renew'd this Morning to me, will graciously please, out of his infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and out of the Darkness of this Mortality, into his heavenly Light. I will not have you fatigue yourselves in your tender Age with unprofitable Watching; and as for the rest, let them take their Rest by turns; one is enough to sit up with me, and read to me.* Having pass'd the Night, about four o'Clock in the Morning, all the Family being present, he caused that Psalm to be read, which our Saviour praying recited upon the Cross. And when that was done, he call'd for a Taper and

a Cross, and taking the Taper in his Hand, he said, *The Lord is my Light and Salvation, whom shall I fear?* And then kissing the Cross, he said *The Lord is the Defender of my Life, of whom shall I be afraid?* And by-and-by, laying his Hands upon his Breast in a praying Posture, with his Eyes lift up to Heaven, he said, *Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit*; and immediately he closed his Eyes, as if he were only going to Sleep, and with a gentle Breathe, delivered up his Spirit. You would have thought he had only been in a Slumber, and had not expired.

Mar. I never heard of a less painful Death in my Life.

Ph. His Life was as calm as his Death. These two Men were both of them my Friends, and perhaps I am not so good a Judge which of them dy'd most like a Christian; but you that are unbiassed, may perhaps make a better Judgment.

Mar. I will think of it, and give you my Opinion some Time or other at Leisure.

ECHO.

The ARGUMENT.

A Discourse between a young Man and an Echo, concerning the Choice of Studies, and chusing the best way of Livelihood; the Echo facetiously answering the young Man's Interrogatories.

NOTE. *It appears by* Erasmus's *having so frequently made Use of Greek Words in the* Echo's *Answer, that there is a considerable Difficulty in this Way of Writing; nor will the* English *Tongue so well bear it as the* Latin, *in that it will not allow that Transposition of Words that the* Latin *Tongue will. It being therefore very difficult, if not impossible, to make the two last Syllables answer by Way of Echo, I have contented myself with a bare Translation without it.*

The YOUNG MAN *and the* ECHO.

YO. I have a Mind to ask your advice about a few Things, if you are at Leisure.

Ec. I am at Leisure.

Yo. And if I, a young Man, shall be welcome to you.

Ec. You shall be welcome.

Yo. And can you tell me true concerning Things to come, *Echo*?

Ec. I can.

Yo. And do you understand Greek too? What Novelty is this?

Ec. I do.

Yo. What Kind of Studies do you think those of the Muses to be?

Ec. Divine ones.

Yo. Do you think then, that those Authors that conduce to Learning ought to be studied ?

Ec. Do thou study them.

Yo. What is then in their Minds, that speak contemptibly of these Studies ?

Ec. The Thoughts of a Swine.

Yo. But I wish the Lovers of these were as studious of Piety.

Ec. I wish they were so.

Yo. Now-a-Days the Wickedness of some makes all hated.

Ec. It does so.

Yo. And many lay the Sins of Man on the Back of Learning.

Ec. Ay, Asses.

Yo. Why, but they commonly seem not to be of the meanest Sort.

Ec. They are vile Persons.

Yo. What do you think they do, who spend their Time in a sophistical Kind of Learning ? Perhaps they spin Cob-webs ?

Ec. They do so.

Yo. And they weave and unweave *Penelope*'s Web.

Ec. They do weave it.

Yo. What Course of Life do you advise me to follow ?

Ec. A safe one.

Yo. Will it prove fortunate if I shall marry ?

Ec. Do it late.

Yo. But what if it shall happen to be my Lot to marry an unchast, or extravagant Wife ?

Ec. You must bear it.

Yo. Why, but it is worse than Death itself to live with such.

Ec. It is so.

Yo. Does Fortune so domineer in human Affairs ?

Ec. Yes, she only.

Yo. Perhaps a Person had better enter himself into the Life of a Monk, than that of Marriage.

Ec. That binds one.

Yo. What Remedy is there left, when any one is bound by that Knot that cannot be unloosed?

Ec. Melancholy.

Yo. Well, but it is a miserable Life for Men to live alone.

Ec. It is entirely so.

Yo. What Sort of Men do you account the Monks of these Times to be?

Ec. A Trouble.

Yo. What then makes some esteem them as half-Gods?

Ec. Fear.

Yo. What do most hunt after who sue for a Benefice?

Ec. Idleness.

Yo. Does a Priest get nothing else?

Ec. Yes, Gain.

Yo. What good Thing do they get that obtain Bishopricks?

Ec. Labours.

Yo. But none live more in Idleness.

Ec. I know it.

Yo. What Things will be able to make them think and understand what a great Burden they have upon them?

Ec. Understanding.

Yo. Therefore the Priesthood is an excellent Thing, if a Man behave himself as he ought to do in it.

Ec. It makes him happy.

Yo. What Advantage shall I have, if I go into their Court, who excel in princely Dignity?

Ec. Misery.

Yo. But I see a great many that are wont to promise themselves great Happiness from thence.

Ec. They are Blockheads.

Yo. But in the mean Time, while they go clothed in their Silks, the common People look upon them as brave Fellows.

Ec. They are not worth a Fig.

Yo. Why then, you speak of Men that are golden without, and wooden within, if any Body were but to inspect them narrowly?

Ec. Not so good.

Yo. Why then, those Men have but little Excellency in them, that being array'd in Silks, we worship as Gods?

Ec. Mischief.

Yo. And perhaps, you will put no great Value upon military Men?

Ec. A Farthing.

Yo. But your Astrologers that tell Fortunes by the Stars, promise great Things.

Ec. They are Fables.

Yo. But Grammarians take a great Deal of Pains.

Ec. To no Purpose.

Yo. I believe hungry greedy Lawyers don't please you.

Ec. They are Wolves.

Yo. What Sort of a Man shall I be, if I turn a Handicraft-Man?

Ec. The Scum of the People.

Yo. What then, do good nor bad Arts procure one nothing else?

Ec. A Maintenance.

Yo. Shall I be happy, if I shall persevere in good Learning?

Ec. You shall.

Yo. But what will make me pious?

Ec. Age.

Yo. I have spent my Time this ten Years in *Cicero.*

Ec. O you Ass!

Yo. How comes it into your Mind to call me an Ass?

Ec. By the Thing itself.

Yo. Perhaps, you mean that I should not so apply myself to him, as to leave off others?

Ec. I do say so.

Yo. Why then, does not he please you, that fatigues himself all his Days, only for this Purpose, that he may become a *Ciceronian* at last?

Ec. He is a Madman.

Yo. What is left for them to do that are old, whose Age is not seasonable for the learning these Things?

Ec. The Plough-Tail.

Yo. I believe you would be more eloquent, if you were at a greater Distance.

Ec. I should be so.

Yo. I don't like Words of two Syllables.

Ec. Go your Way.

Yo. I began first, and I see I can't hinder your having the last Word.

Ec. Let me have it.

Yo. Do you now think I am sufficiently instructed to perform those Things well, which shall happen in Life?

Ec. Yes.

Yo. Well then, if you'd have me go away, bid me be gone.

Ec. Be gone.

ΠΟΛΥΔΑΙΤΙΑ, *or, The* UNEQUAL FEAST.

The Argument.

The unequal Entertainment teaches Civility in entertaining Guests. How the Table should be furnished, that all the Guests may be pleased, altho' of different Palates, Manners, and Humours. That the placing of the Company may conduce much to the making the Entertainment chearful. That the ordinariest Dishes should make the first Course, and the most delicate the last. That Drink is to be given to none, but when they call for it. Variety of Stories, suited to the Fancy of each Person, cause Merriment. Old Men, Married Women, Sailors, and Merchants, delight to hear Stories of their own Occupations and Actions. All melancholy Things, which may cause Sadness, ought to be avoided: And likewise, so must Drunkenness, which often occasions Fightings, Quarrels, and Contentions. The Method of turning off the Discourse when Persons are angry, &c. *No one's Grief ought to be called to Mind. Salutations are not to be often repeated. That every one should salute each other. That no Mention should be made of the Goodness, Management, or Price of the Provision. A slender Provision is to be excused modestly.*

SPUDÆUS, APITIUS.

SP. Soho, Soho, *Apitius.*

Ap. I don't hear ye.

Sp. Soho, I say, *Apitius.*

Ap. What troublesom Fellow is this?

Sp. I have a Matter of Consequence to tell you of.

Ap. And I am going about a Matter of Consequence, and in great Haste too.

Sp. Whither, prithee?

Ap. Why, to Supper.

Sp. That was it I wanted to talk with you about.

Ap. I have not Time now to meddle with Talkers or Doers, lest I lose my Labour.

Sp. You shall lose no Time, I'll go along with you.

Ap. Well, tell me what 'tis quickly.

Sp. I am busy in contriving how to make a Feast, so as to please all, and displease none of my Guests; and knowing you to be the principal Artist in this Scheme, I apply myself to you as to an Oracle.

Ap. Well, take this for an Answer, and, according to antient Usage, in Verse,

If none you would displease, then none invite.

Sp. But 'tis a publick Entertainment; I am under a Necessity of having a great many Guests.

Ap. To be sure, the more you invite, the more you will displease: What Play was so well written, or so well acted, as to please the whole Theatre?

Sp. But come, Darling of the God of Banquets, assist me with your Advice in this Affair, and I will account you an Oracle for Time to come.

Ap. Take this in the first Place; Don't attempt to do that which is impossible to be done.

Sp. What's that?

Ap. To be a Master of a Feast, and give Satisfaction to all your Guests, when there is a great Variety of Palates.

Sp. Well then, that I may displease but a few?

Ap. Call but a few.

Sp. But that can't be.

Ap. Then invite those that are equals, and of agreeable Humours.

Sp. I am not at Liberty to do that neither; I can't avoid inviting a great many, and of different Humours: nor are they all of the same Speech or Nation.

Ap. You talk of a Bedlam rather than a Banquet. Here will necessarily arise such Confusion, as the *Hebrews* relate to have happened at the Building of *Babel*, that when one asks for cold Water, the other will bring him hot.

Sp. But prithee help me out at a dead Lift, you shall find I'll be both mindful of, and grateful for your good Office.

Ap. Well, come then, seeing you are not at Liberty to pick and chuse your Guests, I'll give you Advice in this difficult Point. It signifies no small Matter, as to the Mirth of the Entertainment, what Places any of them sit in.

Sp. That's very right.

Ap. But to take away all Occasion of Uneasiness, let them cast Lots for their Places.

Sp. That's well advis'd.

Ap. Let not your Dishes proceed gradually from the upper to the lower End of the Table, so as to make the Letter Σ, or rather in a serpentine Order, or to be chang'd reciprocally hither and thither, as the Myrtle in old Times used to be handed about at Banquets.

Sp. How then?

Ap. To every four Guests set four Dishes, so that the fourth may be the middlemost, as Boys upon three Nuts set a Fourth; in every one of these let there be a different Sort of Victuals, that every one may help himself to what he likes.

Sp. Well, I like that very well; but how often must I change the Dishes?

Ap. How many Parts are there in a theatrical Oration?

Sp. Five, I think.

Ap. How many Acts are there in a Play?

Sp. I have read in *Horace* that they ought not to exceed five.

Ap. Well then, so many different Courses you must have. Let the first Course be Soop, and the last a Desert of Sweetmeats.

Sp. What Order of the Courses do you approve of?

Ap. The same that *Pyrrhus* did in his Army.

Sp. What say you?

Ap. As in an Oration, so at a Feast, the Preface, or first Courses should not be very delicate; and again, the last Course should rather excel in Variety, than Daintiness. So *Pyrrhus*'s Discipline consisted in three Particulars, that on each Side there should be something excellent, and in the Middle, that which was more ordinary. By this Method, it will be so ordered, that you will neither appear to be sparing, nor prodigal by Reason of a cloying Abundance.

Sp. The Eating-Part is well enough contriv'd; now tell me what is to be done as to drinking?

Ap. Don't you give the Cup to any Body; leave that to your Servants, to ask every Body what Sort of Wine he likes, and to fill every one the Wine he drinks readily, at the very first Call or Nod. In this there will be a twofold Conveniency, they will drink both more sparingly and more merrily; not only because every now and then there would otherwise be a different Sort of Wine given them, but also because no Body will drink but when he is dry.

Sp. Upon my Word, this is very good Advice. But then how will they all be made merry?

Ap. That's partly in your Power.

Sp. How is that?

Ap. You know the old Proverb, *A hearty Welcome is the best Cheer.*

Sp. How is that?

Ap. Entertain them courteously, speak to them with a chearful Countenance, ordering your Speech according to each Person's Age and Humour.

Sp. I'll come nearer to you, that I may hear the better.

Ap. You understand Languages ?

Sp. Yes, most Languages.

Ap. You must ever and anon speak to every one in his own Tongue ; and that the Entertainment may be the more diverting by a Variety of Stories, intermix such Matters as every one will remember with Pleasure, and no Body will be uneasy to hear.

Sp. What Sort of Matters mean you ?

Ap. The peculiar Differences of Dispositions, which you yourself are better vers'd in ; I will only touch upon some Heads. Old Men take a Pleasure in relating those Things that are out of the Memory of many Persons, and are Admirers of those Times, in which they were in their Prime. It's a pleasant Thing to a married Woman to have the Memory of that Time refreshed, when she was courted by her Sweethearts. Mariners that have been in divers and far distant Countries, take a Pleasure to tell of those Things that they have seen, and other People admire at ; and according to the Proverb, the Remembrance of Dangers, when they are over, is very pleasant, if they are such as have nothing opprobious in them, as in the Army, in Travels, in the Dangers at Sea : And in the last Place, every one loves to talk of his own Calling, especially in that Part that he excels in. These are some general Heads ; as to particular Affections it is not possible to describe them ; but for Example Sake, one is ambitious of Honour, another would be accounted learned, another loves to be taken for a rich Man ; one is full of Talk, another is sparing of his Speech ; some will be surly, others on the other Hand affable ; some don't care to be thought old when they are so, and some would fain be thought older than they are, affecting to be admir'd for carrying their Age well. Some Women please themselves mightily in being thought handsome, and some love to be flattered. These Dispositions being known, it will be no difficult Matter so to intermix Speeches, as to be pleasing to every one, and to avoid those Things that cause Uneasiness.

Sp. Upon my Troth, you are excellently skill'd in the Art of ordering an Entertainment.

Ap. Phoo! if I had spent as much Time, and taken as much Pains in the Study of the Law, Physick, or Divinity, as I have spent upon this Art, I had long before now commenc'd Doctor of them all.

Sp. I am of your Mind.

Ap. But hark ye, that you may not mistake, you must be sure to take Care, that your Stories be not long-winded ones, and that they don't turn upon Drunkenness; for as there is nothing better than Wine drank with Moderation, so, on the other hand, there is nothing worse, if you drink too much. It is the same in Stories.

Sp. You say right. But what Remedy have you for this?

Ap. When you perceive any dispos'd to be quarrelsom, take an Opportunity to break off abruptly from what you were saying, and talk of something else. I take it to be unnecessary to caution you against bringing any one's Affliction to his Mind, during the Time of the Entertainment. *Plato* is of Opinion, that Banquets will cure some Distempers, the Wine driving away Sorrow, and making Persons forget what caused Uneasiness to them. But you ought to be caution'd of this, not to salute the Guests too often; yet I would have you walk about sometimes, and speak kindly first to one, and then to another; for a Master of a Feast ought to act a moveable Part in the Play. But then again, there is nothing more uncivil than to be continually talking of the Sorts of Provision, the Manner of dressing it, and what it cost you. It is the same Thing as to the Wine. But you should rather modestly undervalue the Provision; for if you undervalue it too much, it will be much the same as if you were ostentatious concerning it. It is sufficient to say twice, or at the most three Times, *Much Good may't do you*; and *Tho' my Entertainment is but homely, your Welcome is hearty.* Sometimes you may break a Jest, but such a one that has no Teeth. It will also be proper to bespeak every one, now and then, in his own Tongue, but in a few Words.

But it now comes into my Mind, to speak what I should have said at the beginning.

Sp. What is it?

Ap. If you han't a Mind to place the Guests by Lot, take Care to chuse three out of the Company, that are of a diverting Humour, and apt to talk, place one at the upper End of the Table, another at the lower End, and a third in the Middle, that they may keep the rest from being either silent or melancholy. And if you perceive the Company grow either mute or noisy, and inclinable to fall out.—

Sp. This is very common with our Countrymen; but what must be done then?

Ap. Then take the Course that I have frequently experienc'd to succeed.

Sp. I want to hear it.

Ap. Bring in a Couple of Buffoons or Jesters, who by their Gestures may express some Argument without speaking a Word.

Sp. But why without speaking?

Ap. That the Guests may be all equally diverted; or, if they do speak, let them speak in a Language that none of them understands. By speaking by Gestures they will all understand alike.

Sp. I can't very well tell what you mean by an Argument.

Ap. There are a Thousand; as suppose, a Wife fighting with the Husband for the Breeches, or any other such comical Transaction in low Life. And, as to Dancing, the more ridiculous it is, the more diverting it will be. These ought not to be above half Fools; for, if they be downright Ideots, they will, before they are aware, foolishly blab out what may give Offence.

Sp. As you have given me good Advice, so I wish that the Deity *Comus* may always befriend ye.

Ap. I will conclude with this, or rather repeat what I said at first; Don't be too thoughtful to please every Body, not only in this Affair, but in any other Circumstance of Life, and that will be the Way to please them the sooner; for it is a good Maxim in Life, *Too much of one Thing is good for nothing.*

Of THINGS and WORDS.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy concerning Things and Words, exposes the preposterous Judgments of some People, who are more ambitious of Names, than they are of the Things themselves; to be esteemed, than to deserve Esteem. In aiming at Things, it is better to be and to have; in avoiding Things, it is better to be thought to have them and be without them. It is the worst of Frauds to cheat a Friend.

BEATUS *and* BONIFACE.

BE. God bless you, *Boniface.*

Bo. And God bless you heartily, *Beatus.* But I wish we were both of us answerable to our Names, you rich, and I handsom.

Be. Why then, do you account it so small a Matter to have a great Name?

Bo. Indeed I make very small Account of the Name, unless there be the Thing too.

Be. But most Men are of another Mind.

Bo. Perhaps they may be Mortals, but I don't take 'em to be Men.

Be. Nay, good Man, they are Men, unless you think there are now-a-Days Camels and Asses in the Shape of Men.

Bo. I should sooner be of that Mind, than believe that they can be Men, who had rather have the Name than the Thing itself.

Be. In some Sort of Things, I confess, that many had rather have the Thing, than the Name ; but in many Things it is quite the contrary.

Bo. I don't very well take you in.

Be. We have an Example of it in ourselves, you are call'd *Boniface*, and you have what you are call'd ; but if you were to be depriv'd of either of them, had you rather have an ugly Face, or be call'd *Cornelius* ?

Bo. Why, indeed, I had rather be call'd *Thersites*, than have a Face as ugly as the Devil ; whether I have a handsom one now or not, I can't tell.

Be. Then again, if I was rich, or must either part with my Wealth or my Name, I had rather be call'd *Irus* than be depriv'd of my Estate. I grant what you say to be true ; and I am of Opinion it is the common Temper of those that enjoy Health, and other corporal Enjoyments.

Bo. It is probable.

Be. But how many may we see that had rather have the Name of being learned and pious, than to be learned and pious ?

Bo. I know a great many of this Sort of People.

Be. Well then, is not the Name more esteem'd among us than the Thing itself ?

Bo. So it seems to be.

Be. Now if we had a good Logician, who could properly define what a King, a Bishop, a Magistrate, and a Philosopher was, it is very likely we should find some among them, who are more for the Name than the Thing itself.

Bo. He is really a King who aims at the Good of his People, and not his own ; governing them by Law and Justice : And he a Bishop, who watches carefully over the Lord's Flock : And he is a Magistrate, who sincerely studies the good of the Publick. And a Philosopher is one, who neglecting the Goods of Fortune, studies only to get the Endowments of the Mind.

Be. By these you may see how many Examples of this Kind I could produce.

Bo. Why truly, a great many.

Be. Will you deny all these to be Men?

Bo. I am afraid we shall sooner lose the Name of Men ourselves.

Be. But if Man is a rational Animal, how contrary is it to Reason, that in the Conveniencies, rather than the real Goods of the Body, and in external Things, which Fortune gives and takes away at her Pleasure; we had rather have the Thing itself than the Name; and in the real Goods of the Mind, we put more Value upon the Name, than the Thing itself.

Bo. It is an absurd Way of judging, if a Man did but consider it seriously.

Be. And the Reason is quite the same in those Things, that are on the contrary Side.

Bo. I expect what you're going to say.

Be. We may pass the same Judgment as to the Names of those Things that are to be avoided, as has been given as to those that are to be desired.

Bo. That's plain.

Be. For to be a Tyrant is more to be abhorr'd, than to have the Name; and if a Bishop be a bad Man, the Scripture calls him a Thief, and a Robber: These Names are not to be detested by us, so much as the Things themselves.

Bo. In Truth I am of your Mind.

Be. Do you infer the same as to the rest?

Bo. I understand you perfectly well.

Be. Don't all Fools hate to be call'd Fools?

Bo. Yes indeed, and more than other Folks.

Be. Would not he be a Fool that should fish with a golden Hook, and prefer Glass before Jewels? that should put more Value upon his Horses, than his Wife and Children?

Bo. He would be a greater Fool than *Ben of the Minories.*

Be. Are not they such Fools that list themselves for Soldiers, and for the Sake of a poor Pay expose Body and Soul to Danger? who make it their Study to scrape up Riches when their Minds are destitute of all good Science? who

make their Cloaths and Houses fine, but let their Minds lie neglected and slovenly? who are very careful to preserve their Bodies in Health, and take no Care of their Minds, that are sick of mortal Diseases? and in the last Place, who for the Sake of enjoying the fleeting Pleasures of this Life, deserve eternal Torments?

Bo. Reason itself obliges a Man to confess, that they are worse than Fools.

Be. But tho' every Place is full of such Fools as these, you can scarce find one that can bear to be call'd a Fool, tho' they have no Aversion to being Fools.

Bo. It is really so.

Be. Come on, you know every Body hates to be call'd a Lyar or a Thief.

Bo. They are very hateful Names, and not without Reason.

Be. But for all that, tho' to debauch another Man's Wife is a greater Sin than Theft, some glory in the Name of Adulterers; and if you were to call them Thieves, they would draw their Swords upon you.

Bo. This is a common Thing with a great many.

Be. And again, tho' many give themselves up to Whoring, and Drinking, and do it publickly; yet if you should call them Whoremasters, they would be highly offended at it.

Bo. These glory in the Thing, and hate the Name that belongs to it.

Be. There is scarce any Name that sounds harsher in our Ears, than the Name of a Lyar.

Bo. I know some that would run a Man thro', that should affront them by giving them the Lye.

Be. But I wish they did as much abhor the Practice. Have you never had it happen to you, that he that promis'd to pay you what you lent him, upon a certain Day, fail'd you?

Bo. Ay, very often; and tho' he had sworn to it too, and not only once, but over and over.

Be. But it may be they were not able to pay.

Bo. Nay, they were able enough, but they thought it more to their Advantage to let it alone.

Be. And is not this Lying?

Bo. Ay, downright.

Be. And did you dare to say to this Debtor, Why have you told me so many Lyes?

Bo. No, not except I had a Mind to fight him too.

Be. Well, and in like Manner do not Masons, Smiths, Goldsmiths, and Taylors promise Things upon a certain Day; and don't perform it, altho' it is of great Concern to you?

Bo. Ay, and are not at all asham'd of it: And you may add to these, such Persons as promise to do you a Kindness.

Be. Ay, you might give a thousand Instances more, not one of which would bear to have the Lye given them.

Bo. The World abounds with these Lyes.

Be. So in like Manner no Body will bear to be call'd Thief, when at the same Time, they have not the same Abhorrence of stealing.

Bo. I would have you tell me plainly.

Be. What Difference is there between him that steals a Thing out of your Escritoire, and him that forswears what you have deposited with him?

Bo. No Difference but this, that he's the more wicked Man that robs him who reposes a Confidence in him.

Be. But how few are there that do restore that which has been put into their Hands? or, if they do, restore the whole.

Bo. I believe but very few.

Be. But yet not one of them will bear to be call'd a Thief, tho' he has no Aversion to the Thing itself.

Bo. This is very common.

Be. Now do but reckon up with me, what is commonly done in the Management of the Estates of Orphans, as to Wills and Legacies; how much sticks to the Fingers of the Managers?

Bo. Very often the whole.

Be. They love Thieving, but hate the Name of it.

Bo. 'Tis true.

Be. What do Collectors and Coiners of publick Money

do, who either coin it with too great an Allay, or too light? Or they who raise and fall the Exchange of Money for private Ends? Tho' we don't very well understand the Reason of it, yet we may speak of what we experience daily. He that borrows, or runs in Debt with Design never to pay, altho' he be able, differs very little from a Thief.

Bo. He may probably be said to be more wary, but not more honest.

Be. But notwithstanding there is so great a Number, yet none of them can endure the Name of a Thief.

Bo. God alone knows the Heart; and for that Reason, among Men, those that run themselves over Head and Ears in Debt, are not call'd Thieves.

Be. What signifies what Men call them, if God accounts them Thieves? Surely every one knows his own Mind. And besides, he that owes a great Deal of Money, and yet dishonestly lavishes away what Money he gets; and after he has broke, and cheated his Creditors in one City, runs into another, hunting about for People to cheat; the oftner he does so, does not he declare the more plainly what he is at Heart?

Bo. Ay, too plainly; but they oftentimes gloss over the Matter.

Be. How?

Bo. They pretend that this is a common Practice with great Men, and Kings, to owe a great Deal of Money, and to a great many Persons; and therefore they that are of this Disposition more resemble great Men.

Be. What Use would they make of that?

Bo. It is admirable, what great Liberty they would have allow'd to Knights.

Be. But by what Right, or by what Law?

Bo. Just the same that the Lord of the Manor shall claim to himself, whatsoever is cast a-Shore from a Shipwreck, altho' there be a right Owner of it; or by which other Persons would keep to their own Use, what they take from a Highway-Man after he has been apprehended.

Be. Robbers themselves might make such Laws.

Bo. Ay, and they would too, if they knew how to maintain them; and they would have enough to plead in excuse of them, if they did but denounce War before they committed the Robbery.

Be. Who gave Knights this Privilege above the Commons?

Bo. The Law of Arms; for thus they are train'd up for War, that they may be more expert at plundering the Enemy.

Be. I believe it was after this Manner that *Pyrrhus* train'd his Soldiers up to War.

Bo. No, but the *Lacedemonians* did.

Be. A Mischief take them, and their whole Army too. But how came this Title to have so great a Prerogative?

Bo. Some have it by Descent, some purchase it with Money, and some take it to themselves.

Be. And may any Body have it that will?

Bo. Yes, he may, if his Manners but be answerable to theirs.

Be. What are they?

Bo. Never to be guilty of doing a good Action, to go fine, wear a Diamond Ring, whore stoutly, game continually, spend his Life in Drinking and Diversion, speak of nothing that's Mean, be continually cracking of Castles, Duels, Battles, and every Thing that looks great: They take the Liberty of quarrelling with whom they have a Mind, altho' they han't a Foot of Land of their own to set their Feet upon.

Be. Such Knights as these deserve to be mounted upon the Wooden Horse: But there are a great many such Knights in *Gelderland.*

CHARON.

The ARGUMENT.

Charon *detests Christians fighting one with another. An evil* Genius *brings News to* Charon, *that all the Earth was up in Arms for War:* Ossa, *the Goddess* Fame *in* Homer, *the Monks and Jesuits, are the Incendiaries.*

CHARON, *Genius* ALASTOR.

CH. Whither are you going so brisk, and in such Haste, *Alastor*?

Al. O *Charon*, you come in the Nick of Time, I was coming to you.

Ch. Well, what News do you bring ?

Al. I bring a Message to you and *Proserpine*, that you will be glad to hear.

Ch. Out with what you have brought, and lighten your Burden.

Al. The Furies have been no less diligent than they have been successful, in gaining their Point : there is not a Foot of Ground upon Earth, that they have not infected with their hellish Calamities, Seditions, Wars, Robberies, and Plagues ; so that they are grown quite bald, having shed their Snakes, and having quite spit all their Venom, they ramble about in search after whatever they can find of Vipers and Asps ; being become as smooth as an Egg, not having so much as a single Hair upon their Heads, and not one Drop of Venom more in their Breasts. Do you get your Boat and your Oars ready ; you will have such a vast Multitude of Ghosts come to you anon, that I'm afraid you won't be able to carry them all over yourself.

Ch. I could have told you that.

Al. How came you to know it?

Ch. *Ossa* brought me that News above two Days ago.

Al. Nothing is more swift than that Goddess. But what makes you loitering here, having left your Boat?

Ch. My Business brought me hither; I came hither to provide myself with a good strong Three-Oar'd Boat: for my Boat is so rotten and leaky with Age, that it will not carry such a Burden, if *Ossa* told me true. But, indeed, what Need was there of *Ossa*? for the Thing shews itself, for I have suffered Shipwreck already.

Al. Indeed you are dropping dry, I fancied you were just come out of a Bath.

Ch. No, I swam out of the *Stygian* Lake.

Al. Where did you leave the Ghosts?

Ch. They are swimming among the Frogs.

Al. But what was it that *Ossa* told you?

Ch. That the three Monarchs of the World were bent upon one another's Destruction with a mortal Hatred, and that there was no Part of *Christendom* free from the Rage of War; for these three have drawn all the rest in to be engag'd in the War with them. They are all so haughty, that not one of them will in the least submit to the other: Nor are the *Danes*, the *Poles*, the *Scots*, nor the *Turks* at Quiet, but are preparing to make dreadful Havock. The Plague rages every where, in *Spain*, *Britain*, *Italy*, and *France*; and more than all, there is a new Fire sprung out of the Variety of Opinions, which has so corrupted the Minds of all Men, that there is no such Thing as sincere Friendship any where; But Brother is at Enmity with Brother, and Husband and Wife cannot agree. And it is to be hop'd, that this Distraction will be a glorious Destruction of Mankind, if these Controversies, that are now managed by the Tongue and the Pen, come once to be decided by Arms.

Al. All that Fame has told you is very true; for I myself, having been a constant Companion of the *Furies*, have with these Eyes seen more than all this, and that they never

at any Time have approv'd themseves more worthy of their Name, than now.

Ch. But there is Danger, lest some Good Spirit should start up, and of a sudden exhort them to Peace: And Men's Minds are variable, for I have heard, that among the Living there is one *Polygraphus*, who is continually, by his Writing, inveighing against Wars, and exhorting to Peace.

Al. Ay, ay, but he has a long Time been talking to the Deaf. He once wrote a Sort of *Hue* and *Cry* after Peace, that was banish'd or driven away; and after that, an *Epitaph* upon *Peace defunct.* But then, on the other Hand, there are others that advance our Cause no less than the Furies do themselves.

Ch. Who are they?

Al. They are a certain Sort of Animals in black and white Vestments, Ash-colour'd Coats, and various other Dresses, that are always hovering about the Courts of Princes, and are continually instilling into their Ears the Love of War, and exhorting the Nobility and common People to it, haranguing them in their Sermons, that it is a just, holy and religious War. And that which would make you stand in admiration at the Confidence of these Men, is the Cry of both Parties. In *France* they preach it up, that God is on the *French* Side, and they can never be overcome, that have God for their Protector. In *England* and *Spain* the Cry is, the War is not the King's, but God's; therefore, if they do but fight like Men, they depend upon getting the Victory; and if any one should chance to fall in the Battle, he will not die, but fly directly up into Heaven, Arms and all.

Ch. And is Credit given to all this?

Al. What can't a well-dissembled Religion do? when to this there is added Youth, Unexperiencedness, Ambition, a natural Animosity, and a Mind propense to any Thing that offers itself. It is an easy Matter to impose upon such; it is an easy Matter to overthrow a Waggon, that was inclining to fall before.

Ch. I would do these Animals a good Turn with all my Heart.

Al. Prepare a good Treat; you can do nothing that will be more acceptable to them.

Ch. What, of Mallows, and Lupines, and Leeks? for you know we have no other Provision in our Territories.

Al. No, but of Partridges, and Capons, and Pheasants, if you would have them look upon you as a good Caterer.

Ch. But what is it that moves these People to be so hot for War? What will they get by it?

Al. Because they get more by those that die, than those that live. There are last Wills and Testaments, Funeral Obsequies, Bulls, and a great many other Articles of no despicable Profit. And in the last Place, they had rather live in a Camp, than in their Cells. War breeds a great many Bishops, who were not thought good for any Thing in a Time of Peace.

Ch. Well, they understand their Business.

Al. But what Occasion have you for a new Boat?

Ch. None at all, if I had a Mind to be wreck'd again in the *Stygian* Lake.

Al. How came that about? because you had too large a Company?

Ch. Yes.

Al. But you carry Shadows, not Bodies.

Ch. Let them be Water-Spiders, yet there may be enough of them to over-load a Boat; and then you know my Boat is but a shadowy Boat neither.

Al. But I remember once upon a Time, when you had a great Company, so many that your Boat would not hold them, I have seen three thousand hanging upon your Stem, and you were not sensible of any Weight at all.

Ch. I confess there are such Sorts of Ghosts; those are such as pass slowly out of the Body, being reduced to little or nothing with Consumptions, and Hectick-Fevers. But as for those that are torn of a sudden out of gross Bodies, they bring a great Deal of corpulent Substance along with them; such as are sent hither by Apoplexies, Quinseys, Pestilences, and especially by War.

Al. I don't think the *French* or *Spaniards* bring much Weight along with them.

Ch. Much less than the rest; but for all that, their Ghosts are not altogether so light as Feathers neither. But as for the *Englishmen* and *Germans* that feed well, they come sometimes in such Case, that I was lately in Danger of going to the Bottom in carrying only ten; and unless I had thrown some of my Lading over-Board, I had been lost, Boat, Passengers, and Boat-Hire, all together.

Al. You were in great Danger then indeed.

Ch. But what do you think I must do, when so many fat Lords, Hectors, and Bullies, shall come to us?

Al. As for those that die in a just War, I suppose none of them will come to you; for they say, they fly bolt upright into Heaven.

Ch. I can't tell where they fly to; but this I am sure of, as often as there is a War, there come so many Wounded and Cripples to me, that I admire that there should be one Soul left above Ground; and they come over-charg'd, not only with Surfeits and Paunch-Bellies, but with Bulls, Benefices, and a great many other Things.

Al. But they don't bring these Things along with them, but come naked to you.

Ch. True; but at their first coming, they bring the Dreams of all these Things along with them.

Al. Are Dreams so heavy then?

Ch. They load my Boat; load it, did I say? nay, they have sunk it before now. And, in the last Place, do you think so many Halfpence don't weigh any Thing?

Al. Yes, I believe they do, if they bring Brass ones.

Ch. Therefore I am resolv'd to look out for a Vessel, that shall be fit for my Cargo.

Al. You're a happy Fellow.

Ch. Wherein?

Al. Because you'll get an Estate in a Trice.

Ch. What, out of a Multitude of Ghosts?

Al. Yes, indeed.

Ch. Ay, if they did but bring their Wealth along with them. But now they sit in my Boat, bewailing themselves for the Kingdoms, and Dignities, and Abbacies, and the innumerable Talents of Gold they have left behind them, and bring me nothing but a poor Halfpenny: So that all I have been scraping together for these three thousand Years, will go for the Purchase of a new Boat.

Al. They that expect Gain, must be at some Charge.

Ch. But the People in the World have better Trading, I hear; for, if Fortune favour them, they can get an Estate in three Years Time.

Al. Ay, and sometimes turn Bankrupts too; tho' your Gain is less, it is more certain.

Ch. I can't tell how certain it is, if any Deity should start up, and make Peace among the Princes, all this goodly Expectation of mine is knock'd on the Head at once.

Al. As to that Matter, I'll take upon me to be your Security, so that you may set your Heart at Rest. You have no Reason to fear a Peace for these ten Years: The Pope is the only Man that persuades them to come to an Agreement among themselves; but he had as good *keep his Breath to cool his Porridge.* The Cities murmur at the Load of Calamities they lie under; and some there are, I can't tell who, that whisper it about, that it is an unreasonable Thing, that the whole World should be turned upside down, for the private Piques and Ambition of two or three Persons. But for all this, take my Word for it, the Furies will get the better of it, let these Attempts be as promising as they will. But what Occasion had you to come into this World to get a Boat? han't we Workmen enough among ourselves? We have *Vulcan*, have we not?

Ch. Ay, right, if I wanted a Boat of Brass.

Al. Or, you may send for a Workman for a small Matter.

Ch. I might do that, but I want Materials.

Al. What say you? Are there no Woods in this Country?

Ch. All the Woods in the *Elysian* Fields are destroy'd.

Al. In doing what?

Ch. In burning Hereticks Ghosts, so that of late, for Fuel we have been forc'd to dig for Coals in the Bowels of the Earth.

Al. What, could not Ghosts be punish'd at a less Charge than that?

Ch. Rhadamanthus (the Judge) would have it so.

Al. If it be so, when you have got a Boat, where will you get Oars?

Ch. It is my Business to steer, let the Ghosts row themselves, if they have a Mind to get over.

Al. But some of them never learned to row.

Ch. I have no Respect for Persons, Kings and Cardinals row with me; every one takes his Turn, as much as the poorest Peasant, whether they have learned to row or not.

Al. Well, do you see and get a Boat as cheap as you can, I won't detain you any longer, I'll away to Hell with my good News: But, soho, soho, *Charon.*

Ch. What's the Matter?

Al. Make Haste, and get back as soon as you can, lest you be smothered in the Crowd.

Ch. Nay, you'll find at least Two hundred thousand upon the Bank already, besides those that are paddling in the Lake. I'll make what Haste I can; and do you tell them I shall be there presently.

The ASSEMBLY of GRAMMARIANS.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Colloquy a certain Carthusian *is ridicul'd, a mighty Pretender to the Greek Tongue, and a very learned Man in his own Opinion, who gave his Book a Greek Title, calling those* Anticomaritas, *which he should rather have call'd* Antimarians, *or* Antidicomarians. *The whole Club of Grammarians dispute about this Word, and trump up a great many Etymologies of it. At last they come to this Resolution, to call the Author of that Word,* Archimorita.

ALBINUS, BERTULPHUS, CANTHELUS, DIPHILUS, EUMENIUS, FABULLUS, GADITANUS.

AL. Is there any Body here that understands Arithmetick?

Ber. For what?

Al. To cast up exactly how many Grammarians there are of us.

Ber. That may be done without a Counting-Table, we may count upon our Fingers; I count you upon my Thumb, myself upon my fore Finger, *Canthelus* upon my middle Finger, *Diphilus*, upon my Ring-Finger, and *Eumenius* upon my little Finger: and now I go to my left Hand; there I count *Fabullus* upon my Thumb, and *Gaditanus* on my fore Finger; so that, unless I am out in my Account, we are seven of us. But to what Purpose is it for us to know that?

Al. Because, as I have heard, the Number Seven makes up a compleat Council.

Ber. What makes you talk of a Council ?

Al. There is a Matter of Moment that has puzzled me a long Time, and not me alone, but a great many other Men of no mean Learning ; I will propose it, that the Question may be decided by the Authority of this Assembly.

Can. Sure it must be some knotty Subject, that you can't decide it yourself, *Albinus* ; or that it should puzzle you, that are of so penetrating a Judgment. Therefore we desire to know what this difficult Matter is. I speak in the Name of all the rest.

Al. Well then, do you all be very attentive, applying both your Ears, and your Minds ; Two Heads are better than one. Is there any one of you all that can explain what is the Meaning of this Word *Anticomarita* ?

Ber. That's the easiest Thing in the World, for it signfiies a Kind of a *Beet*, which the Antients call'd a *Water-Beet*, having a knotty wreathed Stalk, very insipid, but of a very stinking Smell, if you touch it ; so that it may vie with the Bean-Cod Tree.

Can. A Natatile Beet, do you say ? Nay, rather a Cacatile Beast. Who ever heard of, or ever read the Name of a swimming Beet ?

Ber. Yes, *Mammotrectus* (as he is corruptly call'd) which should be pronounc'd *Mammothreptos*, as tho' you should say his Grandmother's Darling, has made this as plain as the Nose in a Man's Face.

Al. What Sort of a Title is that ?

Ber. This is to give you to understand, that there is nothing in the Book but darling Things, because Mamma's, *i.e.* Grandmothers, are wont to be more fond of their Grand-Children, than their Mothers themselves are of their own Children.

Al. You talk of a darling Work indeed. I happen'd lately to dip into this Book, I e'en burst my Sides with laughing.

Can. Where did you get that Book ? it is very scarce.

Ber. Being at Dinner at *Bruges*, *Livinus*, the Abbot of

Bavo, carried me into his private Library, which the old Gentleman had furnish'd with scarce Books at a vast Expence, being desirous to leave some Monument of himself to Posterity. There was not a Book, but what was a Manuscript, and upon Vellum too, and illuminated with various Pictures, and bound in Velvet, and emboss'd with Gold. And besides, there being a vast Number of them, they made a very stately Shew.

Al. What Books were they?

Ber. They were all excellent Books; there was the *Catholicon*, *Brachylogus*, and *Ovid* expounded allegorically, and Abundance of others; and among them I found this facetious Book *Mammothreptos*: And among the rest of the Curiosities I found also this Natatile Beet.

Al. Why do they call it natatile?

Ber. I'll relate to you what I read; as for the Truth of it, let the Author be answerable for that. Forasmuch, says he, as it grows in wet, stinking Places, and thrives no where so well as in Mud, or a Dunghill, saving your Reverence, Sir———

Al. Therefore it stinks, does it?

Ber. Ay, worse than a Turd.

Al. Is this Herb good for any Thing?

Ber. Yes, it is accounted a great Delicacy.

Al. Perhaps by Swine, or Asses, or *Cyprian* Cows.

Ber. Nay, by Men themselves, and very fine-mouth'd ones too. There is a People call'd the *Peligni*, who make their Dinners of an extraordinary Length; and the parting Glass they call a *Resumpta* in their Language, as we call it a Dessert or Kickshaws.

Al. Fine Desserts indeed!

Ber. The Law of the Entertainment is, that the Entertainer shall have the Liberty of having what he will brought to the Table; and it is not allowed that the Guests should refuse any Thing, but must take all well.

Al. What if he should have Henbane, or twice-boiled Coleworts set before them?

Ber. Let it be what it will, they must eat it, and not speak a Word against it. But when they come Home, they are at Liberty to vomit it up again, if they please. And in their Entertainments, one Dish is commonly this *Water-Beet* or *Anticomarita*, for it matters not which Name you call it by, the Thing is the same. They mix a great Deal of Oak-Bark, and a good Quantity of Garlick with it. And this is the Composition of the Tansey.

Al. Who made this barbarous Law?

Ber. Custom, the most mighty of Tyrants.

Al. You tell me a Story of a tragical Conclusion, which has such a nauseous Ending.

Ber. I have given my Solution of the Question, not imposing it upon any Body, nor to prevent any Body, who has a Mind to offer theirs.

Can. I have found out that the Antients had a Fish that they call'd *Anticomarita.*

Ber. What Author is that in?

Can. I can produce the Book, but I can't tell the Author's Name; it is written in *French* Words, but in the *Hebrew* Character.

Ber. What's the Shape of this Fish call'd *Anticomarita*?

Can. The Belly is white, but all over every where else it has black Scales.

Ber. I fancy you have a Mind, of this Fish to make a *Cynic* with a Cloak; what Taste has it?

Can. It has the nastiest Taste in the World; and besides that, it is infectious too. It breeds in old Lakes, and sometimes in Houses of Office. It is a good-for-nothing muddy Fish; if you put but a Bit of it into your Mouth, it causes a certain tough Phlegm, that you can hardly bring up by taking a Vomit. It is very common in the Country call'd *Celtithrace*; they esteem it as a Delicacy, and at the same Time account it a more detestable Crime than Murder, to taste a Bit of Flesh.

Al. A very wretched Country with their *Anticomarita*!

Can. This is what I have to say; but I would not have any Body to be determined by my Opinion.

Di. What Occasion have we to fetch the Explanation of this Word from *Mammothreptos*'s or *Hebrew* Writings, when the very Etymology of the Word shews plainly, that *Anticomarita* signifies Damsels unhappily married, that is to say, to old Husbands? And it is no new Thing for Writers to write *co* instead of *quo*; *c*, *q*, and *k* are cognate Letters.

Eu. What *Diphilus* has mention'd carries something of Weight with it, if we were sure the Word was a Latin one. I take it to be a Greek Word, and a Compound of these three, ἀντί, which signifies against; κώμη, which signifies a Town; and ὀαρίζειν, which signifies to tattle like a Woman: and so by striking out *o* by the Figure *Synalœpha* it is *Antiœomarita*, one who by clownish prating makes every Body deaf.

Fa. My *Eumenius* has made it out very elaborately; but in my Opinion the Word is composed of as many Words as it has Syllables; for ἀν stands for ἄνους, τι for τίλλων, κω for κώδια, μα for μάλα, and ῥυ for ῥυπαρὰ, (for it is an Error to write it with an ι) and τα for τάλας; and out of these is formed this Sentence, *A mad wretched Person pulling the Hairs out of a rotten Hide.*

Al. Indeed such Food as a Water-Beet as *Bertulphus* was speaking of just now was very fit for such a Workman.

Ber. That is as much as to say an *Anticomarita* for an *Anticomarita.*

Ga. You have all spoken very learnedly to the Matter; but I am of Opinion that a disobedient Wife is call'd *Anticomarita* by the Figure *Syncope*, for *Antidicomarita*, because she always crosses her Husband.

Al. If we allow of such Tropes, we might of a Turd make a Bird, and of a Cook a Cuckoe.

Ber. But *Albinus*, who is the Chief of this Assembly, has not given his Opinion yet.

Al. I have, indeed, nothing of my own to offer; but, however, I shall not think much to acquaint you with what I lately learn'd from my Landlord, who was a very talkative Man; he used to change his Discourse oftner than a Night-

ingale does her Note. He asserted it was a *Chaldee* Word, compounded of three Words: that among the *Chaldeans*, *anti* signified cross-grain'd, or Brain-sick; and *comar*, a Rock; and *ita*, belonging to a Shoe-Maker.

Ber. Who ever said that a Rock had Brains?

Al. There is no Absurdity in that, if you do but change the Gender.

Can. This Synod makes the old Proverb good, *So many Men, so many Minds.* But what Conclusion are we come to? The Opinions may be summ'd up, but can't be divided; so that the major Part may carry it against the minor.

Al. Well then, let the better overcome the worse.

Can. But we must have another Assembly to do that; for every Man's own Geese are Swans.

Al. If that Proverb held good, we should not have so many Adulteries as we have. But I can advise you to an expeditious Method: Let us cast Lots whose Opinion of all of them shall be allow'd to be determinative.

Can. That Lot will fall upon yourself. Have not I spoken the Truth?

Al. I approve best of the first, and of the last.

Can. If I may speak for the rest, we all agree.

Al. Well then, let it go for authentick.

Can. Let it be so.

Al. If any Body shall dissent, what shall be the Penalty?

Can. Let him be set down in great Letters, A HERETICK IN GRAMMAR.

Al. I will add very fortunately one Thing, that in my Opinion ought not to be omitted: Having receiv'd it from a *Syrian* Physician, I will communicate it to my Friends.

Ber. What is it?

Al. If you pound a Water-Beet, an Oak-Gall, and some Shoemakers Ink in a Mortar, and sprinkle with it six Ounces of Dung, and make it into a Poultice, it will be a present Remedy for the Mange and Measles in Hogs.

Ber. But hark ye, *Albinus*, you that have help'd us all to this Job of the *Anticomarita*, what Author did you read it in?

Al. I'll tell you, but in your Ear, and but one of you.

Ber. Well, I'll receive it, but upon this Condition, that I may whisper it in the Ear of one Person too.

Al. But one repeated often enough will make a Thousand.

Ber. You say right, when you have once a Couple, it is not in your Power to stop it from going further.

Al. That which a few know may be kept a Secret; but that which a great many know cannot; three makes a Multitude.

Ber. Right, he that has three Wives at the same Time, may be said to have many; but he that has but three Hairs upon his Head, or three Teeth in his Mouth, may be said to have a few or none.

Al. Mind, Sophister.

Ber. What strange Story is this! This is as absurd as if the *Greeks*, who carry'd so many Fleets to conquer *Troy*, should not be able to call it by its Name, but instead of *Troy* should say *Sutrium.*

Al. But this is a Rabbin that is lately come down from Heaven, who, unless he had, like a present Deity, lent his Assistance in sustaining human Affairs, we had long ere now been at a Loss to find either Men, Religion, Philosophy, or Letters.

Ber. In Troth he ought to be one of *Moria*'s Noblemen of the first Rank, and deserves for the future to be call'd *Archimorita* (an Arch-Fool) with his *Anticomarites.*

ΑΓΑΜΟΣ ΓΑΜΟΣ, or, The UNEQUAL MARRIAGE.

The Argument.

The unequal Marriage exposes to View the Folly of People in common, who in their Espousals chiefly regard the Greatness of the Fortune, and disregard the Diseases of the Husband, tho' they are worse than the Leprosy itself. The Description of a deform'd Man. That the Cruelty of Parents in matching their Daughters, is worse than that of Mezentius, *of which* Virgil *writes in his Tenth Book of* Æneids. *He describes the Vices of a bad Husband; that this is not marrying a Man, but a dead Carcass. In getting Dogs, Calves, and Horses, they take Care to have one strong Beast copulate with another, good ones with those that are like themselves; nor won't suffer a diseas'd one to leap a sound one. That the Commonwealth sustains a great Detriment by these foolish and unhappy Marriages.*

PETRONIUS *and* GABRIEL.

PET. Whence is our *Gabriel* come, with this sour Look? what, is he come out of *Trophonius*'s Cave?

Ga. No, I have been at a Wedding.

Pet. I never saw a Look in my Life that had less of the Air of a Wedding in it; for those that have been at Weddings, use to look cheerfully and airily for a whole

Week after, and old Men themselves to look younger by ten Years. What Wedding is it that you have been at? I believe at the Wedding of Death and the Cobler.

Ga. Not so, but of a young Gentleman with a Lady of Sixteen, who has all the Accomplishments that you can wish for, whether Beauty, good Humour, Family, or Fortune; in short, a Wife fit for *Jupiter* himself.

Pet. Phoo! what, so young a Girl to such an old Fellow as he?

Ga. Kings don't grow old.

Pet. But what makes you look so melancholy then? It may be you envy the Happiness of the Bridegroom, who has rival'd you.

Ga. Pshaw, there's nothing of that in the Matter.

Pet. Well then, has any Thing happen'd like what is related of the *Lapithae*'s Feast?

Ga. No, not so neither.

Pet. What then, had you not Wine enough?

Ga. Yes, and too much too.

Pet. Had you no Pipers?

Ga. Yes, and Fiddlers too, and Harpers, and Trumpeters, and Bagpipers.

Pet. What was the Matter then? Was not *Hymen* at the Wedding?

Ga. They call'd loudly for him with all this Musick, but to no Purpose.

Pet. Were not the *Graces* there neither?

Ga. Not a Soul of them, nor Bridemaid *Juno*, nor beautiful *Venus*, nor *Jupiter Gamelius.*

Pet. By my Troth, you tell me a Story of a dull Wedding indeed, an ungodly one, or rather an unmarried Marriage.

Ga. You would have said so indeed, if you had seen it.

Pet. Had you no Dancing at it?

Ga. No, but we had wretched Limping.

Pet. What, had you no lucky Godship at all to exhilarate the Wedding.

Ga. No, not one there but a Goddess, that the *Greeks* call *Psora.*

Pet. Why, you give me an Account of a scabby Wedding indeed.

Ga. Nay, a cankered, and a pockey one.

Pet. But, prithee, Friend *Gabriel*, tell me, What makes the Remembrance of it fetch Tears from your Eyes?

Ga. Ah! dear *Petronius*, it is enough to fetch Tears from a Flint-Stone.

Pet. I believe so, if a Flint-Stone had been present, and seen it. But prithee, What extraordinary Mischief is this? Don't hide it from me, nor keep my Expectation any longer in Suspense.

Ga. Do you know *Lampridius Eubulus*?

Pet. Yes; there is not a better nor happier Man in the City.

Ga. Well, and do you know his Daughter *Iphigenia* too?

Pet. You have mention'd the very Flower of the Age.

Ga. She is so; but, do you know who she's married to?

Pet. I shall know when you have told me.

Ga. She is married to *Pompilius Blennus.*

Pet. What, to that Hector, that us'd to talk Folks to Death in cracking of his bullying Tricks?

Ga. To the very Man.

Pet. He has been for a long Time very noted in this Town, for two Things chiefly, *i. e.* Lying, and the Mange, which has no proper Name to it, tho' indeed it has a great many.

Ga. A very proud Distemper, that won't strike Sail to the Leprosy, the Elephantine Leprosy, Tetters, the Gout, or Ringworm, if there was to be an Engagement between them.

Pet. So the Sons of *Esculapius* tell us.

Ga. What Need is there, *Petronius*, for me to describe to you a Damsel that you are very well acquainted with? altho' her Dress was a great Addition to her native Beauty. My *Petronius*, you would have taken her for a Goddess, had you seen her. Every Thing in her and about her was graceful. In the mean Time out comes our blessed Bridegroom with his Snub-Nose, dragging one Leg after him, but not so

cleverly neither as the *Switzers* do ; itchy Hands, a stinking Breath, heavy Eyes, his Head bound up with a Forehead-Piece, and a Running at his Nose and Ears. Other People wear their Rings on their Fingers, but he wears his on his Thighs.

Pet. What was in the Mind of the Lady's Parents, to join such a Daughter to a living Mummy ?

Ga. I can't tell, except it was with them, as it is with many more, that have lost their Senses.

Pet. It may be he was very rich.

Ga. He is very rich indeed, but it is in the Debts he owes.

Pet. What greater Punishment could they have inflicted upon the Maid, if she had poison'd her Grandfathers and Grandmothers, both of the Father's and Mother's Side ?

Ga. Nay, if she had scatter'd her Water upon the Grave of her Parents, it would have been a Punishment bad enough to have oblig'd her but to have given a Kiss to such a Monster.

Pet. I am of your Mind.

Ga. I look upon it a greater Piece of Cruelty, than if they had stripp'd their Daughter naked, and expos'd her to Bears, Lions, or Crocodiles : For these wild Beasts would either have spar'd her for her exquisite Beauty, or put her out of her Pain by a quick Dispatch.

Pet. You say right : I think this is what would have become *Mezentius* himself, who, as *Virgil* tells us, *bound dead Bodies to living ones, Hands to Hands, and Mouths to Mouths.* But I don't believe *Mezentius* himself would have been so inhuman as to have bound such a lovely Maid to such a Carcass as this : Nor is there any dead Body you would not chuse to be bound to, rather than to such a stinking one ; for his Breath is rank Poison, what he speaks is Pestilence, and what he touches mortifies.

Ga. Now, *Petronius*, imagine with yourself what a Deal of Pleasure she must needs take in these Kisses, Embraces, and nocturnal Dalliances.

Pet. I have sometimes heard Parsons talk of unequal

Matches; that may certainly with the greatest Propriety be call'd an unequal Match; which is, as it were, setting a Jewel in Lead. But all this While I stand in Admiration at the Virgin's Courage; for such young Damsels are frighted out of their Wits at the Sight of a Fairy or a Hobgoblin; and can this Damsel dare to embrace such a Carcass as this in the Night-Time?

Ga. The Damsel has these three Things to plead in her Excuse; The Authority of her Parents, the Persuasion of her Friends, and the Unexperiencedness of her Age. But I am amaz'd at the Madness of her Parents. Who is there that has a Daughter never so homely, that would marry her to a Leper?

Pet. No Body, in my Opinion, that had a Grain of Sense. If I had a Daughter that had but one Eye, and but one Leg, and as deform'd as *Thersites* was, that *Homer* speaks of, and I could not give her a Penny for her Portion, I would not marry her to such a Son-in-Law as he.

Ga. This Pox is more infectious and destructive than the worst of Leprosies: It invades on a sudden, goes off, and rallies again, and frequently kills at last; while the Leprosy will sometimes let a Man live, even to extreme old Age.

Pet. Perhaps the Parents were ignorant of the Bridegroom's Distemper.

Ga. No, they knew it very well.

Pet. If they had such a Hatred to their Daughter, why did they not sew her up in a Sack, and throw her into the *Thames*?

Ga. Why truly if they had, the Madness would not have been so great.

Pet. By what Accomplishments did the Bridegroom recommend himself to them? Was he excellent in any Art?

Ga. Yes, in a great many; he's a great Gamester, he'll drink down any Body, a vile Whoremaster, the greatest Artist in the World at bantering and lying, a notable Cheat, pays no Body, revels prodigally; and in short, whereas there are but seven liberal Sciences taught in the Schools, he's Master of more than ten liberal ones.

Pet. Sure he must have something very extraordinary to recommend him to the Parents.

Ga. Nothing at all, but the glorious Title of a Knight.

Pet. A fine Sort of a Knight, that can scarce sit in a Saddle for the Pox! But it may be he had a great Estate.

Ga. He had once an indifferent one; but by his living so fast, has little or nothing left, but one little Turret, from whence he makes Incursions to rob Passengers; and that's so illy provided for Entertainment, that you would not accept of it for a Hog-Stye. And he's always bragging of his Castles, and Fiefs, and other great Things; and is for setting up his Coat of Arms every where.

Pet. What Coat of Arms does his Shield bear?

Ga. Three Golden Elephants in a Field Gules.

Pet. Indeed an Elephant is a good Bearing for one that is sick of the Elephantiasis. He must, without Doubt, be a Man of Blood.

Ga. Rather a Man of Wine; for he is a great Admirer of Red Wine, and by this Means he is a Man of Blood for you.

Pet. Well then, his Elephant's Trunk will be serviceable to him.

Ga. It will so.

Pet. Then this Coat of Arms is a Token that he is a great Knave, a Fool, and a Drunken Sot; and the Field of his Coat of Armour represents Wine, and not Blood; and the Golden Elephant denotes, that what Gold he had, has been spent in Wine.

Ga. Very right.

Pet. Well, what Jointure does this Bully settle upon his Bride?

Ga. What? Why a very great one.

Pet. How can a Bankrupt settle a large one?

Ga. Pray don't take me up so short; I say again, a very large one, a thundering Pox.

Pet. Hang me, if I would not sooner marry my Daughter to a Horse, than to such a Knight as he.

Ga. I should abundantly rather chuse to marry my Daugh-

ter to a Monk ; for this is not marrying to a Man, but to the Carcase of a Man. Now, tell me, had you been present where this Spectacle was to be seen, could you refrain from Tears ?

Pet. How should I, when I can't hear it without ? Were the Parents so abandon'd to all natural Affection, as to throw away their only Child, a Virgin of such Beauty, Accomplishments, and sweet Conditions, by selling her for a Slave to such a Monster, for a lying Coat of Arms ?

Ga. But this enormous Crime, than which you can't find one more inhuman, cruel, or unlike a Parent, is made but a Jest on now-a-Days by our People of Quality : altho' it is necessary that those that are born for the Administration of the Affairs of the Government, should be Persons of very sound and strong Constitutions : For the Constitution of the Body has a great Influence upon the Mind ; and it is not to be doubted, but this Disease exhausts all the Brains a Man has : and by this Means it comes to pass, that our Ministers of State have neither sound Minds, nor sound Bodies.

Pet. It is not only requisite that our Ministers of State should be Men of sound Judgment, and strong Constitutions but Men of Honour, and goodly Personages. Altho' the principal Qualifications of Princes are Wisdom and Integrity, yet it is of some considerable Moment what the Form of his Person is that governs others : for if he be cruel, the Deformity of his Body will expose him the more to Envy. If he be a Prince of Probity and Piety, his Virtue will be render'd more conspicuous by the Amiableness of his Person.

Ga. That's very true.

Pet. Don't People use to lament the Misfortune of those Women, whose Husbands, soon after their Marriage, fall into Leprosies or Apoplexies ?

Ga. Yes, and that with very good Reason too.

Pet. What Madness is it then, voluntarily to deliver a Daughter over into the Hands of a Leper ?

Ga. Nay, it is worse than Madness. If a Nobleman has a Mind to have a good Pack of Hounds, do you think he would bring a mangy scoundrel Cur to a well-bred Bitch ?

Pet. No, he would with the utmost Diligence look for a Dog, that upon all Accounts was of a good Breed, to line her, that he might not have a Litter of Mongrels.

Ga. And if a Lord had a Mind to have a good Breed of Horses, would he admit a diseased good-for-nothing Stallion to leap a most excellent Mare?

Pet. No, he would not suffer a diseased Stallion to enter his Stable Door, lest he should infect other Horses.

Ga. And yet, at the same Time, they don't matter what Sort of a Son-in-Law they gave their Daughter to, from whom those Children are to be produc'd, that are not only to inherit their Estates, but also to govern the State.

Pet. Nay, a Country Farmer won't suffer any Bull to leap a young Cow, nor every Horse his Mare, nor every Boar to brim his Sow; tho' a Bullock is design'd for the Plough, a Horse for the Cart, and a Swine for the Kitchen.

Ga. See now how perverse the Judgments of Mankind are. If a poor Fellow should presume to kiss a Nobleman's Daughter, they would think the Affront a Foundation enough to go to War upon.

Pet. And very hotly too.

Ga. And yet these Persons, voluntarily, knowingly, and deliberately, give up the dearest Thing they have in the World to such an abominable Monster, and are privately unnatural to their own Flesh and Blood, and publickly to their Country.

Pet. If the Bridegroom does but halt a little, altho' as to any Thing else he is perfectly sound, how is he despis'd for a Husband! And is the Pox the only Thing that is no Inconvenience in a married Life?

Ga. If any Man should marry his Daughter to a *Franciscan*, what an abominable Thing would it be accounted! what an Outcry would there be, that he had thrown his Daughter away! But yet, when he has pull'd off that Dress, he has every Way well-made sound Limbs; while the other must pass her Days with a rotten Carcase, that is but half alive. If any one is married to a Priest, he is banter'd on

account of his Unction ; but one that is married to one that has the Pox, has one whose Unctions are worse by Abundance.

Pet. Enemies that have taken a Maid captive, won't be guilty of such Barbarity as this ; nor will Kidnappers themselves, to those they have kidnapp'd away ; and yet Parents will be guilty of it against their only Daughter ; and there's no Magistrate ordain'd to prevent the Mischief.

Ga. How should a Physician cure a Madman, if he has a Spice of the same Distemper himself ?

Pet. But it is a Wonder to me, that Princes, whose Business it is to take Care of the Common-Wealth only in those Things which relate to the Body, of which nothing is of greater Moment than the Health of it, should find out no Remedy for this Evil. This egregious Pestilence has infected great Part of the Earth ; and in the mean Time they lie snoring on, and never mind it, as if it were a Matter not worth their Notice.

Ga. Have a Care, *Petronius*, what you say as to Princes. But hark you, I'll tell you a Word in your Ear.

Pet. O wretched ! I wish what you say were not true.

Ga. How many Diseases do you think are caused by bad Wine, a thousand Ways sophisticated ?

Pet. Why, if we may believe the Physicians, they are innumerable.

Ga. Well, and do the Ministers of State take any Care of the Matter ?

Pet. They take Care enough as to the collecting the Excise, but no further.

Ga. She that knowingly marries a Husband that is not sound, perhaps may deserve to suffer the Punishment she has brought upon herself ; altho', if it were my Fortune to sit at the Helm, I would banish them both from civil Society : But if any one married one that was infected with this Disease, who told her he was a sound Man, and I were chosen Pope, I would make this Marriage void, altho' it had been confirm'd by a thousand Contracts.

Pet. Upon what Pretence I wonder? For Marriage legally contracted can't be disannull'd by any human Power.

Ga. What? Do you think that legally contracted, which is contracted treacherously? A Contract is not valid, if a Slave palms himself upon a Maid for a free Man, and she marries him as such. She that marries such a Slave, marries an errant Slave; and her Slavery is so much the more unhappy, in that the Lady *Psora* never makes any Body free; that there's no comfortable Hope of ever being deliver'd from this Slavery.

Pet. Indeed you have found out a Colour for it.

Ga. And besides, there can be no such Thing as Marriage, but between those Persons that are living; but in this Case, a Woman is married to a dead Man.

Pet. You have found out another Pretence: But I suppose you would permit pocky Folks to marry pocky, that, according to the old Proverb, there might be *like to like.*

Ga. If it was lawful for me to act for the Good of the Publick, I would suffer them to be married together, but I would burn them after they were married.

Pet. Then you would act the Part of a Tyrant, not of a Prince.

Ga. Do you account a Surgeon to be a Tyrant who cuts off some of the Fingers, or burns some Part to preserve the whole Body? I don't look upon that to be Cruelty, but rather Mercy. And I wish this had been done when this Distemper first appear'd in the World; then the publick Welfare of Mankind had been consulted by the Destruction of a few. And we find Examples of this in the *French* Histories.

Pet. But it would be a gentler Way to geld them, or part them asunder.

Ga. And what would you have done to the Women, pray?

Pet. I'd padlock them up.

Ga. That's one Way, indeed, to prevent us from having more of the Breed; but I will confess it is a gentler Way, if you will but own the other to be safer. Even those that

are castrated, have an itching Desire upon them; nor is the Infection convey'd by one Way only, but by a Kiss, by Discourse, by a Touch, or by drinking with an infected Party. And we find also, that there is a certain malicious Disposition of doing Mischief peculiar to this Distemper, that whosoever has it, takes a Delight to propagate it to as many as he can, tho' it does him no good. Now if they be only separated, they may flee to other Places, and may either by Night impose upon Persons, or on them that do not know them. But there can be no Danger from the Dead.

Pet. I confess it is the safest Way, but I can't tell whether it is agreeable to Christian Gentleness, or no.

Ga. Prithee tell me then, from whom is there the most Danger, from common Thieves, or from such Cattle?

Pet. I confess Money is of much less Value than Health.

Ga. And yet we Christians hang them, nor is it accounted Cruelty, but Justice; and if you consider the publick Good, it is our Duty so to do.

Pet. But in this Case, the Person is punish'd that did the Injury.

Ga. What, then these, I warrant you, are Benefactors to the Publick? But let us suppose that some get this Distemper without any Fault of their own; tho' you will find that very few have it, that don't get it by their own Wickedness: the Lawyers will tell you, it is sometimes lawful to put the Innocent to Death, if it be very much for the Good of the Publick; as the *Greeks*, after the taking of *Troy*, put *Astyanax*, the Son of *Hector*, to Death, lest he should set a new War on Foot: Nor do they think it any Wickedness, to put a Tyrant's innocent Children to Death, after they have slain the Father. And do not we Christians go to War, tho' at the same Time the greatest Share of the Calamities falls on those Persons, that least deserve them? And it is the same Thing in our Reprisals, or Letters of Mark; he who did the Wrong is safe, and the Merchant is robb'd, who never so much as heard one Word of it, he is so far from being chargeable with the Fault. Now if we make Use of

such Remedies as these in Things of no great Moment, what, think you, ought to be done in a Matter of the greatest Consequence?

Pet. I am overcome by the Truth of your Arguments.

Ga. Then take this along with you too. As soon as ever the Plague begins to appear in *Italy*, the infected Houses are shut up, and the Nurses that look after the Sick, are forbidden to appear abroad. And tho' some call this Inhumanity, it is the greatest Humanity; for by this prudent Care, the Calamity is put a Stop to, by the Burials of a few Persons. But how great Humanity is it to take Care to preserve the Lives of so many thousands? Some think it a very inhospitable Thing, for the *Italians*, when there is but the bare Report of a Pestilence, to drive Travellers from their very Gates in an Evening, and force them to lie all Night in the open Air. But for my Part, I account it an Act of Piety to take Care of the publick Good at the Inconvenience of a few. Some Persons look upon themselves very couragious and complaisant, in daring to venture to visit one that is sick of the Plague, having no Manner of Call at all to do it; but what greater Folly can there be, than by this Courage, when they come Home, to bring the Distemper to their Wives and Children, and all their Family? What can be more unkind, than by this Complaisance to a Friend, to bring those Persons that are the dearest to you in the World, into the Danger of their Lives? But then again, how less dangerous is the Plague itself than the Pox? the Plague frequently passes by those that are nearest, and seldom affects the old; and as to those that it does affect, it either dispatches them quickly, or restores them to their Health much sounder than they were before. But as for the Pox, what is that but a lingring Death; or, to speak more properly, Burial?

Pet. What you say is very true; and at least, the same Care ought to be taken to prevent so fatal an Evil, as they take to prevent the spreading of the Leprosy; or if this should be thought too much, no Body should let another shave him, but be his own Barber.

Ga. But what will you say, if both of them keep their Mouths shut ?

Pet. They would take the Infection in at their Nostrils.

Ga. But there is a Remedy for that too.

Pet. What is it ?

Ga. They may do as the Alchymists do, they may wear a Mask with Glasses for Eyes to see thro', and a breathing Place for their Mouths and Nostrils, thro' a Horn which reaches from their Jaw-Bones down to their Back.

Pet. That Contrivance might do pretty well, if there were no Danger from the Touch of the Finger, the Linen, the Combs, and the Scissars.

Ga. But however, I think 'tis the best Way to let the Beard grow, tho' it be even down to the Knees.

Pet. Why, I am of that Mind too. And then let there be an Act of Parliament, that the same Person shan't be a Barber and a Surgeon too.

Ga. But that's the Way to starve the Barbers.

Pet. Then let them spend less, and be something better paid for Shaving.

Ga. Let it be so with all my Heart.

Pet. And let there be a Law made too, that no Body shall drink out of the same Cup with another.

Ga. They will scarce be confin'd to that in *England.*

Pet. And that two shan't lie in the same Bed, unless they be Husband and Wife.

Ga. I like that very well.

Pet. And then as to Inns, let no Stranger sleep in the same Sheets, that another has lain in before.

Ga. But what will you do then with the *Germans*, who scarce wash them twice a Year ?

Pet. Let them employ Washer-Women. And besides, let them leave off the Custom of saluting with a Kiss, altho' it be of an old standing.

Ga. But then, as to the Churches ?

Pet. Let every one hold his Hand before his Mouth.

Ga. But then as to common Conversation ?

Pet. Let that Direction of *Homer* be observed, not to come too near the Person he talks to, and let he that hears him keep his Lips shut.

Ga. Twelve Tables would scarce contain all these Laws.

Pet. But in the mean Time, what Advice do you give for the poor unfortunate Girl?

Ga. What can I give her but this, that unless she likes being miserable, she be so as little as she can? to clap her Hands before her Mouth, whenever her Husband offers to kiss her; and to put on Armour when she goes to Bed with him.

Pet. Whither do you steer your Course when you go Home?

Ga. Directly to my Closet.

Pet. What are you going to do there?

Ga. They have desired me to write an *Epithalamium;* but instead of it, I will write an Epitaph.

The IMPOSTURE.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy contains a familiar Discourse between Livinus *and* Philip: *where* Livinus *imposes upon* Philip, *by speaking in Verse, when he suppos'd him to speak Prose.*

PHILIP *and* LIVINUS.

PH. I wish you Health, *Livinus.*

Liv. I will be well, if that will please you; but do you be upon your Guard, for I design to catch you, if you don't watch me very narrowly.

Ph. An open Enemy is not much to be feared. But come on, deceive me if you can.

Liv. I have deceiv'd you already, and you have not perceiv'd it; but take Care of the second Time.

Ph. I believe I have to do with a Master of *Leger-de-main;* I can't find you have impos'd upon me at all.

Liv. Well then, be very attentive this Time; except you have a Mind to be deceiv'd, as you have been twice already.

Ph. I am prepar'd for you; begin.

Liv. What you bid me do, is done already.

Ph. What is acted, or what is done? I perceive nothing of Deceit.

Liv. Well, tho' I have given you Warning so many Times already, however mind this Time.

Ph. This is a new Sort of Conjuration; you tell me you have impos'd upon me, and I perceive nothing of Art in all this, altho' I watch very narrowly your Eyes, your Hands, and your Tongue. But come, t'other Touch; begin again.

Liv. I have begun again and again, over and over so many Times, and you can't see the Trap that's laid for you.

Ph. Wherein do you lay a Trap for me?

Liv. This Tongue, I say, of mine entraps you, and you neither perceive it with your Ears, nor see it with your Eyes. However, now let your Eyes and Ears be both attentive.

Ph. I can't be more attentive, if my Life lay at Stake; but however, try to trick me once more.

Liv. Why, I have trick'd you again already, and you perceive nothing of the Artifice.

Ph. You make me mad: Prithee tell me, what Kind of *Hocus-pocus* is this?

Liv. Why all this While I have been speaking to you in Verse, and am at this Time.

Ph. I thought of nothing less than of that.

Liv. At first I answer'd you in two Trimeter Iambics; then in a Trochaic Tetrameter Catalectic; after that in nothing but Cretics; after that in a Phaolaecian Hendecasyllable; then again in mere Coriambics; then in plain Anapæstes; then again in three Sapphics; by-and-by in a Sotadic, and last of all in a Trochaic Tetrameter.

Ph. Good God! I should have guess'd a hundred Things before I should have guess'd that. If I live, I'll serve you the like Trick.

Liv. Do, if you can.

Ph. I have pay'd you in your own Coin twice, and you did not perceive the Trick.

Liv. What, in this short Time?

Ph. I threaten'd you in an Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic; after that I added five Cretics.

Liv. Why then I find it is according to the old Proverb, *Set a Thief to catch a Thief.*

Ph. Very true; but I pray this for both of us, that neither of us may have a more injurious Cheat put upon us.

CYCLOPS, or the GOSPEL-CARRIER.

The ARGUMENT.

Cyclops, *or* Evangeliophorus, *inveighs against them who have the Gospel always in their Mouths, but nothing agreeable in their Lives. It contains bitter Invectives against Hypocrites, who make a Profession of Religion with their Tongues, but deny Religion by their Conversation. The Gospel, like Wine, does no Good, except it be inwardly taken.*

CANNIUS, POLYPHEMUS.

CAN. What is *Polyphemus* hunting after here?

Poly. Do you ask what I am hunting after, when I have neither Dogs nor Hunting-Pole?

Can. Perhaps some Lady of the Wood here?

Poly. You have guess'd shrewdly, lo here is my Hunting-Net.

Can. What's this I see? *Bacchus* in a Lion's Skin? *Polyphemus* with a Book in his Hand, *γαλῇ κροκωτόν; a Cat in a lac'd Petticoat?*

Poly. Nay, I have not only painted my Book with Saffron, but also with Vermilion and Azure.

Can. I did not speak of *Crocus*, but I spoke Greek, *Crocoton.* It seems to be a military Book, for it seems to be armed with Bosses and Plates, and Rings of Brass.

Poly. Look into it.

Can. I see what it is, and truly it is very fine; but not so fine as it should be.

Poly. What does it want?

Can. You ought to put your Coat of Arms upon it.

Poly. What Arms?

Can. The Head of *Silenus* looking out of a Hogshead. But what does it treat of? the Art of Drinking?

Poly. See what it is, that you do not speak Blasphemy before you are aware.

Can. Why then, is there any Thing in it that is sacred?

Poly. What can be more sacred than the Gospel?

Can. Good God! What does *Polyphemus* do with the Gospel?

Poly. Why don't you ask, what a Christian has to do with Christ?

Can. I don't know but that a Halbert would become you better; for if any one should meet you at Sea in that Figure, he would take you for a Pirate, or in the Wood for a High-Way-Man.

Poly. But the Gospel teaches us, not to judge of Men by outward Appearance; for as a tyrannous Disposition often lies hid under a monkish Habit, yet sometimes a short Head of Hair, curl'd Whiskers, a stern Brow, a fierce Look, and a Feather in the Cap, and a Buff-Coat and Breeches cut and slash'd, cover an Evangelical Mind.

Can. And why may it not? sometimes a Sheep lies hid under a Wolf's Skin. And if we may give any Credit to Emblems, an Ass lurks under the Coat of a Lion.

Poly. Nay, I have known a Man carry the Sheep in his Face, and the Fox in his Heart. And I wish he had as candid Friends, as he has black Eyes; and that he had as well the Value of Gold, as the Colour of it.

Can. If he that wears a woollen Hat, must needs wear a Sheep's Head, how do you go loaded, that carry a Sheep and an Estrich too on your Head? But does not he act more absurdly, that carries a Bird upon his Head, and an Ass in his Breast?

Poly. You bite too close.

Can. But it were very well, if that Gospel that you have

so finely adorn'd, did reciprocally adorn you. You have adorn'd it with Colours, I wish it did adorn you with good Manners.

Poly. I'll make that my Care.

Can. As you used to do.

Poly. But omitting all Reflections, do you really blame those that carry the Gospel about them?

Can. No, by no Means (*minime Gentium*).

Poly. What? will you say that I am the least Man in the World, that am taller than you by an Ass's Head?

Can. I don't think you are so much taller, tho' the Ass should prick up his Ears.

Poly. By an Ox's Head, I dare say.

Can. I like the Comparison; but I said *Minimè* the Adverb, not *Minime* the Vocative Case.

Poly. Pray what's the Difference between an Egg and an Egg?

Can. And what's the Difference, say you, between the middle Finger and the little Finger?

Poly. Why, the middle Finger is the longest.

Can. Wittily said: What's the Difference between the Ears of an Ass, and those of a Wolf?

Poly. The Ears of a Wolf are shorter.

Can. You have hit it.

Poly. But I used to measure long and short Things by the Span, and by the Ell, and not by the Ears.

Can. Come on. He that carried Christ, was call'd *Christopher*; and instead of *Polyphemus*, you, who carry the Gospel, shall be call'd the Gospel-Bearer.

Poly. Don't you think it a holy Thing to carry the Gospel?

Can. Not at all, unless you will allow me, that Asses are the Greatest Saints.

Poly. Why so?

Can. Because one Ass will carry at least three thousand such Books; and I am persuaded you would be able to carry as many yourself, if you were well hamper'd.

Poly. I think there is no Absurdity in attributing Holiness to an Ass, because he carry'd Christ.

Can. I shan't envy you that Holiness; and if you have a Mind to it, I will give you some Reliques of that very Ass that Christ rode upon, to kiss.

Poly. You will give me a very acceptable Present; for that Ass was consecrated by being touch'd by the Body of Christ.

Can. And those Persons touch'd Christ too, that smote our Saviour on the Face.

Poly. But come, tell me your Mind seriously; is it not a pious Thing to carry the Book of the Gospel about one?

Can. It is a pious Thing, if it be done sincerely, and without Hypocrisy.

Poly. Talk of Hypocrisy to Monks; what has a Soldier to do with Hypocrisy?

Can. But first tell me what Hypocrisy is.

Poly. When a Man seems to be one Thing, and is really another.

Can. But what does the carrying the Gospel about you signify? Does it not signify a holy Life?

Poly. I suppose it does.

Can. Well then, where a Man's Life is not suitable to the Book, is not that Hypocrisy?

Poly. It seems so to be. But what is it truly to carry the Gospel?

Can. Some carry the Gospel in their Hands, as the *Franciscans* do the Rules of St. *Francis*; and at that Rate the *Paris* Porters, Asses, and Geldings may carry it as well as a Christian. Some carry it about in their Mouths, and talk of nothing but Christ and the Gospel: This is Pharisaical. Others carry it about in their Hearts. He is the true Gospel-Bearer, that carries it in his Hands, in his Mouth, and in his Heart.

Poly. But where are these?

Can. The Deacons in the Churches, who both carry the Gospel, read it to the People, and have it in their Hearts.

Poly. But for all that, they are not all holy, who carry the Gospel in their Hearts.

Can. Don't play the Sophister with me. A Man does not

carry it in his Heart, that does not love it with all his Soul; and nobody loves it as he ought, that does not conform to it in his Life.

Poly. These Subtleties I don't understand.

Can. I'll be plainer then. If you were to carry a Flaggon of Wine upon your Shoulders, what is it but a Burden?

Poly. Nothing.

Can. If you hold it in your Mouth and spurt it out?

Poly. I should be never the better for it; tho' I don't often use to do so.

Can. But suppose you take a hearty Draught, as your Way is?

Poly. There is nothing more Divine.

Can. It warms the whole Body, brings the Blood into the Cheeks, and makes a Man look with a merry Countenance.

Poly. Most certainly.

Can. So it is with the Gospel; being receiv'd into the Veins of the Soul, it renews the whole Habit of the Man.

Poly. It may be you think then, that I don't lead my Life according to my Book.

Can. No Body can tell that better than yourself.

Poly. If it, indeed, were to be resolved after the military Manner.

Can. Suppose a Man should give you the Lye to your Face, or call you Blockhead, what would you do?

Poly. What would I do? I'd give him a Box on the Ear: I'd make him feel the Weight of my Fingers.

Can. What if he should give you a Box o'th' Ear?

Poly. Why then I'd cut his Throat for it.

Can. But your Book teaches you another Lesson, and bids you return good (Words) for evil, and if any one strikes you on the right Cheek, to turn to him the left also.

Poly. I have read so, but I had forgot it.

Can. You pray often, I suppose.

Poly. That's Pharisaical.

Can. Long Prayers are indeed Pharisaical, if they be accompanied with Ostentation. But your Book teaches, that you should pray always, but with your Mind.

Poly. Well, but for all that I do pray sometimes.

Can. When?

Poly. Sometimes, when I think on't: It may be once or twice a Week.

Can. And what is your Prayer?

Poly. Why, the Lord's Prayer.

Can. And how often do you say it over?

Poly. But once: For the Gospel forbids vain Repetitions.

Can. Can you go thro' the Lord's Prayer without thinking of any Thing else?

Poly. I never try'd that. Is it not enough that I pronounce?

Can. I can't tell that God takes Notice of any Thing in Prayer but the Voice of the Heart. Do you fast often?

Poly. No, never.

Can. But your Book recommends Prayer and Fasting both.

Poly. I should approve of it too, but my Stomach will not bear it.

Can. But St. *Paul* says, *that he is no Servant of Christ that serves his Belly.* Do you eat Flesh every Day?

Poly. Yes, when I can get it.

Can. And you are of a robust Constitution, that would live upon Hay (like a Horse) or the Barks of Trees.

Poly. But Christ says, *that those Things that go into a Man do not defile him.*

Can. Nor do they, if they be taken moderately, and without giving Scandal. But St. *Paul*, who was a Disciple of Christ, would rather starve with Hunger, than offend a weak Brother by his eating; and he exhorts us to follow his Example, and that we become all Things to all Men.

Poly. But *Paul* is *Paul*, and *Polyphemus* is *Polyphemus.*

Can. But it is *Ægon*'s Office to feed she-Goats.

Poly. But I had rather eat myself.

Can. That's a pleasant Wish; you'll sooner be a he-Goat than a she one.

Poly. But I used *esse* for *edere.*

Can. Neatly spoken. Do you give liberally to the Poor?

Poly. I have nothing to give.

Can. But you would have something to give, if you lived soberly, and took Pains.

Poly. But it is a pleasant Thing to live at Ease.

Can. Do you keep the Commandments?

Poly. That's a hard Task indeed.

Can. Do you repent of your Sins?

Poly. Christ has made Satisfaction for us already.

Can. How is it then that you make it out, that you love the Gospel?

Poly. I'll tell you; there was a certain *Franciscan* with us, who was perpetually thundering out of the Pulpit against *Erasmus*'s New Testament; I caught the Fellow once by himself, and took him hold by the Hair with my left Hand, and nubbled him so well-favouredly with my right, that you could see no Eyes he had for the Swellings. What do you say now? Was not this done like a Man that loves the Gospel? And after all this, I gave him Absolution with this very Book, knocking him over his Coxcomb three Times, made three Bunches upon his Crown, in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and so absolv'd him in Form.

Can. This was evangelically done, without Question: This is indeed a defending one Gospel with another.

Poly. I chanc'd to light upon another, a Brother of his, of the same Order, who was still railing against *Erasmus* without either End or Measure. My Gospel-Zeal mov'd me once again, and I threatned him so severely, that I brought him to beg Pardon on his Knees, and confess, that what he said was by the Instigation of the Devil. I stood over him with my Partizan in my Hand, looking upon him like the Picture of *Mars* in a Battle, ready to have cut off his Head if he had not done it readily; and this was done in the Presence of a great many Witnesses.

Can. I wonder the Man was not frighted out of his Wits. But to proceed; do you live chastly?

Poly. It may be I shall when I come to be old. But shall I tell you the Truth, *Cannius*?

Can. I am no Priest, and if you have a Mind to confess yourself, you must seek somebody else.

Poly. I use to confess to God, but for once I'll do it to you: I am as yet no perfect, but a very ordinary, Christian. We have four Gospels, and we military Gospellers propound to ourselves chiefly these four Things: 1st, to take Care of our Bellies. 2ndly, That nothing be wanting below. 3rdly, To have wherewith to live on. And lastly, To do what we list. And when we have gain'd these four Points, we drink and sing as if the Town was our own, *Let the Gospel live, and Christ reign.*

Can. This is the Life of an Epicure, not of a Christian.

Poly. I can't deny that. But you know Christ is omnipotent, and can make us other Men in an Instant, if he pleases.

Can. Yea, and he may make you Swine too, and that seems to be an easier Change than into good Men.

Poly. I wish there were no worse Things in the World, than Swine, Oxen, Asses and Camels. You may find a great many People that are fiercer than Lions, more ravenous than Wolves, more lustful than Sparrows; who will bite worse than Dogs, and sting worse than Vipers.

Can. But it is now high Time for you to turn from a Brute to a Man.

Poly. You say well, for I find in the Prophecies of these Times, that the World is near at an End.

Can. There is so much the more Reason for you to make Haste to repent.

Poly. I hope Christ will give me his helping Hand.

Can. But do you see that you render yourself fit Matter to work upon. But from whence do they gather, that the World is so near an End?

Poly. Because, they say, People are now doing just as they did before the Flood; they are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in Marriage; they whore, they buy, they sell, they pawn and lend upon Usury, and build; Kings make War, and Priests study to encrease their Revenues;

School-Men make Syllogisms, Monks run up and down the World ; the Rabble makes Mobs, and *Erasmus* writes Colloquies; and, *in fine*, no Miseries are wanting, Hunger, Thirst, Robberies, Hostilities, Plagues, Seditions ; and there is a great Scarcity of all that is good : and do not all these Things argue that the World is near an End ?

Can. But of all this Mass of Mischiefs, which of them is it that troubles you most ?

Poly. Guess.

Can. That Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your empty Pockets.

Poly. As I hope to live, you have hit it. I am just now come from drinking hard ; but some other Time, when I am sober, if you will, we'll have another Touch at the Gospel.

Can. And when shall I see you sober ?

Poly. When I am so.

Can. And when will you be so ?

Poly. When you see me so. And, my dear *Cannikin*, in the mean Time, all Happiness attend you.

Can. And, by Way of Requital, I wish you may be what you are call'd.

Poly. And, that you may not outdo me in Courtesy, I wish the *Can*, from whence you have borrowed your Name, may never fail *Cannius*.

ΑΠΡΟΣΔΙΟΝΥΣΑ.
The IMPERTINENTS, *or* CROSS-PURPOSES.

The Argument.

This Colloquy, call'd Ἀπροσδιόνυσα, *or* Absurda, *contains a confused Discourse, where nothing is answered to the Purpose, but is mere Nonsense: For one enquires about a Wedding, and the other answers about a dangerous Voyage.*

ANNIUS *and* LUCIUS.

An. I was told that you were at *Pancratius*'s and *Albina*'s Wedding.

Lu. I never had a more unhappy Voyage in my Life, than at this Time.

An. What say you? Was there such a Power of Company then?

Lu. I never would have taken less for my Life, than at that Time.

An. See what it is to be rich; now I had but a few at my Wedding, and they were poor Folks too.

Lu. We were scarce put to Sea, but a great Storm arose.

An. Why, you're talking of an Assembly of the Deities; were there so many Noblemen and Ladies there?

Lu. *Boreas* tore the Sail in Pieces, and blew it quite away.

An. I know the Bride, she's a perfect Beauty.

Lu. Presently a Wave comes and tears off the Rudder.

An. It is everybody's Opinion. And her Bridegroom does not come much short of her in Beauty, according to common Report.

Lu. What do you think we thought of the Matter?

An. It is very rare now-a-Days for any to be Maids when they are married.

Lu. We were obliged to fall back again.

An. You talk of an incredible Portion.

Lu. Presently we had another Misfortune befel us.

An. Why did they venture such a tender Girl to such a boisterous Fellow?

Lu. We espied a Pirate Ship.

An. In Truth, it is so in many Cases; Naughtiness makes Amends for Want of Age.

Lu. There we had a double Engagement, one with the Sea, and another with the Pirates.

An. What, so many Services? and in the mean Time no Body gives a Farthing to the Poor.

Lu. What! should we have struck Sail? Nay, Despair made us fight desperately.

An. I am afraid it will be but a barren Match, if what you say be true.

Lu. Nay, we threw our grappling Irons.

An. This is a Novelty indeed! What, with Child before Marriage?

Lu. Had you but seen the Conflict, you would have sworn, that I fought like an Hero.

An. Well, I find the Marriage was not only made, but consummated too.

Lu. We jump'd aboard the Pirate Ship.

An. But I admire that they invited you who are a Stranger, and did not invite me who am related to the Bride's Father in the third Degree of Consanguinity.

Lu. We threw them all over-Board into the Sea.

An. You say right: The afflicted have no Friends.

Lu. We shared all the Booty among us.

An. I'll rally the Bride for it the first Opportunity I have.

Lu. It presently grew very calm; you would have said it had been the Halcyon Days.

An. If she has Money, I have a stomachful Spirit: I don't care a Fig for her Kindness.

Lu. And so we brought two Ships Home instead of one.

An. Let him be angry that will.

Lu. Where am I going, do you ask? Why to Church, to make an Offering of Part of the Sail to St. *Nicholas.*

An. I an't at Leisure to Day, I expect some Friends to dine with me; at another Time I won't refuse.

The FALSE KNIGHT: Or, ΙΠΠΕΥΣ ΑΝΙΠΠΟΣ.

The ARGUMENT.

Ἱππεὺς ἄνιππος, or counterfeit Nobility, exposes the Vices of those Persons who think they may do any Thing under the Mask of Nobility, altho' they are not remarkable for either noble Birth or Virtue: But Knaves, that have a good Stock of Impudence, arrogate to themselves that Honour that they don't deserve, unless Honour is due to the most flagitious Crimes.

HARPALUS *and* NESTOR.

HAR. Can you help me out now with your Advice? If you can, you shall find I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful.

Nes. I'll bring it about that you shall be what you would be.

Har. But it is not in our own Power to be born Noble-Men.

Nes. If you are not a Noble-Man, strive by virtuous Actions, that your Nobility may derive its Original from yourself.

Har. That's a long Way about.

Nes. Then the King will sell it you for a small Matter.

Har. But Nobility that is purchased with Money, is ridiculed by the Vulgar.

Nes. If Nobility that is bought be so ridiculous a Thing, why are you so fond of being a Knight?

Har. There are Reasons for that, and no slight ones neither, which I shall freely tell you, if you'll but put me in the Way of making myself honourable in the Opinion of the Vulgar.

Nes. What signifies the Name without the Thing?

Har. But as I han't the Substance, I would have the Reputation of it. But, my *Nestor*, give me your Advice, and when you hear my Reasons you will say it is worth my While.

Nes. Well, since you will have it, I'll tell you: In the first Place, remove yourself to a Place where you are not known.

Har. Right.

Nes. Then work yourself into the Acquaintance of young Men of Quality.

Har. I take you in.

Nes. First of all, by this Means, People will be apt to judge of you by the Company you keep.

Har. They will so.

Nes. But then you must be sure to have nothing about you that is vulgar.

Har. As to what, do you mean?

Nes. I speak of your Cloaths, that they be not made of Wool, but Silk; but if you cannot go to the Price of Silk, rather Fustian or Canvass, than Cloth.

Har. You're in the right.

Nes. And take Care not to wear any Thing that's whole; but cut your Hat and your Doublet, your Hose, and your Shoes, and your Nails too, if you can. Never talk of any Thing that is mean. If any Traveller comes out of *Spain*, enquire of him how the King and the Pope agree, how your Cousin the Count of *Nassau* does, and all the rest of the Officers your old jolly Acquaintance.

Har. It shall be done.

Nes. Wear a Seal-Ring upon your Finger.

Har. That's if my Pocket will speak.

Nes. Then you may have a brass Ring gilt with a Doub-

let for a small Matter: But then you must have your Coat-of-Arms upon it too.

Har. What Bearing would you have me chuse?

Nes. Why, if you will, two Milk-Pails and a Pot of Ale.

Har. You joke upon me; but do tell me seriously.

Nes. Was you ever in a Battle?

Har. I never saw a Battle.

Nes. But I believe you have beheaded the Farmers Geese and Capons.

Har. Ay, many a Time, and manfully too.

Nes. Why then, let your Coat of Arms be, three Goose Heads *Or*, and a Whinyard *Argent.*

Har. What must the Field be?

Nes. What should it be but *Gules*? a Monument of Blood shed plentifully.

Har. Ay, why not? for the Blood of a Goose is as red as the Blood of a Man. But pray go on.

Nes. Have this Coat-of-Arms hung over the Gate of every Inn you lodge at.

Har. What shall be added to the Helmet?

Nes. That's well thought on, make that with a Mouth slit from Ear to Ear.

Har. What's your Reason for that?

Nes. First, to give you Air; and then, that it may be suitable to your Dress. But what must the Crest be?

Har. I want to know that.

Nes. A Dog's Head with bangle Ears.

Har. That's common.

Nes. Then add two Horns to it, this is uncommon.

Har. I like that very well. But what Beasts shall I have for Supporters?

Nes. Why, as for Bucks, and Dogs, and Dragons, and Griffins, they have been all taken up already by Princes; you shall have two Harpies.

Har. Nothing can be better.

Nes. But then we want the Title. In the first Place, you must be sure to take Care not to suffer yourself to be call'd

Harpalus Comensis, but *Harpalus a Como*; the one is noble, the other pedantick.

Har. It is so.

Nes. Is there any Thing you can call yourself Lord of?

Har. No, not so much as a Hog's Stye.

Nes. Was you born in any famous City?

Har. No, in a poor sorry Village; for a Man must not lye when he asks Counsel.

Nes. That's very true; but is there never a Mountain near that Village?

Har. There is.

Nes. And is there any Rock near that?

Har. Yes, a very steep one.

Nes. Why, then you shall be, *Harpalus, the Knight of the Golden Rock.*

Har. But most great Men, I observe, have their peculiar Motto's: As, *Maximilian* had, *Keep within Compass*; and *Philip*, *He that will*; and *Charles*, *Further yet*; some one Thing, and some another.

Nes. Well, do you let yours be, *Turn every Stone.*

Har. Nothing more pertinent.

Nes. Now, to confirm the World in their Esteem of you, you must counterfeit Letters sent you from such and such great Persons, in which you must frequently be styled the *Illustrious Knight*; and there must be Mention made of great Affairs, as of Estates, Castles, huge Revenues, Commands, great Offices, rich Matches: and you must contrive that these Letters shall fall into People's Hands, as being dropt by Chance, or forgotten.

Har. That will be very easy to me; for, I understand Letters, and have so us'd myself to it, that I can counterfeit any Man's Hand, so exactly, that he shall not know it from his own.

Nes. Either sew them into your Garment, or leave them in your Pocket, that when you send your Cloaths to the Taylor to mend, he may find them, and he'll make no Secret of it; and when you come to the Knowledge of it, put an

Air of Vexation and Displeasure on your Countenance, as if you were heartily vex'd, you were so careless as to leave them there.

Har. I have practised that so long, that I can as easily change my Countenance, as I can my Dress.

Nes. By this Means the Deceit will not be discovered, and the Matter will be blaz'd abroad.

Har. I'll be sure to take great Care of that.

Nes. Then you must furnish yourself with Companions, or Servants, who shall stand Cap in Hand to you, and call you my young Lord at every Turn. You need not be discourag'd at the Charge ; there are a great many young Men who will act this Part for nothing, or for the Humour's-Sake. And besides, there are a great many scribbling Blades in this Country, that are strangely infected with the Itch (I was going to say the Scab) of Writing ; and there are hungry Printers, that will venture at any Thing, if there be but any Hope of getting Money. You must bribe some of these, to give you in their Pamphlets the Title of a Nobleman of your Country, and let it be repeated every now and then in Capital Letters. Thus they will celebrate you a Nobleman in *Bohemia* ; and one Book spreads more than an hundred talkative Tongues, or prattling Servants.

Har. I don't dislike this Way neither ; but there will be Servants to be maintained.

Nes. There will so ; but then you must not keep idle Servants, that have no Hands ; they will be unprofitable. You must send one one Way, and another another, and so they will lay their Fingers on something or other ; they will have frequent Opportunities of doing that.

Har. Say no more : I understand you.

Nes. And then there are other Inventions.

Har. Pray let me hear them.

Nes. Unless you are an expert Gamester at Cards and Dice, a rank Whore-Master, a stout Drinker, a daring Extravagant, and understand the Art of Borrowing and Bubbling, and have got the *French* Pox to-boot, scarce any one will believe you to be a Knight.

Har. I have been train'd up to these Exercises. But where must I get the Money?

Nes. Hold, I was coming to that: Have you any Estate?

Har. A very little one.

Nes. Well, but when you are once settled in the Reputation of a great Man, you will easily find Fools that will give you Credit; some will be asham'd, and others afraid to deny you; and there are a thousand Ways to delude Creditors.

Har. I am not unacquainted with them. But they'll be very pressing, when they find nothing coming but Words.

Nes. Nay, on the contrary, no Man has his Creditors more at Command, than he that owes Money to a great many.

Har. How so?

Nes. First of all, your Creditor pays you that Observance, as if he was the Person obliged; and is afraid lest he should give any Occasion of losing his Money. No Man has his Servants so much in Awe, as a Debtor his Creditor; and if you ever pay them any Thing, it is more kindly taken than if you gave it them.

Har. I have found it so.

Nes. But you must take Care not to deal with little People, for they'll make a great Noise for a small Matter; those that have a more plentiful Fortune, are more easy to be appeas'd; they will be restrain'd by Modesty, led on by Hope, or deterr'd by Fear, for they know the Danger of meddling with Men of Power. And last of all, when you're got over Head and Ears in Debt, then upon one Pretence or another remove your Quarters first to one Place, and then to another; and you need not be asham'd of that, for no Body is more in Debt than great Princes. If you find yourself press'd by a Fellow of mean Condition, make as if you were provok'd by his Confidence; but make a small Payment now and then, but never pay the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But you must always take Care that none ever come to know that you have an empty Pocket; always make a Shew of Money.

Har. But what can a Man make a Shew of that has nothing?

Nes. If any Friend has given you any Thing to lay up for him, shew it as your own, but do it artfully, as if it were done by Chance. And it will be good in this Case to borrow Money and shew it, tho' you pay it again presently. Pull a Couple of Guineas, that you have plac'd by themselves, out of your Pocket, from a whole Pocket full of Counters. You may imagine———

Har. I understand ye; but at last I must of Necessity sink under my Debts.

Nes. You know what Knights can do with us.

Har. They do just what they please, and there's no Redress.

Nes. Let those Servants you keep be such as are diligent ones, or some of your Kindred, such as must be kept however. They'll stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the Way, and rob him; they'll find something in an Inn, a House, or a Boat that wants a Keeper; they will remember that a Man's Fingers were not given him for nothing.

Har. Ay, if this could be done with Safety.

Nes. You must take Care to keep them in handsome Liveries, and be still sending them with counterfeit Letters to this great Man, or the other. If they steal any Thing, altho' they should suspect them, no Body will dare to charge them with it, for Fear of the Knight their Master. If they chance to take a Booty by Force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War.

Har. O brave Counsel!

Nes. This Maxim of Knighthood is always to be maintain'd, That it is lawful for a Knight upon the Road, to ease a common Traveller of his Money; for what can be more dishonourable, than for a pitiful Tradesman to have Money enough, and a Knight at the same Time wants it to spend upon his Whores, and at Dice? Get as much as you can into the Company of great Men, tho' you pin yourself upon them; and that you may not be asham'd of any Thing, you must put on a brazen Face, but especially to your Host. And it will be best for you to live in some publick Place, as at the *Bath*, and at the most frequented Inns.

Har. I was thinking of that.

Nes. In such Places Fortune will oftentimes throw some Prey in the Way.

Har. How? I beseech you.

Nes. Suppose one drops a Purse, another leaves the Key in the Door of his Store-House, or so, you take me in.

Har. But———

Nes. What are you afraid of? Who'll dare to suspect a Person that goes as you do, talks great, the Knight of the *Golden-Rock*? If there shall happen to be any saucy Fellow, impudent enough to dare to suspect you, the Suspicion will rather be cast upon some Body that went away the Day before. There will be a Disorder among the Master and the Servants, and do you behave yourself as a Person wholly unconcern'd. If this Accident befals either a Man of Modesty, or of Brains, he'll pass it over without making Words of it, lest he lose his Credit as well as his Money, for looking no better after it.

Har. That's very Probable, for I suppose you know the Count of the *White-Vulture.*

Nes. Why not?

Har. I have heard of a certain *Spaniard*, a handsome genteel Fellow, that lodg'd at his House, he carried away a Matter of six hundred Florins; behaving himself with that State, that the Count never dar'd to open his Mouth against him.

Nes. You have a Precedent then. You may now and then send out a Servant for a Soldier, and he having rifled Churches and Monasteries, will return loaden with the Plunder that he has got by the Law of Arms.

Har. This is the safest Expedient that we have had yet.

Nes. There is yet another Way of getting Money.

Har. Pray let me hear what that is.

Nes. Pick a Quarrel with those that have a good Deal of Money, especially with Monks or Priests; for the People generally look very invidiously upon them now-a-Days, *viz.* One broke a Jest upon you, another spit upon your Es-

cutcheon, another spoke dishonourably of you; one or the other wrote something that might be interpreted scandalous. Send your Heralds to declare an irreconcilable War. Breathe nothing but Destruction and Ruin: And they being terrified will come to you to make it up. Then see that you set a great Price upon your Dignity; and that is, you must ask out of Reason, for your bearing that which is reasonable. If you make a Demand of three thousand Guineas, they will be asham'd to offer you less than two hundred.

Har. And I will threaten others with the Law.

Nes. That's more like a Sycophant; but yet it may help in some Degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, I had almost forgot what I should have mention'd first: Some young Wench with a good Fortune is to be drawn into the Noose of Matrimony; you have Charms in yourself, you're young and handsome, you're a Beau, and have a pretty smiling Countenance; give it out that you are call'd away to some great Office in the Emperor's Court. Girls are fond of marrying Nobility.

Har. I know some that have made their Fortunes this Way. But what if the Cheat should be discovered, and all my Creditors should fall upon me at once? Then I, the sham Knight, shall become a Laughing-Stock; for Creditors hate this Sort of Tricking worse than they do robbing of Churches.

Nes. Why, in this Case you must remember to put on a brazen Face, and that Impudence never past so current for Wisdom, as it does now-a-Days. You must betake yourself to Invention for some Excuse; and you will always find some easy People, that will favour it; and some so civil, that if they perceive the Fallacy, they will not discover it. And last of all, if you can do nothing else, you must shew them a Pair of Heels, and run into the Army or a Riot: *for as the Sea hides all Mischief*, so War hides all Sins. And now-a-Days, he that has not been train'd up in this School, is not look'd upon fit to be a Commander. This must be your last Shift, when every Thing else fails

you ; but you must turn every Stone before you come to't. Take Care that you are not ruin'd by being bound for other Men. Shun little Towns that a Man can't let a Fart in, but the People must know it : In great and populous Cities a Man may take more Liberty, unless it be in such a Place as *Marseilles*. Make it your Business to know what People say of you ; and when you hear the People begin to talk at this Rate, What does this Man do here so long? why does he not go Home, and look after his Castles ? whence does he take his Pedigree ? whence does he get Money to live so extravagantly ? when you find that such Talk as this grows rife among the People, it is Time for you to think of packing up your Awls, and be jogging in good Time ; but make your Retreat like a Lion, and not like a Hare. Pretend you are call'd away by the Emperor to some great Employment ; and that you shall return in a short Time at the Head of an Army. Those that have any Thing they are not willing to lose, won't dare to open their Mouths against you when you are gone. But above all, I advise you to have a Care of that peevish malicious Set of Men call'd Poets. If any Thing displeases them, they will envenom their Papers, and the Venom of them will be of a sudden diffused all the World over.

Har. Let me die if I am not wonderfully pleas'd with your Counsel ; and I'll make it my Business to let you see that you have got a docible Scholar, and a Youth that is not ungrateful ; the first good Horse that I shall get into my Pasture, that is equal to your Deserts, I will present you with.

Nes. Well, all that remains, is, that you be as good as your Word. But what is the Reason that you should be so fond of a false Opinion of Nobility ?

Har. For no other Reason, but that they are in a Manner lawless, and do what they please. And do you think this a Matter of small Moment ?

Nes. If the worst come that can come, Death is owing to Nature, altho' you liv'd a *Carthusian ;* and it is an easier

Death to be broken on the Wheel, than to die of the Stone, the Gout, or the Palsy: for it is like a Soldier to believe, that after Death there remains nothing of a Man but his Carcass.

Har. And I am of that Opinion.

ΑΣΤΡΑΓΑΛΙΣΜΟΣ.

The Argument.

'Αστραγαλισμός, or the Play of Cock-all, *shews what the* Talus *is, and where it is situated. How they us'd to Play at* Cock-all *in old Time. Why the Clergy wear their Garments down to their Ancles, for the Sake of Modesty and Distinction.* Talus *is a Sort of a Leg-Bone. The Etymology of 'Αστράγαλος, a Sort of Play, in* English *call'd* Cock-all, *or* Take-all. *The Ace is a bad Cast of the Dice. Aumes-ace, or Dog-Chance. Size is a good Cast, and is call'd* Senio *or* Midas.

QUIRINUS, CHARLES.

QU. Cato bids us learn of those that are learned; and for that Reason, my *Utenhovius*, I have a Mind to make Use of you for my Master. For what Reason did the antient Directors in religious Affairs, order the Clergy to wear Ancle-Coats, that is, Vestments reaching down to their Ancles?

Ch. I am of Opinion it was done for these two Reasons: First, for the Sake of Modesty, that nothing of Nakedness might be exposed: For, in old Time, they did not wear those Sort of Trowsers that reach from the Waist to the Feet; nor did they, in common, wear Drawers or Breeches. And, for the same Reason, it is accounted immodest for Women to wear short Coats, long ones being more agreeable to the Modesty of the Sex. In the second Place, not only for the Sake of Modesty, but also to distinguish them

from the common People, by their Habit; for, the more loose they are in their Morals, the shorter they wear their Coats.

Qu. What you say is very probable. But I have learn'd from *Aristotle* and *Pliny*, that Men have not the *Tali*, but only four-footed Beasts; and not all of them neither, but only some of those that are cloven-footed; nor have they them in their hinder Legs. How then can the Garment be call'd a *Talarian* Garment, which a Man wears, unless in former Days Men went upon all-fours, according to *Aristophanes*'s Play?

Ch. Nay, if we give Credit to *Oedipus*, there are some Men that are four-footed, some three-footed, and some two-footed, and oftentimes they come from a Battle one-footed, and sometimes without e'er a Foot at all. But, as for the Word, you would be more at a Loss if you were to read *Horace*, who attributes the *Tali* to Plays. For thus, I think, he writes in his *Art of Poetry*;

Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

Being regardless whether or no the Comedy fall or stand upon its Talus.

Qu. Poets have a Liberty of speaking as they please; who give Ears to *Tmolus*, and make Ships speak, and Oaks dance.

Ch. But your own *Aristotle* could have taught you this, that there are half *Tali*, which he calls ἡμιαστραγάλους, that he attributes to those Beasts that are of the Lynx Kind. And he says, that Lions have that which is instead of the *Talus*, but it is crooked, or turned to and fro; and that which he calls λαβυρινθώδες, *Pliny* translates *tortuosum* [full of Turnings and Windings.] And in the last Place, Bones are every where inserted into Bones, for the Conveniency of bending the Joints; and there are Cavities for the receiving the Prominencies that answer to them, that are defended on each Side with a slippery Cartilage, the Parts being so inviron'd, or kept in, that they can't hurt one another; as the same

Aristotle teaches us. And there is, for the most Part, in these, something that answers pretty near, both in Form and Use, to the *Talus*: In the lower Part of the Leg, near the Heel, where is the bending of the whole Foot, there is a Prominence which resembles the *Talus*, which the *Greeks* call σφυρὸν. Again, we see in the bending of the Knee a *Vertebra*, which, if I am not mistaken, they call ἴσχίον. And we also see something like this in the Hips, in the Shoulders, and, lastly, in the Joints of the Toes and Fingers. And, that it may not seem strange to you, the *Greeks* write, that the Word ἀστράγαλος is, in approved Authors, applied to the Bones, of which the Spine is compos'd, especially in the Neck. For they quote you this Verse:

Ἔκ δέ μοι ἀυχὴν
Ἀστραγάλων ἐάγη.

My Neck-Bone was broke on the outside the Tali.

And, as *Aristotle* says, the fore Legs are given to Animals, upon the Account of Swiftness, and for that Reason are without the *Tali*; the hind Legs for Firmness, because the Weight of the Body bears upon that Part: as also it contributes to Strength in those Creatures that kick. *Horace*, to signify that the Play was not cut short, but acted quite to the End, says, *Stetit fixo talo*; and uses the Word *Talus* in a Play, in the same Sense as we apply the Word *Calx* to a Book; and also says, the *Umbilicus voluminis*, or Navel of a Volume.

Qu. In Troth, you play the Part of a Grammarian very cleverly.

Ch. But to confirm it, the more learned *Greeks* will have Ἀστράγαλος deriv'd of στρέφω, and the privative Particle α, because it is never bended, but is immoveable. But others chuse to derive ἀστράγαλος from ἀστάγαλος, by inserting the Letter ρ, because it can't stand by Reason of its slippery Volubility.

Qu. If you go that Way to Work, you may make a great many more Guesses: But I think it a fairer Way to confess Ignorance in the Matter.

Ch. This Guess will not seem so very absurd, if you consider what great Obscurity there is in the primitive Origin of Words: And besides, there is nothing contradictious in the Matter, if you look narrowly into it. The *Talus* is voluble, but it is voluble after such a Manner, that it renders that Part to which it is inserted, the more firm for standing; and then it joins one Bone to another.

Qu. I find you can play the Part of a Sophister, when you have a Mind to it.

Ch. But there is nothing in the Word *Talus*, that the Etymology of it should perplex us; for that which the modern *Greeks* call ἀστράγαλος, the Antients, of which *Callimachus* was one, call'd ἄστριον, to whom this Hemistich is ascribed Δέκα δ' ἄστρια αἴνυτο λύτρον; whence, as the *Greeks* us'd the Word ἀστραγαλίζειν, so they also used the Word ἀστρίζειν, to play at Cock-all.

Qu. What then is that which is properly the *Talus*?

Ch. It is that which now-a-Days the Girls play with; it was formerly a Boy's Play, as Cob-Nuts was; concerning which there is this *Greek* Sentence, Ἀμφ' ἀστραγάλοισι χολωθεὶς, when they would intimate that Persons were angry for a Trifle. Again *Horace* in his Odes has *Nec regna vini sortiere talis.* And also in his *Sermones*; *Te talos Aule nucesque*, &c. And lastly, that Saying of the *Lacedemonian*, if I am not mistaken, *Pueros esse fallendos talis, viros jurejurando.* They deny that the *Talus* is found in any Animal that is μώνυχον, that is, that has a solid Hoof, except the *Indian* Ass that has but one Horn; or that is πολυσχιδὲς, that has its Foot divided into many Toes or Claws; of which Sort are the Lion, the Panther, the Dog, the Ape, a Man, a Bird, and a great many others: But those Animals that are δίχηλα, that have a Hoof divided into two, many of them have the *Talus*, and that, as you said very rightly, in their hinder Legs. Man only has not the *Talus* for two Reasons: First because he is two-footed; and secondly, because his Foot is divided into five Toes.

Qu. That I have heard often; but I should be glad to hear

where the *Talus* was situated, and what Form it has described; for that Sort of Play is quite out of Doors even with Girls now-a-Days, and they rather affect Dice, Cards, and other masculine Plays.

Ch. That is not to be wonder'd at, when they affect Divinity itself: But if I were a Mathematician, or a Painter, or a Founder, I could not represent it more clearly to you, than by shewing you the *Talus* itself; unless you would have me describe it algebraically, as they do.

Qu. Have you got e'er a *Talus*?

Ch. Here's one out of the right Leg of a Sheep, you see it has but four Sides, when a Cube and a Dice has six, four on the Sides, one at the Top, and one at the Bottom.

Qu. It is so.

Ch. And forasmuch as the upper and lower Part of the *Talus* is crooked, it has but four Sides, one of which, you see, rises like a Ridge.

Qu. I see it.

Ch. On the opposite Side there is a Hollow; this *Aristotle* calls πρανὲς, that is, *prone*; and this ὕπτιον, that is, *supine*: as when in the Act of Copulation, for the Sake of Procreation, the Woman is supine, and the Man is prone: And the Hand, if the Palm of it be held towards the Ground, is prone; if you turn it up, it is supine; tho' Orators and Poets do sometimes confound the Use of these Words, but that is nothing to the Matter in Hand.

Qu. You have demonstrated this very plainly to my Sight; but what's the Difference between the two other Sides?

Ch. One of them is hollowed a little, to make it answerable to the Bone to which it is joined; the other has no Hollow at all to speak on, and is not so much defended with a cartilaginous Coat, but is only cover'd with a Nerve and a Skin.

Qu. I see it very plain.

Ch. The prone Side has no Nerves at all; but to the Concavity of the supine Part a Nerve adheres, to the Top of the right Side and the Bottom of the left.

Qu. You make it out very plain ; but how must I know the right Side from the left ?

Ch. That's very well minded ; for I had instructed you very illy, except you suppose me to mean the *Talus* of the right Leg : I will tell you, and at the same Time I'll shew you the Situation of it, which you desired to know. The *Talus* is in that Bending of the Leg beneath the Hip.

Qu. A great many are of Opinion it is near the Foot.

Ch. They are under a Mistake : That which is properly call'd the *Talus*, is in the Bendings of the Joints, which the *Greeks* call καμπὰς ; but those of the hinder Legs, as I said before, between your Foot and your Knee, is the *Tibia.*

Qu. Why, so I think.

Ch. Behind the Knee, καμπή.

Qu. I allow it.

Ch. For those Bendings which Men have in their Arms, four-footed Beasts have in their hinder Legs ; but I except the Ape, which is but half Man : and so that which is the Knee in the Leg, is the Elbow in the Arm.

Qu. I take it in.

Ch. And so one Bending answers to another.

Qu. You mean of the fore Legs and the hinder Legs.

Ch. You have it : So that in that Bending which answers to the Bending which is behind the Knee, the *Talus* stands upright when a four-footed Beast stands, the upper and lower Part of which is a little bended, but not altogether after the same Manner ; for the upper Part is folded back into a Sort of Horns, as it were, which *Aristotle* calls κεραίας ; *Theodorus* translates the Word *Antennas* ; near to which the prone Side gives Way ; the Bottom has no such Thing.

Qu. I perceive it very plainly.

Ch. Therefore *Aristotle* calls that Side which is towards the fore Legs, supine ; and that which is contrary to it, prone. Again, there are two Sides, one of which inwardly, is towards the hinder Leg, either the right or left, suppose which you will ; the other looks outwards : that which looks

inwards *Aristotle* calls κῶλον, and that which looks outwards, ἰσχίον.

Qu. I see it plainly with my Eyes: but still here's this to be done, to inform me what was the antient Manner of playing with these *Tali*: for the Play, as it is us'd now-a-Days, is quite different from what we find in antient Authors concerning this Sort of Play.

Ch. And truly that's very likely, as we in like Manner now pervert the Use of Cards and Dice from the antient Manner of playing with them.

Qu. What you say is very probable.

Ch. Theodorus Gaza, or as others rather chuse to call him, of *Thessalonica*, in translating *Aristotle*'s second Book of his History of Animals, says, That the Side of the *Talus* that looks outwardly transverse, was call'd *Canis*; and that which looks inwardly to the other Leg, *Venus*: and then he adds to it this of his own, for *Aristotle* said no more; Τὸ μὲν πρανὲς ἔξω, τὸ δε ὕπτιον εἴσω, καὶ τὰ μὲν κῶλα ἐντὸς ἐστραμμένα πρὸς ἄλληλα, τὰ δε ἰσχία καλούμενα ἔξω, καὶ τὰς κεραίας ἄνω. But since it is certain that the Throw is call'd *Venus*'s by other Persons, as often as in four Dice the uppermost Sides of them all are different one from another; I wonder by what Example *Theodorus* calls one Side *Venus*. Our *Erasmus*, who is our common Friend, who is no negligent Observer of these Things, in some of his Proverbs upon the Authority of the Antients, intimates some Things of the Play of the *Tali*; as in the Proverb, *Non Chius sed Cous*; he says, that the *Cous* and the *Size* were the same that the *Greeks* call'd ἑξίτην. He relates the same in the Proverb *Chius ad Cous*, (adding, that *Chius* was the same with *Canis*, the *Ace.*) That the Cast of the *Cous* was a lucky Cast, but of the *Canis* an unlucky one, according to the Testimony of *Persius*.

> ——————*Quid dexter Senio ferret*
> *Scire erat in votis, damnosa canicula quantum*
> *Raderet.*——————————

And likewise *Propertius*;

Semper damnosi subsiluere canes.

And *Ovid*, in his second Book *de Tristibus*, calls them, *damnosos canes.*

And *Martial* adds, that the *Size* by itself is a lucky Cast; but if an *Ace* comes up with it, unlucky ; for so he speaks,

Senio nec nostrum cum Cane quassat ebur.

And now as to *Venus*'s Cast, as it is what happens but very seldom, so it is a very lucky Throw: As *Martial* writes in his *Apophoreta* ;

Cum steterit vultu nullus tibi talus eodem,
Munera me dices magna dedisse tibi.

For they play'd with so many *Tali* as every one had Sides : for as to Dice, they used to play but with three. But that which *Suetonius* writes of *Octavius Augustus* comes nearer to the Method of Play, reciting out of a certain Epistle of his to *Tiberius ; At Supper we play'd, both Yesterday and to Day, like old, grave Men, at* Tali: And as every one threw an *Ace* or a *Size*, he laid down a Piece of Money for every *Talus* ; and he that threw *Venus* took up all.

Qu. You told me before, that it was a very fortunate Throw when any one threw four different Sides, as at Dice-Play the most fortunate Cast is *Midas* ; but you did not tell me that this Cast was call'd *Venus.*

Ch. Lucian will make that Matter plain to you : Thus speaking concerning *Cupids*, καὶ βαλὼν μὲν ἐπὶ σκοποῦ, μάλιστα δὲ εἴ ποτε τὴν θεὸν αὐτὴν εὐβολήσειε. Μηδενὸς ἀστραγάλου πεσόντος ἴσω σχήματι, προσεκύνει, τῆς ἐπιθυμίας τεύξεσθαι νομίζων. He there speaks of *Venus.*

Qu. If *Theodorus* is mistaken, his Words only make Mention of two Sides.

Ch. It may be, he follow'd the Authority of some Author that is out of my Memory ; but I have quoted what I find in Authors : For, there are some that speak of the *Stesichorian* Number, as to the *Tali*, which they take to be the Number Eight ; and also of the *Euripidian*, which contain'd 40.

Qu. But it remains, that you lay down the Rules of the Play.

Ch. I am not of the Opinion, that Boys make Use of the same Rule that *Octavius* writes he observ'd: Nor is it probable, that this Game which he speaks of was a common one; if that had been so, it had been enough for him to have said, *After Supper we play'd at the* Tali. But he seems by this to hint, that it was a new Method that they had invented among themselves, as one that was fit for Persons of Age, not puzzling their Minds by a careful Thoughtfulness, as a great many of our modern Games do; so that it is much less Fatigue to the Mind to study hard, than to play.

Qu. Prithee, pull out the rest of the *Tali*, that we may try an Experiment with them.

Ch. But we have no Turret, nor Box to throw them in.

Qu. Why, this Table will do well enough to try any Experiment with them; or this Cup, or Cap, will supply the Place of a Turret.

Ch. Nay, hussling them in the Palm of one's Hand may do well enough. A Throw oftner turns up the supine Face than the prone Face; and the prone Face, oftner than a Size or an Ace.

Qu. So it seems.

Ch. Now, if there be an Ace turn'd up in the four *Tali*, you shall lay down one Piece of Money; if there are two, two Pieces; if three, three Pieces; if four, four Pieces: and as often as you throw a Size, you shall take up one Piece.

Qu. But what if I should throw Size Ace?

Ch. Why, if you will, both of us shall lay down, and neither of us take up; and he that throws four different Spots shall take up all.

Qu. What if we throw upper, or under, blank?

Ch. That Throw shall go for nothing, and either you shall throw again, or I'll take it.

Qu. I had rather the other should take the Cast.

Ch. Now down with your Money.

Qu. Let's play for nothing.

Ch. Would you learn such an Art as this for nothing?

Qu. But it is an unequal Match, for one that knows nothing of the Game to play with a Gamester.

Ch. Well, but the Hope of Winning, and the Fear of Losing, will make you mind your Game the better.

Qu. How much shall we play for?

Ch. If you have a Mind to get an Estate quickly, let's play for 100 Crowns.

Qu. I wish I had them to lay down. But 'tis the safer Way to grow rich gradually. See, here's a whole Half-Penny.

Ch. Well, come on, we'll add a little to a little, as *Hesiod* advises, and this will in Time make a large Heap. Shake them, and throw away. A good Beginning: You have thrown an Ace; lay down your Money, and acknowledge you're on the losing Side. Give me the *Tali.*

Qu. That's a better Beginning, there's three Aces; lay down.

Ch. Fortune is laying a Trap for you; throw away, but hussle them first. O good Man! you have got nothing at all, there is an upper Blank and an under one. 'Tis my Throw, give me the *Tali.*

Qu. Well done again, I see three Aces.

Ch. Well, *don't reckon your Chickens before they be hatch'd.* Well, Fortune has a Mind to make a Gamester of you; but mind, this is my Way of learning. But I am of the Opinion, that *Octavius* play'd after a different Manner.

Qu. How was it?

Ch. He that threw an Ace, laid down a Penny, as we said; he that threw a Size took up nothing, but the other laid down.

Qu. But what if he threw Doublets?

Ch. Then the other laid down so many Pieces; and when there was a good Heap of Money down, he that threw *Venus* took up all; and you may add this, if you will, That he that throws neither Size nor Ace, shall only lose his Throw.

Qu. I agree to it.

Ch. But I look upon this to be better, That he that holds the Dice shall throw thrice, and then give the Throw to the other.

Qu. I like that well enough. But how many *Venus*'s will you make up?

Ch. Why three, if you will; and after that, you may make a new Bargain, or play who shall take all: For a Size comes up but seldom, and but to very few neither. Now let us make a lucky Beginning.

Qu. Well; let it be so; but we had best have the Doors shut, lest our Queen of the Kitchen should happen to see us playing at Childrens Play.

Ch. Nay, we rather play at old Mens Play. But have you got a Blab of a Servant then?

Qu. So great a Gossip, that if she can't find any Body else to tell what's done at Home, she'll hold a long Discourse with the Hens or Cats, about it.

Ch. Soho Boy! shut the Door and lock it, that no Body come and surprize us; that we may play our Belly-full.

ΓΥΝΑΙΚΟΣΥΝΕΔΡΙΟΝ.

The ASSEMBLY *or* PARLIAMENT OF WOMEN.

The Argument.

This Senate of Women, or Γυναικοσυνέδριον, *very handsomely exposes some of the Faults of Woman-Kind: They have a Mind to set up a Common-Wealth, and a Parliament, as the Men have. They say they could order Matters better than the greatest Princes have done. A Woman that disgraces her Husband, disgraces herself. The Condition of Women is safer than that of Men. They treat of Dress and Attire; and that there be a Difference between the Commonalty and Gentry.*

CORNELIA, MARGARET, PEROTTA, JULIA *and* CATHERINE.

CORN. Since so many of you are assembled here to Day, and in so good Humour, for the Good and Happiness of this Convention, and the whole Common-Wealth of Women, it gives me the greatest Hope, that every one's good Genius will suggest to her those Things that concern the Dignity and Advantage of the whole Sex. I believe, you all know what a Prejudice it has been to our Affairs, that, while the Men have had their daily Meetings for transacting their Affairs, we have been sitting at our Spinning-Wheels, and neglected the Management of our own Cause. Whence Things are now come to that Pass, that there are not the

least Footsteps of Discipline and Government left amongst us; and the Men make a mere Jest of us, and scarce allow us the Title of rational Creatures. So that if we go on as we have done, you may easily foresee what will come on it in a short Time; and indeed, I am afraid to utter it: and if we should take no Care at all of our Dignity, yet we ought to have some Regard to our Safety. And the wisest of Kings has left it upon Record, that in the Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety. The Bishops have their Synods, and the Flocks of Monks their Conventicles; the Soldiers their Councils of War, and Thieves and Pick-Pockets their Clubs; and even the Pismires themselves have their Meetings: And we Women, of all living Creatures, are the only ones that have had no Meeting of Members at all.

Mar. Oftner than is becoming.

Corn. Don't interrupt there; let me conclude my Speech, and you shall have all Time to speak in your Turns. That which we now do is no new Thing; we only revive an old Custom: For, if I am not mistaken, about 1300 Years ago, that most Praise-worthy Emperor *Heliogabalus*——

Per. Most Praise-worthy! when it is certain he was dragg'd about with a Hook, and thrown into a House-of-Office.

Corn. Here I am interrupted again. If we approve, or disapprove of any Person, by this Way of arguing, we must allow Christ was an ill Person because he was crucified; and *Domitian* a good Man, because he died in his Bed. The worst Thing that was laid to the Charge of *Heliogabalus*, was his flinging down to the Ground the sacred Fire that was kept by the Vestal Virgins; and that he had the Pictures of *Moses* and *Christ* hanging up in his private Chapel, whom, by Way of Contempt, they called *Chrestus*. This *Heliogabalus* published a Proclamation, that as he, being Emperor, had a Parliament of Men to consult of their common Affairs; so his Mother *Augusta* should have her Parliament of Women to transact the Affairs of their own Sex; which the Men, either by Way of Drollery, or Dis-

tinction, call'd the *Little Senate.* This Precedent, which has been omitted for so many Years, the present Posture of our Affairs obliges us to revive. Neither let any one be scrupulous, because the Apostle *Paul* forbids a Woman to speak in the Assembly, that he calls a Church ; for he speaks of an Assembly of Men, and this is an Assembly of Women. Otherwise, if Women must always hold their Tongues, to what Purpose did Nature give them, which are as voluble as Mens, and a Voice that is shriller ? altho' they make a hoarser Sound, and thereby resemble Asses more than we do. But this ought to be the Care of us all, to manage our Debates with that Gravity, that the Men may not call our Assembly a Conventicle, or by some other more scandalous Name : and they are used to be forward enough to be scurrilous in their Language to us ; altho' if one might estimate their Parliaments according to Truth, they will appear more womanish than the Assemblies of Women themselves. We see Monarchs have done nothing but fight, for these I don't know how many Years. The Students of Divinity, Priests, Bishops, and People, are at Daggers-drawing, and there are as many Opinions as there are Men in the World, and they are more inconsistent in them than we Women ourselves are. One City does not agree with another, nor one Neighbour with another. If the supreme Administration were entrusted in our Hands, I am mistaken, if the World would not be managed at a better Rate than now it is. Perhaps it may not become our female Modesty, to charge such noble Personages with Folly ; but, I suppose, I may be allowed to recite what *Solomon* has written in the 13*th* Chapter of his Proverbs, *There is always Contention among the Proud ; but they that do every Thing by Counsel, are governed by Wisdom.* But that I may not detain you any longer with a tedious Preamble ; to the End that all Things may be carried on decently and without Confusion, in the first Place it will be necessary to consider who shall be allowed as Members, and who shall be excluded. For too great a Company will make it look more like a Mob and a Riot

than a grave Assembly; and if we take in too few, it will seem to be something tyrannical: Therefore I humbly conceive, that no Virgin is to be admitted as a Member; because many Things may happen to be debated, that are not proper for them to hear.

Jul. But how shall we be able to know who are Virgins and who are not? Will you allow all those to be Virgins that pass for such?

Corn. No; but my Meaning is, that none but married Women be admitted among us.

Jul. But there are Virgins among those that are married; such as have Fumblers for their Husbands.

Corn. Well, but this Honour shall be allow'd to a married State, that all that have been married shall be allowed to be Women.

Jul. Under your Favour, if you exclude none but Virgins, we shall still have too great a Number.

Corn. Well then, those shall be excluded that have been more than thrice married.

Jul. For what Reason?

Corn. Because they ought to have their *quietus est*, as being superannuated. And I am of Opinion, that we ought to do the same by those that are upwards of 70 Years of Age. I think also, that it ought to be resolved, *Nemine contradicente*, that no Woman be allow'd particularly to mention her own Husband by Name too freely: It may be allowed to speak in the general; but that too ought to be done with Moderation and Decency.

Ca. But why may it not be allow'd us to talk freely of the Men here, when they are always talking about us every where? My *Titius*, whenever he has a Mind to divert his Company, tells them what he did with me in the Night, what I said to him, and oftentimes affirms what is false.

Corn. If we would speak the Truth, our Reputation depends wholly upon that of the Men; so that if we expose them, what else do we do but disgrace ourselves? And altho' indeed, we have a great many just Complaints against them;

yet, all Things being duly considered, our Condition is much preferable to theirs: For they, endeavouring to get a Maintenance for their Families, scamper thro' all the Parts of the Earth by Land and Sea. In Times of War, they are call'd up by the Sound of the Trumpet, stand in Armour in the Front of the Battle, while we sit at Home in Safety. If they transgress the Law, they are punish'd severely; but our Sex is spared. And in the last Place, for the most Part it is in our own Power to make our Husbands such as we would have them. But it remains, that we come to some Resolutions about Precedency in taking Places; lest it should be with us as it often happens among the Plenipotentiaries of Kings, Princes, and Popes, who in their Congresses, squabble away three Months at least in Punctilios and Ceremony, before they can sit down to Business. Therefore it is my Opinion, that none but Peeresses sit in the first Bench; and these shall take their Places according to the Degrees of their Nobility: First, those that have four; next, those that have three; after them, those that have two; then, those who have but one; and last of all, those who have but half a one: And in every Rank Regard shall be had to Antiquity. Bastards of every Rank shall sit in the lowest Place of it. The next Bench shall be that of the *Commons*; and of those, they shall sit in the foremost Places who have had the most Children; and between those who have had the same Number, Age shall decide the Difference. The Third Bench shall be for those who never had any Children.

Ca. Where do you intend to place the Widows?

Corn. Well remembred. They shall have their Seats in the Middle of the Mothers, if they have Children, or ever had any; those that have been barren, shall sit at the lower End of them.

Jul. Well, but what Place do you design for the Wives of Priests and Monks?

Corn. We will consider of that Matter at our next Meeting.

Jul. What do you determine about those Women who get their Living by their bodily Labour?

Corn. We will not suffer this Assembly to be polluted by the Mixture of such Cattle.

Jul. What will you do concerning kept Mistresses?

Corn. They are of several Ranks; we'll consider that when we are more at Leisure. There's another Matter to be considered of, How we shall give our Votes; whether by Scratching or Balloting, or by Word of Mouth, or Holding up our Hands, or by Dividing.

Ca. There are Tricks in Balloting, and so there are in Scratching; and if we give our Vote by Dividing, as we wear long Petticoats, we shall raise too much Dust; so that I am of Opinion, it will be the best Way for every one to give her Vote *viva voce.*

Corn. But it will be a difficult Matter to number the Votes. And then too, great Care ought to be taken, that it be not rather a *Billingsgate* than a *Senate,* [a Place of Scolding, rather than a Place of Pleading.]

Ca. It will be impossible to do any Thing without Clerks, to take Care that nothing be omitted.

Corn. Well then, we have taken Care about numbering; in the next Place, how shall we exclude scolding?

Ca. That no-Body speak but when she is asked, and in her Turn too. She that does otherwise, shall be expelled the House. And if any one shall be found to blab out what is transacted here, she shall incur the Penalty of a three Days Silence.

Corn. Well, Ladies, so far we have settled Matters, as to the Method of Proceeding; now let us consider what we shall debate about. In the first Place, we ought to take Care of our Honour; and that consists chiefly in Dress, which Matter has been so neglected, that now-a-Days you can scarce know a Dutchess from a Shop-Keeper's Wife; a married Woman from a Maid, or a Widow or a Matron, from a Whore. Modesty is remov'd at that Distance, that every one wears what Apparel she pleases. You may see those, that are scarce one Degree on this Side Beggars, and of a base and sordid Extraction, dress'd in their Velvets,

Silks, and water'd Tabbies, Garden Sattins, sprigg'd Callicoes and Chintzes, in Gold and Silver, Sable Tippets, *&c.* whose Husbands in the mean Time sit at Home cobbling Shoes. Their Fingers are loaded with Emerald and Diamond Rings; for Pearls are now made no Account of; not to mention their Amber and Coral Necklaces, their lac'd Shoes. It was formerly thought enough for your ordinary Women, to be allow'd the Privilege to wear a Silk Girdle, and to border their Petticoats with a Ribbon, in Honour of the Sex: But now we labour under a double Inconveniency; the Family is beggar'd, and Distinction, which is the Life and Soul of Quality, is quite lost. If the Wives of the Commonalty must be dragg'd about in gilded Chariots, adorn'd with Ivory Seats, and Cotton Linings and Coach-Seats, what shall Dutchesses and Countesses do? And, if a 'Squire's Spouse shall be allow'd to drag a Train after her of 15 Ells long, what must a Dutchess or a Countess do? But there is one Thing that is worse than all this, that by an unaccountable Fickleness we are always altering the Fashion. Formerly our Head-Dresses were mounted upon Wires; and by this Dress Women of Quality were known from ordinary ones. Again, that the Difference might be more visible, they wore Caps of Ermin powdered with black Spots: But the Mob had 'em presently. Then they altered the Fashion again, and wore black Caps; but Women of the ordinary Sort did not only presume to imitate them, but out-did them, by adding Gold Embroidery and Jewels to them. Formerly it was the Custom of Ladies of Quality, to comb up their Hair from their Foreheads and Temples, and to make a Tower of it; but this did not last long; for every Baggage soon fell into that Fashion. Then they wore their Hair on their Foreheads; but in this too they were soon followed by the ordinary Sort. Formerly none but Ladies of Quality had their Gentlemen-Ushers, and Pages, and out of these they chose some pretty smock-fac'd Fellow to take them by the Hand, when they arose from their Chairs, or to support their left Arm with his right, when they walk'd; but this Honour was

granted to none but Gentlemen. But now, Women in common following this Fashion, admit any mean Persons to this Office, and also to bear up their Train too. And whereas formerly, in primitive Times, none but Persons of high Extraction saluted one another with a Kiss, and did not permit every one to kiss them, no not so much as their Hand; now-a-Days a Tanner or Currier, that stinks of the Leather, shall presume to kiss a Lady of the highest Quality. Nay, even in Marriages, there is no Regard had to Honour: Noblemens Daughters are married to Tradesmens Sons, and Tradesmens Daughters to Noblemen; so that a Sort of Mongrels are brought into the World. Nor is there a Wench of ever so mean a Birth, but would presume to use the same Paints and Washes that the Quality use: when ordinary People ought to be satisfied with a little Ale Yeast, or the Fresh Juice of a Tree that has been barked, or any such Thing that costs but little: They ought to leave the fine Paints, Washes, and Cosmeticks, to Women of Quality. To come now to publick Entertainments and the Park, what Confusion and Disorder is there! A Merchant's Wife shall oftentimes refuse to give Place to a Lady of noble Descent both by Father and Mother: So that the present Posture of Affairs calls upon us to come to some Resolution as to these Matters: and these Things may be easily settled among us, because they belong to none but our own Sex. But there are also some Affairs that we have to settle with the Men too, who exclude us from all honourable Employments, and only make us their Landresses, and their Cooks; while they themselves manage every Thing according to their own Pleasure. We will allow them the Management of publick Offices, and military Concerns: But is it a sufferable Thing that the Wife's Coat of Arms should be painted on the left Side of the Escutcheon, altho' her Family is twice as honourable as that of her Husband's? And in the last Place, it is but just, that a Mother's Consent should be had in putting out the Children. And it may be, we shall gain the Ascendant so far, as to take our Turns in the

Administration of the publick Offices; but, I mean, only those that can be managed at Home, and without Arms. These are the chief Heads of the Matters, which, in my Opinion, deserve our Deliberation. Let every one here deliberate with herself upon these Matters, that an Act may be passed concerning every one of them; and if any one shall think of any Thing else, that is necessary to be debated, let her communicate it to Morrow: For we will sit *de die in diem* till we have concluded the Session. Let us have four Clerks, that may take down our Speeches; and two Chair-Women, who shall have the Power of giving Liberty to Speak, and of enjoining Silence: And let this Meeting be a Sample of what may be expected hereafter.

DILUCULUM: Or, The EARLY RISING.

The ARGUMENT.

This Colloquy is a very learned Chastisement of Sloth, and an Incitement to honest Studies. A Joke of Nasica, *to whom* Ennius's *Maid-Servant, by her Master's Order, told that he was not at Home.* Philypnus *was fast asleep after Eight a Clock in the Morning, having sat up till Midnight, feasting, gaming, and talking merrily.* Nephalius *persuades him to rise sooner in a Morning. The Morning is the golden Part of the Day. The Sun does not shine for Men to sleep by it. The Soul is rather to be taken Care of than the Body. The Life of Man is a Time of watching. It is in our own Power to lengthen out our Lives. It is not wholsome to study presently after Dinner. We must leave off an evil Habit.*

NEPHALIUS *and* PHILYPNUS.

NE. I wou'd have been glad to have met with you to Day, *Philypnus*; but your Servants deny'd that you were at Home.

Ph. They did not tell you altogether false; I was not at Home, indeed, to you; but I was never more at Home to myself.

Ne. What Riddle is this?

Ph. You know the old Proverb, *I don't sleep to all:* Nor

can you forget that pleasant Joke of *Nasica*; to whom, when he would have visited his old Friend *Ennius*, the Maid, by her Master's Command, deny'd him to be at Home. *Nasica* perceiv'd how Matters went, and departed. Afterwards *Ennius*, in his Turn, entering the House of *Nasica*, asks the Boy whether his Master was within or not: *Nasica* cries aloud from an inner Room, saying, *I am not at Home. Ennius*, knowing his Voice, cries, *Art thou not an impudent Fellow? Dost think I don't know thee when thou speak'st? Rather you*, says *Nasica*, *are the more impudent, who won't give Credit to me myself, when I believ'd your Servant.*

Ne. Perhaps you were very busy.

Ph. No, in Troth, I was most pleasantly at Leisure.

Ne. Again you perplex me with Riddles.

Ph. Why, then I'll speak plainly, and not call any Thing out of its Name.

Ne. Say on.

Ph. In short, I was fast asleep.

Ne. What say'st thou? what at past 8? when the Sun rises this Month before 4.

Ph. The Sun is very welcome to rise at Midnight, for all me; truly I love to sleep my Belly-full.

Ne. But was this by Accident, or is it your common Custom?

Ph. Why, truly I'm pretty much us'd to it.

Ne. But the Habit of Evil is most pernicious.

Ph. There's no Sleep so pleasant as after Sun-rising.

Ne. Prithee, at what Hour do you use to leave your Bed?

Ph. Why, some Time betwixt Four and Nine.

Ne. A very pretty Space of Time, truly! a Woman of Quality is scarce so long a dressing. But how came you into this agreeable Method?

Ph. Because we us'd to spend most Part of the Night in good Eating and Drinking, Play, Merriment, and what not; and this Expence we repair by a good sound Sleep in the Morning.

Ne. I scarce ever saw a Prodigal more undone than thee.

Ph. It seems to me rather Parsimony than Profuseness; for in the mean Time, I neither burn my Candles, nor wear out my Cloaths.

Ne. Ridiculous Parsimony! to destroy Jewels that thou may'st preserve Glass. The Philosopher was of quite another Opinion, who, being ask'd what was the most precious Thing, reply'd *Time.* Moreover, when it plainly appears, that the Morning is the best Part of the whole Day, you delight to destroy the preciousest Part of the most precious Thing.

Ph. Is that destroy'd which is giv'n to the Body?

Ne. 'Tis rather taking away from the Body; which is then best affected, most lusty and strong, when 'tis refresh'd by timely and moderate Sleep, and corroborated by early Rising.

Ph. But 'tis a pure pleasant Thing to sleep.

Ne. What can be pleasant to him who has no Sense of any Thing?

Ph. Why, that alone is pleasing, to have no Sense of Trouble.

Ne. At this Rate, those are most happy who sleep in their Graves; for they are never disturbed with troublesome Dreams.

Ph. They say, the Body is fed very much by Sleep.

Ne. This is the Food of Dormice, and not of Men. The Beasts, who are made only to eat, are cramm'd very fitly; but how does it relate to a Man to heap up Fat, unless that he may trudge on under the greater Burden? Tell me now, if you had a Servant, wou'd you have him fat and lumpish, or gay and sprightly, apt for any Employment?

Ph. But I am no Servant.

Ne. No Matter; 'tis enough for me, that you had rather have one alert, and fit for Business, than a Fellow stoutly cramm'd.

Ph. Certainly I wou'd.

Ne. Now, *Plato* says, *The Mind of a Man is the Man; the Body nothing more than the Mansion or Instrument.*

You'll certainly confess, I suppose, the Soul to be the principal Part of a Man; the Body, only the Attendant of the Mind.

Ph. Be it so, if you will.

Ne. Since then thou wou'dst not have a Belly-Gut for thy Servant, but rather one brisk and agile; why then dost thou provide for thy Mind a Minister fat and unwieldy?

Ph. I yield to Truth.

Ne. Now see another Misfortune. As the Mind far excels the Body; so you'll confess, that the Riches of the Mind far exceed the Goods of the Body.

Ph. What you say is very probable.

Ne. But amongst all the Goods of the Mind, Wisdom holds the chief Place.

Ph. I confess it.

Ne. For obtaining this, no Time is more fit than the Morning, when the new-rising Sun gives fresh Vigour and Life to all Things, and dispels those Fumes which are exhaled from the Stomach; which are wont to cloud the Mansion of the Mind.

Ph. I don't deny it.

Ne. Now, do but consider what a Share of Learning you might obtain in those four Hours which you consume in unseasonable Sleep.

Ph. Truly, a great Share!

Ne. I have experienc'd that more may be done at Study in one Hour in the Morning, than in three after Noon; and that without any Detriment to the Body.

Ph. I have heard as much.

Ne. Consider this further: If you should bring into a gross Sum the Loss of each particular Day, what a vast Deal would it amount to!

Ph. A great Deal indeed!

Ne. He who heedlessly confounds Money and Jewels, is deem'd a Prodigal, and has a Guardian appointed him: Now, he who destroys these so much more precious Goods, is not he a Prodigal of a far deeper Dye?

Ph. Certainly 'tis so, if we rightly weigh the Matter.

Ne. Consider further what *Plato* writes, *That there is nothing fairer, nothing more amiable than Wisdom; which, if it could be seen by corporeal Eyes, would raise to itself an incredible Number of Admirers.*

Ph. But she is not capable of being seen.

Ne. I own she is not with corporeal Eyes; but she is to be seen with the Eyes of the Mind, which is the better Part of Man. And where the Love is incredible, there must necessarily be the highest Pleasure, as often as the Mind enjoys so pleasing a Mistress.

Ph. What you say is very probable.

Ne. Go now, if you think good, and barter this Enjoyment for Sleep, that Image of Death.

Ph. But in the mean Time I lose my dear nocturnal Sports.

Ne. Those Things are well lost, which being worst are changed for the best, shameful for honourable, most vile for the most precious. He has happily lost his Lead who has changed it into Gold. Nature has appointed the Night for Sleep; the Sun arising recalls all the animal Species, and especially Men, to their several Offices. *They who sleep,* (saith St. *Paul*) *sleep in the Night; and they who are drunken, are drunken in the Night.* Therefore, what can be more unseemly, than, when all Animals rouze with the Sun, nay, some even before his Appearance, and as it were with a Song salute his coming; when the Elephant adores the rising Sun; Man only shou'd lie snoring long after his Rising. As often as his golden Rays enlighten thy Chamber, does he not seem thus to upbraid thee, as thou liest sleeping? *Fool! why dost thou delight to destroy the best Part of thy Life? I shine not for this Purpose, that you may hide yourselves and sleep; but that you may attend your honest Employments.* No Man lights a Lamp to sleep by, but that he may pursue some Sort of Labour; and by this Lamp, the fairest, the most refulgent of all Lamps, wretched Thou dost nothing but snore.

Ph. You declaim smartly.

Ne. Not smartly, but truly. Come on, you have often heard that of *Hesiod*, *'Tis too late to spare when all is spent.*

Ph. Very frequently; for in the Middle of the Pipe, the Wine is best.

Ne. But in Life the first Part, that is to say, Youth is best.

Ph. Verily, so it is.

Ne. And the Morning is the same to the Day, as Youth is to Life. Do not they then act foolishly, who spend their Youth in Trifles, and their Morning Hours in Sleep?

Ph. So it appears.

Ne. Is there any Possession which may be compared with a Man's Life?

Ph. No, not the whole *Persian* Treasure.

Ne. Wou'dst thou not vehemently hate the Man, that by evil Arts cou'd and wou'd curtail thy Years, and shorten thy Thread of Life?

Ph. I'd rather do my Endeavour to destroy his Life.

Ne. But I deem those far worse, and more guilty, who voluntarily render their own Lives shorter.

Ph. I confess it, if any such are to be found.

Ne. To be found! 'Tis what all, who are like thee, do.

Ph. Good Words, Man.

Ne. The best. Thus consider with your own Self, whether *Pliny* has spoken justly or not, when he says, *All Life is one continued Watching, and he lives most, who employs the greatest Part of his Time in Study?* For Sleep is a Kind of Death; therefore the Poets feign it to come from the infernal Shades; and it is call'd by *Homer*, the *Cousin-German of Death*; and so, those who sleep can scarce be number'd either amongst the Dead or Living; but of the two, they seem most properly nam'd amongst the Dead.

Ph. I am intirely of your Opinion.

Ne. Now tell me fairly, how much of Life do they cut off, who every Day destroy three or four Hours in Sleep?

Ph. Truly, a vast Deal.

Ne. Would not you esteem him as a God, if there were an Alchymist, who cou'd find a Way to add ten Years to the

Length of your Life, and when you are advanc'd in Years, reduce you to Youth and Vigour?

Ph. Ay, why should I not?

Ne. And this so divine Blessing, thou may'st obtain from thy own Self.

Ph. Which Way?

Ne. Because the Morning is the vigorous Youth of the Day; this Youth flourishes till Noon; the Evening succeeds by the Name of Old-Age; and call Sun-set the Article of Death. *Frugality is a handsome Income*, and never more necessary than in this Case. Now, has he not been a great Gainer, who has avoided losing the greatest and best Part of Life?

Ph. All these Things are too true.

Ne. How intolerably impudent then must they seem, who accuse Nature, and complain that the Life of Man is short and little, when they themselves voluntarily cut off so great a Part of that little which Nature gave? Life is long enough, if Men would but use it prudently. Nor has he made a small Progress, who knows how to do every Thing in Season. After Dinner, we are scarce half Men, when the Body loaded with Meats, burdens and oppresses the Mind; nor is it safe to excite, or draw up the Spirits from Nature's Kitchen, the Stomach, where they are employ'd in the Business of Concoction. After Supper, much less. But in the Morning a Man is effectually, and all a Man, when his Body is apt and fit for every Employment; when the Soul is active, and in full Force; and all the Organs of the Mind serene, and in Tranquillity; whilst it breathes a Part of that *divine Flatus* (as one says,) has a Relish of its great Original, and is rapt, or hurried on to commendable Actions.

Ph. Truly, you harangue very elegantly.

Ne. Agamemnon, in *Homer*, tells us, *'Tis unbecoming a Man of Counsel to sleep the whole Night.* How much greater then the Fault, to spend so much of the Day in Sleep?

Ph. True; but this has Respect to a Man of Counsel. I am no General of an Army.

Ne. If there is any Thing more dear to you than yourself, don't be mov'd, or affected by this Opinion of *Homer*. A Brasier will rise before 'tis Light, only in Hopes of some poor Advantage. And has not the Love of Wisdom Power to rouze and stir us up, that we may at least hear the approaching Sun calling us forth to Profit inestimable? Physicians rarely give Physick but in the Morning. They know the Golden Hours, in which they may assist the Body; and shall we be ignorant of those precious Hours, in which we may heal and enrich the Mind? Now, if these Things are of small Weight with you, hear what *Solomon* says. Wisdom, heavenly Wisdom herself speaks, *They who seek me early, shall find me.* So in the holy *Psalms* what Praise and Commendation is there of the Morning Seasons. In the Morning the Prophet extols the Mercy of the Lord; in the Morning his Voice is heard; his Prayers come before God in the Morning. And, according to *Luke* the Evangelist, *The People*, seeking from the Lord Cure and Instruction, *flock'd together to him early in the Morning.* Why dost thou sigh, *Philypnus*?

Ph. I can scarce refrain weeping, when I consider what a Waste I have made of Life.

Ne. 'Tis all in Vain to torment yourself about those Things which cannot be recall'd, but may nevertheless be repair'd in Time to come. Apply yourself to this; rather than in vainly deploring what is past, lose also some Part of the future.

Ph. You advise well. But long Habit has intirely overcome me.

Ne. Phy! One Nail drives out another; and Custom is overcome by Custom.

Ph. But 'tis difficult to forego those Things to which we have been long accustom'd.

Ne. In the Beginning, I grant; but a different Habit first lessens the Uneasiness, anon changes it into the highest Pleasure; so that it won't repent you to have undergone a short Discipline.

Ph. I am afraid 'twill never succeed.

Ne. Why, truly, if you were seventy Years of Age, I would not attempt to draw you from your wonted Course ; but, if I guess right, you are scarce seventeen ; and what is there that that Age is not able to overcome, if there be but a willing Mind ?

Ph. I will attempt it, and endeavour of a *Philypnus* to be made a *Philologus*, of a Lover of Sleep, a Lover of Learning.

Ne. If you do this, my *Philypnus*, I am very well satisfied, after a few Days, you will congratulate yourself, and give me Thanks who advis'd you.

ΝΗΦΑΛΙΟΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ.

The SOBER FEAST.

The Argument.

The Sober Feast produces Symbols (Motto's, Devices) learned Arguments, and other curious Things. The Patience of Phocion. *The Justice of* Aristides, *who was forced away (from his own Country) by the Ostracism: His great Patience.* Socrates, *a very patient Man. The Way of overcoming Injuries. The Patience of* Cato. *How* Diogenes *avenged himself upon an Enemy. The Saying of* Phocion, *when he had defended a wicked Man by his Patrociny.* Democharés, *the Nephew of* Demosthenes, *treats* Philip *of* Macedon *unhandsomly. The Way of getting a good Name. The witty Answer of a certain* Laconian *Damsel, when she was selling in an Auction. The Moderation of* Philip *of* Macedon, *when three great Felicities befel him upon one and the same Day.*

ALBERT, BARTHOLINE, CHARLES, DENNIS, ÆMILIUS, FRANCIS, GYRALDUS, JEROM, JAMES, LAURENCE.

AL. Did you ever, in your Life, see any Thing more pleasant than this Garden?

Ba. I scarce think that there is a pleasanter Spot of Ground in all the fortunate Islands.

Ch. I can't but fancy myself viewing that Paradise that God plac'd *Adam* in.

Den. Even a *Nestor* or a *Priamus* might grow young again, if they were here.

Fr. Nay, if a Man was dead, it would fetch him to Life again.

Gy. If it was possible I would add to your Hyperbole.

Jer. Upon my Word, all Things look wonderful Pleasant.

Ja. In short, this Garden ought to be dedicated with a drinking Match.

La. Our *James* speaks much to the Purpose.

Al. This Place has been formerly initiated with such Ceremonies. But I would have you observe by the Way, that I have nothing here to make you a Dinner, except you'll be content with a Collation without Wine. I'll treat you with Lettices without either Salt, Vinegar, or Oil; here's not a Drop of Wine, but what flows out of this Fountain. I have here neither Bread (to eat with the Sallad) nor Cup (to drink out of.) And the Season of the Year is such, that it is more proper for feeding the Eyes than the Belly.

Ba. But I suppose you have gotten playing Tables, or Bowls, we'll dedicate the Garden with Playing, if we can't with Feasting.

Al. Since there is such a Set of jolly Fellows of us met together, I have something to propose, as to the Consecration of the Garden, that, I am of Opinion, you'll confess is far before either Gaming or Banquetting.

Ch. What's that?

Al. Let every one furnish his Quota, and I dare engage we shall have a noble and delicate Feast.

Æm. What can we furnish, that are come hither unprovided?

Al. Unprovided, who have your Intellectuals so well furnished!

Fr. We long to hear what you would be at.

Al. Let every one produce the neatest Observation, that his Week's Reading has furnished him with.

Gy. Very well proposed; nothing can be more agreeable to such Guests, such an Entertainment, and such a Place. Do you begin, we'll all follow you.

Al. If you agree to it, I won't stick out. I was mightily pleased to Day to find so Christian-like a Sentence in a Man who was no Christian; it was that of *Phocion*, a Man, than whom there was not a more divine one, nor more regardful of the publick Utility in all *Athens*. When he had been invidiously sentenc'd to Death, and was about to drink his Poison, being ask'd by his Friends, what Message he had to send to his Children; he answered, he only requir'd of them, that they would ever banish this Injury out of their Memories.

Ba. You will scarce find an Example of such notable Patience amongst either the *Dominicans* or *Franciscans*. And I'll present you with one Instance that is something like this, tho' it does not come up to it. *Aristides* was very like *Phocion* for Integrity, so that the common People gave him the Surname of the *Just*; which Appellation raised him so much Envy, that this good Man, that deserv'd so well of the Common-Wealth, was banish'd for ten Years from his native Country. When he understood that the People was offended at nothing but that Appellation, tho' that had always been to their Advantage, he patiently submitted. Being in Banishment, his Friends asking him what Punishment he wish'd to the ungrateful City, he reply'd, *I wish them nothing, but so much Prosperity, that they may never once remember* Aristides.

Ch. I wonder that Christians are not asham'd of themselves, that are in a Rage upon the Occasion of every trifling Affront, and will have Revenge, cost it what it will. The whole Life of *Socrates*, in my Opinion, is but one continued Example of Temperance and Patience. And that I may not be scot-free, I'll mention one Instance that pleases me above the rest. As he was going along the King's Highway, a saucy Fellow hit him a Slap on the Face; *Socrates* said nothing to him, but his Friends that were with him, advised

him to be reveng'd on him. To which he reply'd, *What would you have me do to him?* They reply'd, *Arrest him in an Action of Assault and Battery. A foolish Story indeed,* says he; *What,* says he, *suppose an Ass had given me a Kick, must I sue him upon the same Action, and* subpœna *you for Evidences of the Injury offered?* intimating, that that saucy Fellow was no better than an Ass; and that it was the Part of a mean Soul, not to be able to bear such an Affront from a Numb'd-Skull, as he would from a brute Animal.

Den. The *Roman* History is not so well stored with Instances of Moderation, nor so remarkable; for in my Opinion, he does not deserve the Praise of Moderation, that strenuously labours to bring haughty Persons under Subjection, and then spares them when they are in his Power: But yet I think it deserves to be related, what *Cato* the Elder said, when *Lentulus* spit in his Face, and threw Snot in it. He said nothing to him but this, *Hereafter I shall have an Answer ready for them that shall say, you are a Man that have no Mouth (Os)* for the *Latins* us'd to say, that he that has no Shame in him, has no *Os*; so that the Joke depends upon the double Meaning of *Os* (which signifies the Mouth and the Countenance.)

Æm. One Man is pleas'd with one Thing, and another with another. But among *Diogenes*'s Sayings, which are all excellent ones, none charms me more than the Answer he made to one that ask'd him, *What was the best Way to be revenged on an Enemy?* Says he, *By approving yourself an honest good Man.* I can't but admire how so divine a Thought could ever come into his Mind. And, methinks, the Saying of *Aristotle* is agreeable to St. *Paul*'s Notion; who being ask'd by a certain Person, *What Advantage his Philosophy afforded him,* answered him, *That by Reason of it, he did those Things voluntarily, which other Persons did by Constraint, and for Fear of the Law:* For St. *Paul* teaches, that those that are endued with the Love of Christ, are not under the Subjection of the Law, in that they do more of their own Accord, than the Law can influence them to do for Fear of Punishment.

Fr. Our Saviour, when the *Jews* murmured against him, because he had Communion at the Table with Publicans and Sinners, answered them, *The whole have not need of a Physician, but those that are sick.* That which *Phocion* in *Plutarch* wittily answer'd, when he was reprehended because he had patronized a Person infamous, and of an ill Character, is not very different from this: *Why should I not*, says he, *when no good Man stands in Need of such a Patronage?*

Gy. That is a Pattern of Christian Goodness, and according to the Example of God himself, to do Good both to good and bad, as much as may be; *For he causes his Sun to shine upon the just and unjust.* And perhaps an Example of Moderation in a King will be more admirable. When *Democharés*, the Nephew of *Demosthenes*, was sent Ambassador to *Philip* King of *Macedon*; and having obtain'd of him what he desired, being about to have his Audience of Leave, was courteously ask'd by the King, if there was any Thing else he requested of him; he answered, *Yes, that he would hang himself.* This unhandsome Answer was an Argument of Hatred: He to whom this Affront was offered was a King, and a worthy one too; but for all that, he did not fall into a Passion, but only turning to the Ambassador's Retinue, said, *Do you report this to the People of* Athens, *and then let them judge, which has the greater Soul of the two, I who heard this patiently, or he who spoke it saucily.* Where are now our Monarchs, who think themselves equal to the Gods themselves; and for a single Word spoken over a Glass of Wine, will immediately wage War?

Jer. The Thirst of Glory is very impetuous, and many are carry'd away by the Violence of it. One of that Number put the Question to *Socrates*, Which was the shortest Way to get a good Reputation? To whom he answer'd, *If you shall behave yourself like such an one as you would be accounted to be.*

Ja. In Troth I don't know what could be said more concisely and to the Purpose. A good Name is not to be obtain'd by wishing for, but is a Concomitant of Virtue, as

Infamy is of Improbity. You have been admiring of Men; but the *Laconian* Maid charm'd me, who being to be sold at a Sale, the Person who was to buy her, came to her, and ask'd her, *If I buy you, will you be honest?* She answered, *Yes, I will, whether you buy me or not;* intimating, that she retain'd an Affection to Honesty, not upon the Account of any other Person, but was honest of her own Inclination, and upon this Notion, that Virtue was its own Reward.

La. A very manly Saying, indeed, for a Maid! But after all, this, in my Opinion, is an Example of Constancy against Fortune, flattering to the utmost Degree; That when three extraordinary Felicities were related to *Philip* of *Macedon* on the same Day; That he had won the Prize in the Olympic Games, that his General *Parmenio* had overcome the *Dardans* in a Battle, and that his Wife *Olympia* was brought to Bed of a Son; lifting his Hands up to Heaven, he pray'd that God would be pleas'd that so mighty a Prosperity might be expiated by a small Adversity.

Al. Now-a-Days there is no Prosperity so great, that any one fears the Invidiousness of Fortune; but is so puffed up, if any good Luck happens to him, as if *Nemesis* were either dead, or at least deaf. Well, if you like this Dinner, this Garden shall entertain you as often as you will, since you have consecrated it with this Conversation, that is no less pleasant than profitable.

Ba. In short, *Apitius* himself could not have furnish'd a more dainty Entertainment; so that if you like what we have brought, you may depend upon our Company often, which Things indeed are not worth your hearing, but are such as came into our Minds without any Premeditation: But when we have Time to think before-Hand, we'll afford you something more exquisite.

Al. You shall be so much the more welcome.

The NOTABLE ART.

The ARGUMENT.

Ars notoria *derides the vain Boastingness of a bold Pretence of a certain Book, promising the Knowledge of Languages and Science in fourteen Days Time. A good Apprehension and Method is the most compendious Way to attain Arts.* (1.) *To love Studies.* (2.) *To admire them.* (3.) *To take Notice when Honour is done to Men of Learning. Those that have not a retentive Memory, must follow their Studies the more closely.* (1.) *Let it be your first Care throughly to apprehend the Matter.* (2.) *To repeat it over with yourself.* (3.) *To render the Mind tame, that it may dwell upon Thought; for a fickle Mind is unfit for Literature.* (4.) *To keep Company with learned Men. In a Word, Care, Love, and Assiduity are the best Arts of helping the Memory.*

DESIDERIUS, ERASMIUS.

DE. How do you succeed in your Studies, *Erasmius*?

Er. But very slowly; but I should make a better Proficiency, if I could obtain one Thing of you.

De. You may obtain any Thing of me, provided it be for your Good; do but tell me what it is.

Er. I believe there is nothing of the most hidden Arts, but what you are acquainted with.

De. I wish I were.

Er. I am told there is a certain compendious Art, that

will help a Man to accomplish himself with all the liberal Sciences by a very little Labour.

De. What is that you talk of? Did you ever see the Book?

Er. I did see it, and that was all, having no Body to instruct me in the Use of it.

De. What was the Subject of the Book?

Er. It treated of various Forms of Dragons, Lions, Leopards; and various Circles, and Words written in them, some in *Greek*, some in *Latin*, and some in *Hebrew*, and other barbarous Languages.

De. Pray, in how many Days Time did the Title-Page promise you the Knowledge of the Arts and Sciences?

Er. In fourteen.

De. In Truth a very noble Promise. But did you ever know any Body that has become learned by that notable Art?

Er. No.

De. No, nor no Body ever did, or ever will, till we can see an Alchymist grow rich.

Er. Why, is there no such Art then? I wish with all my Heart there was.

De. Perhaps you do, because you would not be at the Pains which is requir'd to become learned.

Er. You are right.

De. It seem'd meet to the divine Being, that the common Riches, Gold, Jewels, Silver, Palaces, and Kingdoms, should be bestow'd on the slothful and undeserving; but the true Riches, and such as are properly our own, must be gotten by Labour. Nor ought we to think that Labour troublesome, by which so valuable a Thing is procured; when we see a great many Men run thro' dreadful Dangers, and work their Way thro' unimaginable Labours, to get temporary Things, and such as are really vile too, if compar'd to Learning; and do not always attain what they strive for neither. But indeed the Pains that Studies cost, are mingled with a great Deal of Sweetness, if you make but a little Proficiency

in 'em. And again, it is for the most Part in your own Power to cut off the greatest Part of the Tiresomness of attaining them.

Er. How is that to be done?

De. In the first Place, by bringing your Mind to the Love of Studies. And secondly to admire 'em.

Er. How must that be done?

De. Consider how many Learning has enrich'd, how many it has promoted to the highest Honours: Then again, consider with yourself, how great the Difference is between a Man and a Beast.

Er. You give very good Advice.

De. Then you ought to tame, and bring your Mind to be consistent with itself; and to take Pleasure in those Things that bring Profit rather than Pleasure. For those Things that are honourable in themselves, altho' they are something troublesome in the Beginning, yet they grow pleasant by Use; and by that Means you will give the Master less Trouble, and you will more easily make a Progress; according to the Saying of *Isocrates*, which deserves to be written in Gold Letters on the Cover of your Book; *Ἐὰν ἦς φιλομαθὴς ἔσῃ πολυμαθής, If thou be desirous to learn, thou shalt learn many Things well.*

Er. I am quick enough at Apprehension, but I presently forget what I have learned.

De. Then you tell me your Vessel is leaky.

Er. You're much about the Matter; but what Remedy is there for it?

De. Why, you must stop the Chinks that it don't run out.

Er. What must I stop 'em with?

De. Not with Moss, nor Mortar, but with Diligence. He that learns Words, and does not understand the Meaning of 'em, soon forgets 'em; For Words, as *Homer* says, have Wings, and easily fly away, unless they be kept down by the Weight of the Meaning. Therefore let it be your first Care thoroughly to understand the Meaning of them, and then frequently revolve them in your Mind, and repeat them;

and then, as I have said, you ought to break your Mind, that it may be able to use Application as often as is necessary; for that Mind that is so wild, that it can't be brought to this, is not fit for Learning.

Er. I know too well how hard a Matter that is.

De. Whosoever has so voluble a Mind, that it cannot fix itself upon any Thought, he neither can attend long on the Person teaching, nor fix what he has learn'd in the Memory. An Impression may be made even upon Lead, because it is fixed; but no Impression can be set upon Water or Quicksilver, because they are fluid. But if you can but bring your Mind to this, if you converse constantly with Men of Learning, whose Discourses do daily produce so many Things worthy Notice, you may learn a great Deal with but little Pains.

Er. That is very right.

De. For besides the Table-Talk, their daily Conversation after Dinner, you hear eight fine Sentences, collected out of the most approv'd Authors; and after Supper as many. Now do but reckon up what a Sum this will amount to in a Month, and how many more in a Year.

Er. A very large Sum, if I could but remember them all.

De. And then, again, when you hear nothing but true *Latin* spoken, what hinders you, but that you may learn *Latin* in a very few Months, when Lads, who have no Learning, do learn the *French* or *Spanish* Tongue in a very little Time?

Er. I will take your Course, and try whether I can bring this Mind of mine to submit to the Yoke of the Muses.

De. I know no other notable Art, but Industry, Delight, and Assiduity.

The SERMON, or MERDARDUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Here Erasmus *inveighs against a certain* Franciscan, *whom he calls* (Merdardus) *a shitten Divine, that had carp'd at his Version of the Virgin* Mary's *Song call'd* Magnificat. *He describes the Man's Person who had call'd* Erasmus *Devil, and cavill'd at his translating it,* quia respexit Dominus ad humilitatem ancillæ suæ, *when the Virgin* Mary *was higher in Dignity than the Angels. Whether or not* vilitas *answers to* τῇ ταπεινώσει. Respicere ad *and* aspicere, *wherein they differ.* Respicere aliquem *and* Respicere ad aliquem. Humilitas *is us'd by the* Latins, *as well in Respect to the Mind, as the Condition. The Place in* Col. ii. 18. *is explain'd, as also* James i. 9, 10. *The Difference between* ταπείνωσις *and* ταπεινωφροσύνη. *The Tenor of the Song itself shews that the Virgin speaks of her own Unworthiness, which* Erasmus *elegantly explains. The stupid Ignorance of the Monks, who say* Vestimenta *for* Vestes. *A Crew of saucy Knaves, that make even Kings stand in Awe of them.*

HILARY *and* LEVINUS.

HIL. Good God! What Monsters there are in the World! What, Men in holy Orders to be asham'd of nothing! why certainly they think they are talking to Mushrooms, and not to Men.

Lev. What's that which *Hilary* mutters to himself? I fancy he's making Verses.

Hil. What would I give, had I but the stopping of that Babbler's nasty Mouth with a Turd?

Lev. I'll speak to him. How now? what, *Hilary* not merry!

Hil. You're come in very good Time, *Levinus*, for me to discharge myself of this Uneasiness too.

Lev. If you discharge your Stomach, I had rather you should do it into a Bason than upon me. But prithee, what's the Matter, and where have you been?

Hil. Been! I have been hearing a Sermon.

Lev. But what should a Poet concern himself with Sermons for?

Hil. I have no Aversion to holy Duties, but I have happen'd to drop into this Performance, which is to be call'd so in the Sense that *Virgil* calls *Avarice* so: But it is such Sort of *Billingsgate* Parsons as these, that are the Occasion that I seldom go to Church.

Lev. But where was this Sermon preach'd?

Hil. In the Cathedral.

Lev. What, in the Afternoon? Men commonly take a Nap after Dinner.

Hil. I wish all that were hearing that Babbler had been asleep, for he was scarce fit to preach to a Flock of Geese.

Lev. A Goose is a noisy Creature. But they say St. *Francis* once preach'd to a Sisterhood of little Birds, who heard him with a great Deal of Attention. But prithee tell me, do they use to preach on *Saturdays*?

Hil. Yes, they do in Honour of the Virgin *Mary*; for Christ's Day is on *Sunday*, and it is meet the Mother should be serv'd first.

Lev. What was the Text?

Hil. He went thro' the Song of the Virgin *Mary*.

Lev. That's a very common Argument.

Hil. The fitter for him that preach'd upon it, for I believe he never learn'd any Argument but this; as they say there

are some Priests who can say no Part of the Common Prayer, but the Service for the Dead.

Lev. Well then, let him be call'd the *Magnificat* Preacher, or if you will, the *Magnificatarian.* But what Sort of a Fellow is he? what Habit does he wear?

Hil. He's a Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing.

Lev. What House did he come out of?

Hil. The *Franciscans.*

Lev. How say you, a *Franciscan*? what, one of that holy Order? It may be he is one of those that are call'd *Gaudentes*, that wear Garments of a brown Colour, whole Shoes, a white Girdle; and make no Scruple (I tremble to speak it) to touch Money with their bare Fingers.

Hil. Nay, none of them, I'll assure you; but of those that call themselves *Observants*, that wear Ash-colour'd Garments, Hempen Girdles, cut and slash'd Shoes, and would rather commit Murder than touch Money without Gloves.

Lev. It is no strange Thing for a Nettle to grow in a Rose-Bed; but who brought this Fool upon the Stage?

Hil. You'd say so the rather, if you were but to see the Buffoon. He was a swindging great Fellow, with a red Face, a paunch Gut, and a hopper Arse: You would take him to be a Master of the Science, and one that I verily believe drinks more than one Pint of Wine at a Meal.

Lev. But how can one come by so much Wine, that has no Money to buy it?

Hil. King *Ferdinand* allows them four Pints a Day out of his Cellar.

Lev. A Bounty indeed very ill bestow'd: But it may be he was a Man of Learning.

Hil. Nothing in the World but Impudence and Noise.

Lev. But how came *Ferdinand* to be so much out of the Way, as to bestow his Bounty upon a Blockhead?

Hil. Why, to tell you in brief, his pious Inclination and bounteous Disposition led him aside; he was recommended to him, and he was one of them that carried his Head upon his right Shoulder.

Lev. So Christ hung upon the Cross. But was there a great Auditory?

Hil. How could it be otherwise at *Augsburg*, in the great Church there, where there was so great a Concourse of Sovereign Princes, whom the Emperor *Charles* had drawn together from all Parts of *Germany*, *Italy*, *Spain* and *England*? And besides, there were a great many Men of Learning present at the Sermon, especially of the Courtiers.

Lev. I should wonder if such a Swine should produce any Thing worthy of such an Auditory.

Hil. I'll assure you he did produce a great many Things worthy of himself.

Lev. What were they, prithee? but first, pray tell me his Name.

Hil. That is not convenient.

Lev. Why so, *Hilary*?

Hil. I don't love to gratify such Fellows.

Lev. Prithee hold thy Tongue: Is that a gratifying of them to expose 'em?

Hil. It is the greatest Gratification in the World to them to become noted, be it by what Means it will.

Lev. Well do but tell me the Name, I won't mention it again.

Hil. He is call'd *Merdardus*.

Lev. *Merdardus*! phoo, I know him very well; he's the very same Man that lately at an Entertainment call'd our *Erasmus* a Devil.

Hil. He did so: but however, he was taken up for it; for those that were the most favourable to him, took it to be the effect of his Wine, and look'd upon it accordingly.

Lev. But what Excuse had he when he was reprov'd for it?

Hil. He said he did not speak it seriously.

Lev. Seriously! how should he, when he had neither Seriousness nor Sense in him?

Hil. But it is, in my Opinion, and also of all learned Men, an unsufferable Thing, that this nasty Fellow should set forth his nasty Ware so publickly, in so venerable a Place,

before such an Auditory, and in the hearing of so many great Princes.

Lev. I am with Child to hear what it was he said.

Hil. He foolishly raved against our *Erasmus*, saying a great many scurvy Things of him, the Substance of which was as follows : There is, says he, in our Days a new up-start Doctor call'd *Erasmus*: My Tongue fail'd me, I would have said *Asinus*. Then he inform'd the People what *Asinus* signify'd in the *German* Tongue.

Lev. A very comical Fancy !

Hil. Was it so very comical, do you think ? I think it was rather very foolish.

Lev. Was it not very comical that such an Ass as he should call any Body Ass, and much less *Erasmus*? I am confident, had *Erasmus* been there, he would not have forborn laughing.

Hil. In Truth, he resembles an Ass as much by his Stupidity, as he does by the Colour of his Cloaths.

Lev. I believe all *Arcadia* does not produce an Ass that is so much of an Ass, or better deserves to be fed with Hay than he does.

Hil. In short, he is *Apuleius* turn'd inside out ; for *Apuleius* hid a Man under the Form of an Ass, but this Fellow hides an Ass under the Shape of a Man.

Lev. In short, we make so many of these Asses pamper'd with Wine and Dainties, that it's no Wonder if they bite and kick all that come near them.

Hil. This Dr. *Ass*, says he, presumes to correct the *Magnificat*, notwithstanding it is a Song of the holy Spirit's own inditing, pronounced by the Mouth of the most holy Virgin herself.

Lev. I know the Proverb of the Brothers.

Hil. And then he sets it out in Words, as tho' it was the utmost Pitch of Blasphemy.

Lev. Now my Heart aches for Fear of the Crime committed.

Hil. Why, he said *Erasmus* had translated that which the

Church uses in the *Litany* in these Words: *Quia respexit Dominus humilitatem ancillae suae*, thus, *Quia respexit vilitatem ancillae suae.——Because the Lord hath regarded the Lowliness of his Handmaid;* he has translated it, *The Lord hath regarded the Vileness of his Handmaid.* And that Word sounds worse in *High-Dutch*, than it does in *Latin.*

Lev. Who will not own that it were a horrid Blasphemy for any one to call the most holy Mother of Christ (who was higher in Dignity than the Angels themselves) a vile Handmaid?

Hil. Why, suppose any one should call the Apostles themselves unprofitable Servants?

Lev. I would find Faggots to burn such a Blasphemer.

Hil. What if any one should say that famous Apostle *Paul* was unworthy the Name of an Apostle?

Lev. I would have him burnt for a Heretick.

Hil. And yet Christ himself, that Teacher who cannot be refuted, taught his Apostles to speak after this Manner: *When you have done whatsoever is commanded you, say, We are unprofitable Servants.* And St. *Paul*, not unmindful of this command, says of himself, *I am the least of all the Apostles, and not worthy the Name of an Apostle.*

Lev. Ay, but when godly Men say such Things of themselves, it is their Modesty, than which nothing is more well-pleasing to God: But if any Body else should say such Things of them, especially such as are gone to Heaven, it would be Blasphemy.

Hil. You have made out the Matter finely: then if *Erasmus* has said that the adorable Virgin was *a vile Handmaid* of the Lord's, there is no Body but would say this was impiously spoken. But inasmuch as she speaks of herself after that Manner, it is for her Glory, and furnishes us with an Example of Modesty; because as whatsoever we are, we are by the Grace of God; so the greater any Person is, the more humbly he ought to behave himself.

Lev. I agree with you so far. But those Persons, when they say they correct, intend to corrupt or falsify. But

then we ought to see, whether the Word *vilitas* answers to the *Greek* Word that *Luke* made Use of.

Hil. For that very Purpose I made Haste from the Sermon, to consult the Text.

Lev. Pray let me hear what you gather'd thence.

Hil. The Words which *Luke*, by the Inspiration of the Holy Spirit, writ with his holy Fingers, are thus, ὅτι ἐπέβλεψεν ἐπὶ τὴν ταπείνωσιν τῆς δούλης αὐτοῦ; our *Erasmus* has translated, *Quia respexit ad humilitatem ancillae suae.* He only adds the Preposition, which *Luke* himself did not leave out; which is no inelegant *Latin*, nor is superfluous as to the Sense. *Terence in Phormio* speaks in the same Form, *Respice ad me.* But in the Annotations we find, *Luke* rather said, *aspice ad me*, than *respice ad me.*

Lev. Why then, is there any Difference between *respicere* and *aspicere*?

Hil. Not very much, but there is some: He *respicit*, who, turning his Head, looks at those Things that are behind him; He *aspicit*, who simply looks upon. As in *Terence*, *Phædria* looks upon *Thais* coming out of Doors, saying, *Totus, Parmeno, tremo horreoque postquam aspexi hanc.* But the Brother *Chaerea* speaks thus, *Quum huc respicio ad virginem;* for he had turned himself toward the old Man, and when he had done, turned his Body back again to the Maid. But yet sometimes *respicere* is used, for to have Regard to, or Care of any Thing, either coming on us, or that is present: So the Satyrist uses it;

Respicere extremae jussit spatia ultima vitae.

For Death follows us as pressing upon our Backs, at which we look back as often as we think of it. And *Terence* says, *Respice senectutem tuam:* Therefore he, that being intent upon any Thing else, does not take Care of his Children, is said *illos non respicere:* And on the other Hand, he that throwing off other Cares, turns his Thoughts this Way, is very elegantly said *respicere.* But God, at one View, sees all Things past, present, and to come; but yet in the holy Scripture he speaks to us after the Manner of Men. He is

said *aversari* those whom he rejects, *respicere* those whom he bestows his Favour upon, after having seemed to neglect them for some Time. But *Luke* had expressed this more fully, if he had said ἀπέβλεψεν; now we read it ἐπέβλεψεν: but read which you will, the Sense is much the same.

Lev. But then the Preposition repeated seems to be superfluous.

Hil. It is certain the *Latins* speak in this Manner; *Accessit ad me; appulit animum ad scribendum.* I don't think the Preposition is superfluous in this Sentence: For he may be said *respicere*, who happens to look back, directing his Sight to no particular Object; but when it is expressed *respexit ad me*, there is a peculiar Favour of the Person's being willing to succour this or that Person expressed. So *aspicimus* Things sometimes that come in the Way by Chance, that we have no certain Care of, nay, even those Things that we have no Mind to see: But whosoever *ad aliquem aspicit*, is in a peculiar Manner attent to that which he beholds. And then again, *aspicimus*, we behold many Things at once; but not *aspicimus*, we have Regard to many Things at once. Therefore, the Holy Spirit designing to signify to us a singular Favour toward the Holy Virgin, thus expresses it by her own Mouth, *Quia respexit ad humilitatem ancillae suae.* He turns away his Eyes from those that are lifted up, and great in their own Opinions, and fixes them upon her who is very low in her own Eyes. Nor is it to be doubted, but there were a great many learned, mighty, rich, and noble Persons, who hoped for the *Messiah* to come of their Stock: But, God despising them, turn'd the Eyes of his most merciful Favour upon a Virgin of an obscure Character, mean in the World, marry'd to a Carpenter, and not inrich'd with any Off-spring.

Lev. But, I hear nothing all this While of *vilitas* [Vileness.]

Hil. That was the Sycophant's own Word, and none of *Erasmus*'s.

Lev. But, perhaps, he uses the Word *vilitas* in the Annotations.

Hil. No not at all. Indeed, upon the Word ταπείνωσιν he very modestly observes thus, *Ut intelligas parvitatem, non animi virtutem; sitque sensus: Etsi sim infima ancilla, tamen non est aversatus me Dominus: That thou mayst understand it of Meanness, not of the Virtue of the Mind; and the Meaning must be: Altho' I be a very mean Handmaid, yet the Lord hath not disdained me.*

Lev. If this is true, and so pious, what is it that these wild Asses bray at?

Hil. Why, it is Ignorance of the *Latin* Tongue that makes them cause this Disturbance. Humility, with the Antients, who spoke most correctly, did not signify that Virtue of the Mind that is opposite to Arrogance, and is call'd *Modesty*, but a meaner Sort of Condition; in that Sense that we call ignoble, poor, private, and despised Persons, *humiles*, as if we should say *humi repentes.* And, as when speaking to great Personages, we say, We entreat your Highness to do me the Favour; so they, who speaking of themselves, would extenuate their own Circumstances, use to say, We pray, that out of your Humanity, you would assist our *humilitatem* [low Estate.] For, the Emphasis of Pronouns Primitive carries in it oftentimes a Sort of Arrogancy: As, I say, I will cause. So that the Maiden two Ways very modestly both extenuates her own Condition, and extols the Munificence of the divine Being; not being content to style herself a Handmaid, but also a humble one, one of the meanest Circumstances. According to the old Proverb, *There is Difference in Servants*; so in Maid-Servants, one is better than another, as to the Dignity of their Office: A Waiting-Gentlewoman is more honourable than a Laundry-Maid.

Lev. But I wonder that *Merdardus* should not be acquainted with that Form of Expression, seeing I myself have often heard the *Franciscans* thus speaking, *mea parvitas* [my Meanness] gives you Thanks for this noble Entertainment.

Hil. Some of them would not be out of the Way if they said *mea pravitas* [my Naughtiness.] But, because the

Greek Word ταπεινοφροσύνη seems to express something more than the *Latin* Word *Modestia*, Christians have chose rather to use the Word *Humilitas* [Humility,] than *Modestia* [Modesty,] that is, they had rather speak significantly than elegantly: For, he is said to be modest, that thinks moderately of himself; arrogating nothing to himself more than he deserves. But the Commendation of ταπεινοφροσύνη, [Humility,] belongs only to him that ascribes less to himself than he hath.

Lev. But then there is Danger, lest while we affect to be modest, we happen to be vain.

Hil. How so?

Lev. Why, if *Paul* spoke Truth, in saying, *I am not worthy to be call'd an Apostle*; and if *Mary* said truly, that *she was a mean Handmaid*, that is, one of the meanest Circumstances; then, they run the Hazard of Lying, who set them out in so magnificent Titles.

Hil. My good Friend, here's no great Danger in that; for, when we set out good Men, or Women, with Praises, in that we speak forth the Goodness of God to them; but when they debase themselves, they have an Eye to what their own Strength and Merits are, if it were not for the Grace of God. Nor is it of Necessity a Lye, if any one does not lay claim to what he has; if he speaks as he thinks, it can at most be but a Mistake, it can't be call'd a downright Lye: And God is pleased when we are in this Error.

Lev. Paul, who denies *that he was worthy to be called an Apostle*, in another Place speaks very magnificently of himself, recounting his Performances; *I have*, saith he, *laboured more than all, and those who seem to be something, have added nothing to me:* Whereas we don't read the holy Virgin said any Thing of this Nature.

Hil. But *Paul* calls these Performances his Infirmities, by which the Power of God was manifested; and likewise, calls the Mention of them Folly, to which he was compell'd by the Wickedness of some false Apostles, who had render'd it necessary for him to lay Claim to his Apostolical Authority;

not that he delighted in human Glory, but because it was expedient for the Gospel, the Dispensation of which was committed to him. The Virgin had not the same Reason; she had not the Office of preaching the Gospel committed to her. Besides, the utmost Decency and Modesty became her, as a Woman, as a Virgin, and as the Mother of *Jesus*. Now I come to the Original of this Error. They that do not understand *Latin*, think Humility signifies nothing but a notable Modesty; when it is often made Use of as to Place or Condition, and not as to any Virtue of the Mind; and sometimes it is so applied to the Mind, as to signify that which is Blame-worthy.

Lev. What, in the holy Scriptures?

Hil. Yes. Here's a Place for you in the Epistle of *Paul* to the *Colossians*, Chap. ii. *Let no Man seduce you in a voluntary Humility and Worshipping of Angels.* Nor is it in this Place ἐν ταπεινώσει, which is the Word that is in the *Virgin*'s Song, but ἐν ταπεινοφροσύνῃ. The Place, I confess, has something of Difficulty in it; but I take that to be the genuine Sense of it, that learned Men have accurately given it: *Be ye not of so low and abject a Mind, as having once dedicated yourselves to Christ, the only Author of Salvation, to suffer yourselves to be persuaded to hope for Salvation from Angels, whom some pretend to have appeared to them. Be ye of so high a Mind, as that if any Angel, who really came from Heaven, should preach any other Gospel than that Christ hath delivered, let him be accursed, as a wicked Angel, and an Enemy to Christ: Much less is it fit, that you should be of such abject Minds, as to suffer yourselves to be led away from Christ by their feigned Apparitions. To hope for Salvation from Christ alone, is Religion; to expect it from Angels, or Saints, is Superstition. Paul* therefore means, that it is the Part of an abject Mind, and not that exalted Mind of Christ, to swerve aside to the fictitious Apparitions of Angels; and it is the Part of a mean Mind to be led about by every Body's Persuasion. Here you see, that ταπεινοφροσυνη is us'd in a bad Sense.

Lev. I see it.

Hil. Again, in the same Chapter, *After the Commandments and Doctrines of Men, which Things have indeed a Shew of Wisdom in Will-Worship and Humility.* Here again, ταπεινοφροσύνη is used in a bad Sense.

Lev. It is plain.

Hil. Again, in 1 *Pet.* v. it is used for that Virtue which is contrary to Pride, τὴν ταπεινοφροσύνην ἐγκομβώσασθε, for which we read, *be cloathed with Humility.* And again, in the 2*d* of *Philippians*, τῇ ταπεινοφροσύνῃ ἀλλήλους ἡγούμενοι ὑπερέχοντας ἑαυτῶν. *In Lowliness of Mind let every one esteem another better than himself.*

Lev. You have made it out, that ταπεινοφροσύνη is used both Ways, when the *Romans* use *modestia* only by Way of *Commendation*; but can you prove that ταπείνωσις is used for Modesty?

Hil. There is no Absurdity in using of it so. There is nothing hinders but that we may attribute *Submission* and *Lowliness*, to the Mind: But whether or no it be so used in the holy Scriptures, I cannot tell.

Lev. Consider if St. *James* uses it in that Sense or not, *Let the Brother of low Degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low.*

Hil. In that Place it is ἐν ταπεινώσει, not ταπεινοφροσύνῃ. And if you will needs have it, that here Humility is taken for Modesty, it follows of Consequence, that we must take Exaltation for Pride; and then arises a twofold Absurdity. For, as he is no modest Man that boasts of his Modesty, and brags of himself; so also he is doubly arrogant that glories in his Pride.

Lev. What then does the Apostle mean?

Hil. He commands Equality among Christians. The poor Man is said to be low, in that he is of a meaner Fortune; the rich Man is said to be high in the Eye of the World, because of the Splendor of his Fortune. This rich Man debases himself to the Condition of a poor Man, and the poor Man is raised to be equal with the rich Man. They

have both of them something to glory in ; the one rejoices in his helping the Necessity of the Poor with his Riches ; the other glories in the Name of Christ, that he has inspired such a Spirit into the Rich.

Lev. But all this While the rich Man enjoys the Commendation of his Modesty too.

Hil. Perhaps he may ; but it does not thence follow, that ταπείνωσις signifies Modesty. For there are some Persons who bestow a great Deal upon the Poor, that they may gain a good Name among Men. But indeed, both of them may be modest, if they are truly pious : the rich Man, when it is not burdensome to him, for Christ's Sake, to be made equal with the Poor ; and the poor Man, that he does not become puffed up with the Honour conferred upon him, but, giving Thanks to Christ, glories in him. It is beyond Dispute, that ταπείνωσις is frequently used in the holy Scriptures, to signify that Lowliness of Mind, or Dejection, which proceeds from Affliction, or Infirmity. Thus *Paul*, in the 3*d* to the *Philippians*, *Who shall change our vile Bodies*, ταπεινώσεως. In like Manner in *Psalms* 9, 13. *Consider my Trouble, which I suffer of them that hate me ;* ταπείνωσιν. And again, in *Psalm* 1, 18. *This hath comforted me in mine Humility*, ἐν ταπεινώσει, that is to say, in Affliction. There are a great many Texts of the like Kind, too many to be mentioned here. Therefore, as ταπεινός may be metaphorically expressed ταπεινόφρων, that is, of a modest Mind, and not puffed up ; so it will be no strange Thing for any one to use ταπείνωσις for ταπεινοφροσύνη if we speak according to the Scripture Phrase. But, as for those who will have it that ταπείνωσις signifies Modesty of Mind in the Song of the Virgin *Mary*, and at the same Time do in like Manner interpret what we read, *Gen.* 29. *The Lord hath looked upon my Affliction,* ταπείνωσιν ; *Leah* does not boast of her Modesty ; but in that, by Reason of her Deformity, she was less pleasing to her Husband, she calls her Affliction. After the same Manner in *Deuteron.* 26. *And looked on our Affliction, and our Labour, and our Oppression.* Does he not call ταπείνωσιν Affliction ?

Lev. What is in their Minds then, who, in the Song of the Virgin, interpret ταπείνωσις Modesty of Mind?

Hil. I can give no Reason for it; but that our Divines neglect the Knowledge of Language, and the Study of the *Latin* Tongue, and the antient Fathers, who cannot be thoroughly understood without these Helps: And add to this, 'tis a hard Matter to remove Prejudice, when once 'tis fixed in the Mind. And besides, you see some Persons attribute so much to the Maxims of Schools, that they will rather reduce the Scripture to them, than correct their human Notions by it.

Lev. But that is more absurd than what we read of the *Lesbian* Rule.

Hil. Bede the Monk, no very grave Author, whensoever he departs from the received Opinions, in Relation to the Word ταπείνωσις, makes Mention of Pride. But *Theophylact*, a *Greek* Writer, who form'd his Notions chiefly from the most approved *Greek* Writers, denies that ταπείνωσις is here to be taken for a Virtue.

Lev. But what Need is there to have Recourse to Authority, when the common Opinion of Men rejects that Interpretation?

Hil. You say very well; for inasmuch as Modesty is, as it were, the Perfection and Defendress of all Virtues, it would be Immodesty in any one to praise himself for it. I will allow that this Virtue was most perfect, and incomparable in the holy Virgin (I mean, Christ excepted;) but in this very Thing she is the more commendable for Modesty, in that she does not praise herself, but acknowledging her own Meanness, ascribes the Greatness of the Mystery to Divine Mercy. *Mary*, say they, *for her Modesty deserved to be the Mother of God.* I will allow this to be true in a Sense: but pray what Modesty is it for the Virgin to say this of herself?

Lev. Nay, more than that, the very Tenor of the Song declares, that she speaks of her own Unworthiness, and therefore thus begins: *My Soul doth magnify the Lord.* But

she that shall say, *I deserve to be the Mother of God for my Modesty*, magnifies herself, and not the Lord; and therefore anon she adds, *For behold, from henceforth all Generations shall call me blessed. Behold* signifies the Thing was sudden and unexpected. He does not expect to have the highest of Honours, that does not judge himself worthy of any Honour at all. Nor is that said to be a Happiness, that is obtain'd by Merit; for *Horace* denies that himself was to be call'd happy, in that he was adopted into the Number of *Mæcenas*'s Friends.

Hil. Why so?

Lev. Because it was the Effect of Judgment, and not mere Favour: *Mæcenas* render'd this to him, because he adjudg'd it due to his Merit.

Hil. And to the same Purpose is that which follows: *For he that is mighty hath done to me great Things, and holy is his Name:* She does not say, *He hath done to me great Things because he judg'd me worthy;* but *because he is mighty*, and doth whatsoever he will, and maketh them meet for his Favour who are unworthy. She has said *holy* instead of *glorious*. By how much we arrogate to our own Merits, by so much we detract from the Glory of the Divine Being: For, as St. *Paul* says, *His Power is made perfect in our Weakness.* And immediately, in the same Verse, *He hath deposed the Mighty from their Seats, and exalted the Men of low Degree:* Not ταπεινόφρονας, but ταπεινούς, *i. e.* that he may oppose the despised in the Eye of the World to Men of Power. The Sequel explains this Verse after the Manner of the Prophet's speaking, *The hungry hath he filled with good Things, but the rich hath he sent empty away.* Those who just now were call'd Men of low Degree, here are call'd hungry, that is, poor; those who in one Place are call'd *mighty*, are here call'd *rich Men.* In the next Verse there is Mention made of Mercy diffusing itself thro' all the Nations of the World. In the last Verse she makes Mention of her Confidence in God's Promises, *As he hath spoken*, &c. Throughout the whole Song there is a setting forth

the Glory, that is, the Power, the Goodness and Truth of God: There is no Mention at all made of Merits.

Lev. But as Pride commonly accompanies Power and Riches, so Poverty teaches Modesty.

Hil. I don't deny that it sometimes so falls out; but you may oftentimes see poor Men that are very proud: If you deny that, I shall instance to you the many *Merdards* that there are in the World. But for once, suppose I allow it, though it is not always so. The Question is not here, what Sort of Person the most holy Mother of Christ was, but what she says of herself in this Song.

Lev. I admire at the Obstinacy of those Persons, who have been so often refuted, and laugh'd at for their Folly; and that they are not brought to a Recantation.

Hil. How often have they been told, that Declamation is the treating on a fictitious Theme, wont to be made Use of to exercise the Faculty of speaking? and yet their Sermons are nothing else but Declamations. How often have they been told, that he is a Batchelor that has no Wife, tho' he keeps six hundred Concubines? and yet they will have it, that Celibacy is only Continency and Chastity. It is the same as to Humility, and a great many other Things.

Lev. Whence proceeds this obstinate Stupidity?

Hil. I answer you, I say, it proceeds from the *Merdards that are in the World:* They never would be at the Pains to learn when they were young; nor have they any Books nor Opportunity to learn; and if they have wherewithal to furnish themselves with Learning, they had rather lay it out upon their Bellies. They think the Sanctity of their Garment is enough in Conscience to gain them a Reputation for Piety and Learning. And, in the last Place, they think it is some Part of Religion to know as little *Latin* as St. *Francis* did himself.

Lev. In Truth, I know a great many that are like their Patron in that, who say, *capero* for *galerus*, and as I think *vestimenta* for *vestes*. But St. *Francis* always refus'd the Honour of a Presbyter; and so I think St. *Benedict* and

Dominic did likewise. But now-a-Days they, with their *Vestimenta* at their Arse, won't refuse a Cardinal's Hat, if it be offer'd them.

Hil. A Cardinal's Hat, say you? no, nor a triple Crown neither. And those humble Sons of poor St. *Francis*, will put forth their Slippers to be kiss'd by the greatest Monarchs in the World.

Lev. And then if you should use the Term *Vilitas* to 'em, it would be an unpardonable Crime.

Hil. Unpardonable indeed, if by Vile you mean that which is of small Account among Men, or seems contemptible to itself. But what Need is there to make an Excuse for that which was not said?

Lev. But was not *Merdardus* asham'd to tell that Lye, and at Church too, and in one of the most famous ones, and in the Hearing of a great Assembly of Monarchs, a great many learned Men, that had read over *Erasmus*'s Writings?

Hil. Asham'd, say you? no, the Buffoon thought he deserv'd the Laurel for it; for this is the fourth Vow of the *Merdardians*, that they observe more religiously than the other three, Not to be asham'd of any Thing.

Lev. There are indeed a great many that are very studious of that.

Hil. But this was not a single Lye neither; for in the first Place, the Song of *Mary*, as *Luke* wrote it, remains untouch'd. How can he be said to correct any Thing, that makes no Alteration in it? And then the Word *Humilitas* is not alter'd, nor is there any Mention made of *Vilitas*. And in the last Place, he does not correct the Song, who translates faithfully what *Luke* wrote, but only explains it.

Lev. I perceive a threefold Lye, very like such a Buffoon.

Hil. But hold, you have not heard the greatest Piece of Impudence yet.

Lev. What, have you any more then?

Hil. He exclaimed against that Ass as the Head, Author, and Ringleader of all the Tumults that are in the Christian World.

Lev. Said he so?

Hil. And that it is to be charged upon him, that the Church is torn in Pieces by so many Sectaries, that the Clergy are despoil'd of their Tythes, that the Bishops are set light by, and the sacred Authority of the Pope himself is every where disregarded; that Ploughmen play the Part of the old Gigantic Race.

Lev. Does he say these Things publickly?

Hil. Publickly? ay, and makes a mighty Clamouring too.

Lev. But they are quite of another Mind, that have attentively read over the Writings of *Erasmus.* A great many of them will acknowledge, that they have from his Performances collected the Seeds of true Piety. And this Fire that has been kindled by the Monks, is gotten to that Height, that all the Endeavours they use to put it out, are but just as if you should pour Oil into a Fire.

Hil. You see what an evil Beast the Belly is.

Lev. You have hit the Nail on the Head. It is indeed for the Interest of such Fellows, that there be a great Deal of Superstition in the Christian World, and but a very little true Religion. But what said the Auditory? could they bear to hear such an Ass bray in the Pulpit?

Hil. Some wonder'd what was come to the Man. Those that were of a cholerick Temper, went out of the Church murmuring, saying, We came to hear the Praises of the holy Virgin set forth, and this drunken Fellow is vomiting out his mere Calumnies upon us. And there were a great many Women present.

Lev. This Sex us'd to be mighty Admirers of this Order of Men.

Hil. You say right: But the Women perceiv'd what Sort of a Fellow he was. And some that were Women of reading were uneasy, and some hissed him.

Lev. But an Ass does not mind hissing; such a railing Fellow ought to have been pelted out of his Pulpit with rotten Eggs and Brick-Bats.

Hil. There were some that thought he deserv'd it, and would have done it, had it not been for Respect to the Place.

Lev. The Reverence of a Place ought not to protect such as profane it by their Impiety: As he that within the Verge of the Court murders a Man, it is not meet the Church should be a Sanctuary to him; so in like Manner, he that in sacred Discourses abuses, not only Peoples Patience, but also the Sanctity of the Place, ought not to be skreen'd by the Place, that he has by his Temerity profaned. He was commended by the Antients, that would not permit any Person to be Consul, who had not been a Senator: So it is not meet that he should be a Clergyman, that knows not how to preach a Sermon.

Hil. Folks are afraid of the Bishops Thunder-Bolts, *Si quis instigante Diabolo*, &c. You know the Law.

Lev. The Bishops ought rather to level their Thunder-Bolts at such Railers.

Hil. They themselves are afraid of these Fellows.

Lev. Whom are they afraid of?

Hil. Why, of these bawling Fellows.

Lev. Why so?

Hil. Because they are bawling Fellows.

Lev. The Apostles were not afraid of the Menaces of Kings and Rulers; and are they afraid of a single Beggar?

Hil. For that very Reason they are the more to be fear'd, because they are Beggars; they have nothing to lose, but they have Tongues to hurt: Go but to a Wasp's or Hornet's Nest, and do but touch one of them with your Finger; and if you come off well, come to me again, and then call the Bishops Drones, that are afraid of irritating one of these Beggars. Do not the most powerful Monarchs of the Christian World revere the Pope; nay, and perhaps are afraid of him too?

Lev. That's no Wonder, inasmuch as he is the Vicar of Christ.

Hil. Well; but it is reported of Pope *Alexander* VI. who was no Fool, nor Blockhead neither, that he us'd to say, *He had rather offend one of the greatest Monarchs, than the least Brother of the Order of Mendicants.*

Lev. Well, let's not meddle with Popes: But when the Princes that were at *Augsburg* heard it, did they not punish him for it?

Hil. They were all highly provok'd at him, but especially King *Ferdinand*, and his Sister *Mary*, the Ornament of her Sex in this Age, and *Bernard* Cardinal of *Trent*, and *Balthasar* Bishop of *Constance*; and this Preacher was severely chid, but by no Body more severely, than by *John Faber* Bishop of *Vienna*.

Lev. What signifies chiding? an Ass minds nothing but a Cudgel.

Hil. Especially if you give him Belly-Timber. But what should Princes trouble their Heads about such a silly Fellow as he for? they had Things of far greater Consequence to Mind.

Lev. They should at least have silenced him from preaching, and taken away his Pension.

Hil. But the cunning Rogue put off the spitting his Venom, till just at the breaking up of the Diet, and they were just going away.

Lev. They say the Devil goes away so, leaving a Stink behind him.

Hil. He was dismiss'd by King *Ferdinand*, but was in very good Case, as to his Corpse; for the Chiding he met with, did not make him abate of his Flesh.

Lev. It is reported of St. *Francis*, that he preach'd a Sermon to his Sisters the Birds; but he seems only fit to preach to his Brethren the Asses, and Hogs. But whither went he, when he had done?

Hil. Whither should he go, but to his Cell? where he was receiv'd with Applause by his Comrades, for having acted his Part so bravely and successfully; and when they got over their Cups, instead of *Io triumphe*, they sung *Te Deum*.

Lev. This *Merdardus* deserves to wear his Rope about his Neck, rather than his Waist. But what can we wish bad enough to that foolish Society, that maintains such Cattle as this is?

Hil. You can scarce think of any Thing to wish them worse, than what they bring upon themselves ; for by such Doings as these especially, they make themselves odious to all good Men, and bring themselves into Contempt more effectually than an Enemy can do. But it is not a Christian Spirit to wish ill to any one ; but we ought rather to wish, that the most merciful Creator and Reformer of all Things, who made *Nebuchadnezzar* an Ox of a Man, and again turned him from an Ox to a Man ; and gave the Tongue of a Man to *Balaam*'s Ass ; would amend all who are like this *Merdardus*, and give them Understanding and Utterance becoming Men that profess the Gospel.

The LOVER of GLORY.

The ARGUMENT.

Symbulus *shews the Way to true Glory, and a good Name.* (1.) *That a Man should labour to be really such a one as he would be accounted.* (2.) *That he should endeavour to imitate famous Men, who nevertheless have been accused of various Crimes.* Cato *the Elder was accused forty Times.* (3.) *That he should take Care not to overdo Things.* (4.) *That he be of an easy bearing Temper in Relation to other Persons Manners, winking at small Faults.* (5.) *Not obstinate and fond of his own Opinion.* (6.) *That he should be courteous,* &c. *It is impossible to please every one.* (7.) *That as much as in him lies, he should deserve well of all. This is to be effected, partly by good Offices, and partly by Beneficence. Some Persons have naturally this Felicity, that whatsoever they do pleases.* (8.) *Courtesy and engaging Carriage gain Respect.* (9.) *Inconstancy is to be avoided.* (10.) *We must deviate but little from Nature, but not at all from that which is Honest.* (11.) *The Customs of Men and Nations are to be observ'd.* (12.) *If we are under a Necessity to do any Thing that will necessarily displease, let it appear that it was our Will to have done otherwise.* (13.) *Let us always do that which is just and honest.* (14.) *The Tongue is the Cause*

why many Persons are envy'd. How we ought to commend or discommend. (15.) *To write Books on an uncommon Subject, and to do it with Accuracy, is an Inlet to a good Reputation.* (16.) *Envy, when it begins first to rise, must be overcome by good Offices.*

PHILODOXUS, SYMBULUS.

PHI. I promise myself Happiness, that I have met with you, *Symbulus.*

Sym. I wish, *Philodoxus*, it were in my Power to make you happy in any Thing.

Phi. What can be more felicitous, than for God to meet a Man?

Sym. Indeed I should account that much more lucky than the Flight of a thousand Night-Owls; but what God is it you Mean?

Phi. Why, 'tis yourself I mean, *Symbulus.*

Sym. What me!

Phi. Even yourself.

Sym. I always thought, that those Gods that did their Business backwards, were not worth a Straw.

Phi. If the Proverb be true, *That he is a God that helps a Man*, then you are a God to me.

Sym. I leave the Proverb to be made out by other People; but as for me, I would do any Service I can to my Friend with all my Heart.

Phi. Well, *Symbulus*, don't be in Pain, I an't about to borrow any Money of you: Counsel is a sacred Thing, only give me your Assistance with that.

Sym. That is only demanding what is your own, since this Office ought to be mutual among Friends, as indeed should every Thing else. But what is it you want my Counsel in?

Phi. I am weary of living in Obscurity, I have a great Mind to become famous; prithee tell me how I may become so.

Sym. O, here's a short Way for you ; imitate *Erostratus*, who set *Diana*'s Temple on Fire ; or *Zoilus*, who carped at *Homer* ; or do some memorable Villainy or other ; and then you will be as famous as the *Cercopes* or *Nero.*

Phi. They that like it, may get themselves a Name by Impiety ; I am ambitious of a good Name.

Sym. Then be such a one in Fact, as you would be in Name.

Phi. But a great many Persons have been virtuous, that were never famous.

Sym. I question that ; but however, if it be as you say, Virtue is a sufficient Reward to itself.

Phi. You speak very true, and much like a Philosopher. But for all that, as Times go, in my Opinion, Glory is the chief Reward belonging to Virtue, which delights to be known, as the Sun does to shine ; for this very Reason, that it may benefit a great many, and draw them to an Imitation of itself. And then lastly, I don't see how Parents can leave a fairer Fortune to their Children, than the immortal Memory of a good Name.

Sym. Then, as I understand you, you would have Glory gotten by Virtue.

Phi. That's the very Thing.

Sym. Then set before you, for Imitation, the Men that have been celebrated by the Pens of all Men, such as *Aristides*, *Phocion*, *Socrates*, *Epaminondas*, *Scipio Africanus*, *Cato Senior*, and *Cato* of *Utica*, and *Marcus Brutus*, and the like ; who both by War and Peace studied to deserve as well as possible of the Common-Wealth. This is the fertile Field of Glory.

Phi. But among those famous Men, *Aristides* suffered Banishment for ten Years, *Phocion* and *Socrates* drank Poison, *Epaminondas* was accused of Treason, and so was *Scipio* ; *Cato* the Elder being accus'd, was oblig'd to plead forty Times in his own Defence, *Cato* of *Utica* kill'd himself, and so did *Brutus.* But I would have Glory without Envy.

Sym. Ay, but that is more than *Jupiter* granted even to

Hercules himself; for after he had tamed so many Monsters, last of all he had *Hydra* to engage with; and that was the longest Engagement of 'em all.

Phi. I would never envy *Hercules* the Glories of his Labours; I only account them happy Men that obtain a good Name, not sullied with Envy.

Sym. I perceive you'd have a pleasant Life, and for that Reason are afraid of Envy; nor are you in the wrong, for that is one of the worst of Monsters.

Phi. It is so.

Sym. Then live a private Life.

Phi. But that is to be dead, and not to live.

Sym. I understand what you would be at; you would walk in the Sun, and have no Shadow.

Phi. That's impossible.

Sym. And so it is equally impossible to obtain Glory, and be free from Envy; Glory accompanies Well-doing, and so does Envy Glory.

Phi. But the old Comedian tells us, that Glory may be without Envy, saying, *Ita ut facillime sine invidia laudem invenias et amicos pares.*

Sym. If you will be content with that Praise, which young *Pamphilus* gain'd by Obsequiousness and Agreeableness of Humour, you may from the same Place fetch the Method of obtaining what you desire so earnestly. Remember in every Thing, *Ne quid nimis*, [not to over-do any Thing] but yet *Mediocriter omnia*, [all Things with Moderation] be easy in bearing with the Manners of other Persons, taking no Notice of small Faults; and do not be obstinate and tenacious of your own Opinion, but be comformable to the Tempers of others; don't contradict any one, but be obliging to all.

Phi. Many Persons have a mighty Affection for Youth, and so it is no hard Matter to obtain such Praise as that. That which I would have is a certain Gloriousness of Name, that should ring all the World over, that should increase in Illustriousness, as I do in Age, and be most renowned after my Death.

Sym. I commend the Greatness of your Mind, *Philodoxus*; but if you are ambitious of a Glory that proceeds from Virtue, it is the chiefest Virtue to be regardless of Glory, and the highest Commendation not to aspire after Praise, which follows them most that endeavour to shun it. Therefore you ought to take Care, lest the more strenuously you pursue it, the more you be frustrated of it.

Phi. I am not an insensible *Stoic*, I am subject to human Affections.

Sym. If you acknowledge yourself to be a Man, and don't refuse to submit to those Things that are human, why do you pursue those Things which are denied, even to God himself? for you know that Saying of *Theocritus*, that was as truly as it was wittily said, *Jovem nec pluvium, nec serenum, placere omnibus; That* Jupiter *does not please all Men, either when he sends Rain or fair Weather.*

Phi. Perhaps there is no Fire, but there is some Smoke; but yet there are some Things that are without Smoke. Altho' it be impossible for a Man to obtain a Glory, that shall not be obscur'd with some Cloud or other of Ill-will; yet I believe there are some Methods to be taken, that there shall be but very little of Enmity mixed with it.

Sym. Shall I tell you what those Methods are?

Phi. I should be very glad to know them.

Sym. Shew your Virtue but sparingly, and you shall be the less troubled with Envy.

Phi. But Glory is no Glory, unless it be notable.

Sym. Well, I'll tell you a sure Way: Do some noble Exploit, and die; and then you shall be renown'd without Envy, as the *Codri*, the *Menœcei*, the *Iphigenii*, the *Decii* and *Curtii were.*

Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quiescit.

Envy is maintain'd among the Living, but ceases after Death.

Phi. Indeed, to confess ingenuously, I would leave the Inheritance of a good Name to my Children and Grand-Children; but I would have some Enjoyment of it myself while I am alive.

Sym. Well, come, I won't keep you any longer in Suspence. The surest Way to obtain an illustrious Name, is to deserve well, as well in a private Capacity, of every particular Person, as in a publick Capacity, of the whole Community; and that is to be done partly by good Offices, and partly by Bounty: But Bounty is so to be moderated, as not to be obliged to take away forcibly from one, what you bestow upon another; for from such Bounty as this, there arises more ill Will from the good, than good Will from the bad. And besides, to be commended by the bad, is rather an Infamy than a Reputation. Moreover, the Fountain of Bounty will be drawn dry by frequent Donations: But that Bounty that consists in good Offices has no Bottom; the more it is drawn, the more it springs: But there are a great many Things that mitigate Envy, and illustrate Glory; which no Body can give to himself, but they happen purely from the Bounty of God himself.

Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus.

That Virtue is the more lovely, that comes from a beautiful Body.

But no Man can bestow upon himself Comeliness of Person. Nobility carries along with it much of Dignity, but this is the Gift of Fortune. The same Opinion we ought to have of Riches, which being justly gotten by Grandfathers or Great-Grandfathers, descend to us by Inheritance. Nor can any one bestow this upon himself. Of the same Kind are Quickness of Wit, a Grace in Speaking, Pleasantness and Courteousness, that is not acquired, but in-bred; and in the last Place, a certain internal Beauty and Felicity; the Effect of which we see daily in a great many, but can give no Reason of it: so that we often see the same Things to be said and done by different Persons, and he that acted and said the worst, obtain'd Favour, when he who did and said best, instead of Thanks, gain'd ill Will. The Antients indeed ascribed this Effect to Mens *Genius*; for they said that every one was fortunate in that which he was born to; and, on

the other Hand, whatsoever any one attempted against the Grain, and the Consent of his *Genius*, would never succeed.

Phi. Then here is no Room for Advice in this Case.

Sym. Very little: But yet Persons of Penetration do discover in Children and Youth some secret Marks, by which they can conjecture what Studies, what Sort of Life, and what Actions they are fitted for. So also as to those Things that are good, there is a certain secret Instinct of Nature in us, that we have an Aversion for some Things, without any apparent Cause, and are carried on with a wonderful Propensity to others. Hence it is that one is an expert Soldier, another a good Politician, and another, you would say, was born to be a Student. And in these Things too, there is an admirable Variety, as great as is the Diversity of Employments. Nature has framed one for a General, another for a good common Soldier; and where Nature has been most bountiful, there the same Person may be fit to command or obey, as *Homer* says. So likewise in civil Affairs, one is a good Counsellor; another a good Barrister; another is made for an Ambassador, and performs that Office with great Success. What Need is there to mention the Variety of Inclinations? There are some who are so strongly inclined to a monastick Life, and yet not every one neither, but to this or that particular Order, that they take no Pleasure of their Lives, if they do not attain it; when, on the other Hand, others have so strong an Aversion for that Sort of Life, that they had rather die than be made Monks: Nor is this because they hate that Way of Living, or can give any Reason for it, but by some secret Instinct in Nature.

Phi. As you say, I have often found many such Instances, and have admired at them.

Sym. In these Gifts that Nature liberally bestows upon us, a Person shall be much less liable to Envy, if a Man be not proud and ostentatious. Beauty, Nobility, Wealth, Eloquence, appear the most lovely in those Persons that seem not to know they are endow'd with them. Courtesy and Modesty do no Way lessen these Advantages; but as they

add a Grace to them, so they drive away Envy. And this Courtesy and Sweetness of Temper ought to go along with all the Actions of our Lives, unless it be contrary to our Nature; for, in my Opinion, *Xenocrates* would have attempted in vain that which *Socrates* and *Diogenes* succeeded in; *Cato* the Censor would in vain have endeavour'd after that which gain'd *Laelius* so much good Will. Yet *Demea* in *Terence* being alter'd so on a sudden, is a sufficient Instance of what Efficacy it is in gaining good Will, to suit ourselves with Persons Inclinations and Humours: but as often as Men deviate from Right, they degenerate from true Glory to the temporary Favour of Man; but that Glory only is lasting, which is founded upon Honesty, and comes from the Judgment of Reason: For the Affections make their temporary Efforts, and when they have once spent themselves, we begin to hate what before we loved vehemently, and hiss what before we clapp'd, and condemn what before we commended: But tho' the Disposition can't be wholly alter'd, yet it may in Part be corrected.

Phi. I want to hear what you aim at.

Sym. He that is of a complaisant Temper, ought to be careful, lest while he labours to ingratiate himself with all Persons, he deviates from Honesty: and lest, while he endeavours to accommodate himself to all Company, he changes his Shape so often, that none can tell what to make of him.

Phi. I know a great many such slippery Blades, at whose Vanity one cannot forbear blushing.

Sym. But then again, they who are of a rugged Temper, ought to endeavour so to affect Courtesy, as that what they do may not seem to be counterfeit; or by ever and anon falling into their natural Propensity, instead of Commendation get a double Disgrace, first for acting rigidly, and then for being inconsistent with themselves. For Constancy has so great an Efficacy, that they who are naturally of a bad Temper, are the easier borne with for this Reason, because they always act like themselves; for as soon as the Disguise

is seen thro', even Things that have been well acted become displeasing: And besides, that which is done under a Colour, can't be kept always conceal'd; it will come out one Time or other, and whenever it does, all the gay Appearance drops off, and becomes a mere Jest.

Phi. If I take in your Intention, you would have one depart as little as may be from Nature, but not at all from Integrity; (that which is honest is honourable.)

Sym. You are right; and besides, you know very well, that whatsoever grows famous on a sudden, lies exposed to Envy. And thence comes the odious Name of an Upstart, call'd by the *Greeks* νεοπλούτος; and by the *Romans, Novus homo*; and by both, *Terrae filii*, [Sons of the Earth] and *Caelo delapsi* [dropt out of the Clouds.] But that Reputation that springs up gently, and grows gradually, as on the one Side it is less liable to Envy, so on the other it is commonly more durable; as the witty Poet *Horace* intimates, saying, *Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo fama Marcelli*, [*Marcellus*'s Fame grows insensibly like a Tree:] So that if you would obtain Glory that is true, lasting, and as little as may be obnoxious to Envy, mind what *Socrates* says, that it often happens that they who make the most Haste at first setting out, come latest to their Journey's End.

Phi. But the Life of Man is very short.

Sym. For that Reason we should use Expedition towards good Deeds, and not Glory; and that will follow necessarily of its own Accord: For I suppose what you enquire after, is not how you may live long; for that is in the Breasts of the Destinies, who draw out and cut off the Thread of Life at their Pleasure.

Phi. I wish you could do that too.

Sym. O *Philodoxus*! God has never been so bountiful as to give all to one Man: What one wants in Years, is often made up in Honour. There are indeed some, but those very few, to whom he is so bountiful, that while they are alive and as it were in being, they enjoy the Fruits of Posterity; tho' they are but few that the just God loves. Perhaps some

of a divine Descent have attain'd this ; but this Felicity does not fall under our Consideration.

Phi. I have often admired whether it is by the Malignity of Nature or Fortune, that no Conveniences happen to Mankind, without being allayed with some Inconvenience.

Sym. My Friend, what then have we to do, but, as we are of human Race, to endeavour to bear our human Condition with a contented Mind ? And it will not a little conduce to moderate Envy, if you do but look thoroughly into the Dispositions of Nations, of Bodies of Men, and single Persons ; as they do who make it their Business to tame and feed Beasts ; for such Persons make it their chief Study to find out by what Things the Animal is made fierce, or becomes tame. I don't at present speak of the Difference between a Bird and a four-footed Beast, between a Serpent and a Fish; or between the Eagle and the Vulture, between the Elephant and the Horse, between the Dolphin and the Porpoise, between a Viper and an Asp ; but of the innumerable Variety that is between all Kinds of Animals.

Phi. I would fain hear what you drive at.

Sym. All Dogs are contain'd under one *Species*, but this *Species* is diversify'd into innumerable Forms, so that you would say there were so many distinct *Genus*'s, rather than one *Species* : For in the same *Species*, what a great Variety is there of Manners and Tempers ?

Phi. A very great one indeed !

Sym. That which is said of Dogs, you may understand of all other living Creatures ; but it is not visible in any other Creature so much as in Horses.

Phi. 'Tis true : But what do you mean by all this ?

Sym. Whatsoever Variety there is in the Different Kinds or Forms of living Creatures, or in Individuals, suppose the same to be in Man : among them you will find Wolves of various Kinds, Dogs in an unspeakable Variety, Elephants, Camels, Asses, Lions, Sheep, Vipers, Apes, Dragons, Eagles, Vultures, Swallows, Leeches ; and what not ?

Phi. But what of all that ?

Sym. There is no living Creature so fierce, but, being managed by Art, it may be made useful, or at least not hurtful.

Phi. I can't for my Life see what you drive at.

Sym. There is a Difference between a *Spaniard*, an *Italian*, a *German*, a *Frenchman*, and an *Englishman*.

Phi. There is so.

Sym. Besides, there is in every single Man of these several Nations, a certain Temper peculiar to himself.

Phi. I confess it.

Sym. If you shall nicely observe this Variety, and accommodate yourself to each of their Manners, you will easily bring it about, that they will either all be your Friends, or at least that none of them will be your Enemies.

Phi. What, would you have me to be a *Polypus*; where is Honesty and Sincerity in the mean Time?

Sym. There is in all common Affairs a certain Obsequiousness that does in no wise intrench upon Honesty; as for Instance, in *Italy* Men kiss one another, which would be look'd upon very absurd to do in *Germany*; but instead of that, they give you their right Hand. Again, in *England* it is the Custom for Men to kiss the Women, even at Church: but if you should do this in *Italy*, it would be accounted a high Crime. Again, in *England* it is accounted a Piece of Civility to give the Cup to one that comes in when you are at Dinner; but in *France* it is look'd upon as an Affront. In these and the like Cases Persons may be complaisant, without any Detriment to Honesty.

Phi. But it is a very hard Matter to be acquainted with the Manners and Tempers of every Man of all Nations.

Sym. 'Tis true, *Philodoxus*: But if you would obtain a considerable Reputation, and that by Virtue, you must of Necessity exercise no common Virtue. You know Virtue is conversant in Difficulties, as old *Hesiod* taught before the Peripateticks; and therefore if you have a Mind to eat Honey, you must be content to bear with the Trouble of Bees.

Phi. I know that, and remember it very well; but that we are in Quest of, is, how to moderate Envy.

Sym. Then do you endeavour that in the Camp you rather chuse to be a common Soldier than a General, and in such a War as is against Enemies who are Foreigners, rather than your Fellow-Citizens and Countrymen. In Government rather chuse those Offices which are popular and ingratiating; as to defend is more popular than to accuse, to honour than to punish. But if any Case happen, as it sometimes necessarily will, that is troublesome in its Nature, if you can't avoid acting in it, make it as easy as you can by Moderation.

Phi. How must that be done?

Sym. Suppose you are a Judge, or an Arbitrator, you must bear something hard upon one Party or another; but be sure to manage the Matter with so much Equity, that, if it be possible, he that you give the Cause against, may give you Thanks.

Phi. How must that be manag'd?

Sym. Suppose the Action be to be laid for Theft or Sacrilege; if it be in your Power, mitigate it, and let it be laid for a Trespass; and by this Means you may ease the Defendant, and do no Injury to the Plaintiff. In short, moderate every Cause so, that without injuring the Plaintiff, you may seem to act justly to the Defendant; and lastly, make the condemn'd Person's Sentence as easy as may be. And all the while take Care to avoid surly Looks, or sour or morose Words; for they often are the Cause that some Persons will owe you more ill Will for doing them a Courtesy, than others shall for denying them one. Sometimes you ought to admonish a Friend; but if there are no Hopes of his being the better by it, it is better to be silent. If it be a weighty Case, and there be any Hope of doing Good, then it is of great Moment what the Admonition is; for it often falls out that Admonition being either unhandsome or unseasonable, exasperates the Disease, and makes a Friend an Enemy. But this Dexterity is most necessary if you ad-

monish a Prince; for sometimes it falls out, that their Humours must be contradicted; and if it be done pleasantly and wittily, afterwards they that contradicted have greater Thanks given them, than they that soothed them: For that which is grateful to the Passion is of short Continuance, but what is done with Reason, is approved always; for the far greater Part of ill Will arises from the Unruliness of the Tongue. How much Mischief does sometimes a single Word bring upon some Persons? how many has an ill-timed Jest brought to Ruin? Therefore when you commend any Person, let it be those that are worthy, and sparingly; but be more sparing in reflecting on any one, if you do reflect at all. And then again, you must avoid Talkativeness, for it is a very hard Matter to talk much, and to the Purpose.

Phi. I agree to all these Things; but, in my Opinion, the chief Way of making one's Name famous, is to write Books.

Sym. You say very right; it is, were it not that there are so many Authors: But if you are for doing it that Way, take Care you write with a great Deal of Exactness, rather than much; and in the first Place, chuse some Argument that is not common, that has been touch'd on but by very few, and such a one that is not of an invidious Nature: and bestow upon it all the curious Observations that you have been collecting for many Years, and then treat on it in such a Manner, that may be both profitable and pleasant.

Phi. You give me very prudent Advice, and such as would be to my Satisfaction, if you went one Step farther, and told me how I might attain this Glory quickly too; for I see a great many that don't grow famous till they are going out of the World, and others not till they are gone out of it.

Sym. As to that, I have no better Advice to give you, than that which the Fidler gave his Fellow: See that you approve yourself to those that have already attain'd such a Glory as has repell'd Envy: Let yourself into the Familiarity of such Persons whose good Word will gain you Esteem with the Populace.

Phi. But if notwithstanding all this I be attack'd with Envy, what Remedy do you prescribe?

Sym. Then do as they do who boil Pitch; if it catch Fire they pour Water upon it, and then it will rage and crackle more if you don't keep on doing so.

Phi. What Sort of Riddle is that?

Sym. When you perceive Envy arising, rather overcome it by Benefits than Revenge. *Hercules* was never the better for cutting off the *Hydra*'s Heads; it was by the *Greek* Fire that he overcame the destroying Monster.

Phi. But what is that you call the *Greek* Fire?

Sym. That which burns in the Middle of the Water. He applies that who being provok'd by the Injuries of ill Men, nevertheless does not give over doing good to all that deserve it.

Phi. What's that you mean? is Beneficence sometimes Water, and sometimes Fire?

Sym. Why not? when Christ by Way of Allegory is sometimes a Sun, sometimes a Fire, sometimes a Stone. I said so for the Purpose; if you know any Thing better, make Use of it, and don't follow my Advice.

OPULENTIA SORDIDA, *or the* *WEALTHY MISER.*

The ARGUMENT.

Opulentia Sordida *relates the wretched Miserliness of a certain rich Miser; by which is set forth how Misers live. In Winter-Time they make their Fires of green Roots of Trees, which produce scarce either Flame or Smoke. There is scarce any sleeping for the Fleas and Bugs. They mix their Wine with Water. The Lees of Wine produce the Gravel in the Kidneys. They buy damaged Corn, and mix it with a third Part of Chalk. They eat no Breakfast, put off their Dinner till Afternoon, and go to Supper near Midnight. The mean Provision of the Table. They buy the worst of Meat. Persons of lean Bodies and weak Constitutions should not fast. That Diet has a great Influence for the Preservation of Health.*

JAMES *and* GILBERT.

Ja. How comes it about that you are so lean and meagre? you look as if you had liv'd upon Dew with the Grasshopper; you seem to be nothing but a mere Skeleton.

Gil. In the Regions below, the Ghosts feed upon Leeks and Mallows; but I have been these ten Months where I could not come at so much as them.

Ja. Where is that, prithee? what, have you been in the Galleys?

Gil. No, I have been at *Synodium.*

Ja. What, starv'd to Death almost in so plentiful a Country?

Gil. 'Tis true as I tell you.

Ja. What was the Occasion of it? what, had you no Money?

Gil. I neither wanted Money nor Friends.

Ja. What the Mischief was the Matter then?

Gil. Why, you must know I boarded with *Antronius.*

Ja. What, with that rich old Cuff?

Gil. Yes, with that sordid Hunks.

Ja. 'Tis very strange, methinks.

Gil. Not strange at all; for by this sordid Way of living, they that have little or nothing to begin the World with, scrape together so much Wealth.

Ja. But how came you to take a Fancy to live for so many Months with such a Landlord?

Gil. There was a certain Affair that oblig'd me to it, and I had a Fancy so to do likewise.

Ja. But prithee tell me after what Manner he lives.

Gil. I'll tell you, since 'tis a Pleasure to recount the Hardships one has sustain'd.

Ja. It will certainly be a Pleasure to me to hear it.

Gil. Providence so order'd it, that the Wind sat full North for three Months together, only it did not blow from the same Point above eight Days together; but I can't tell the Reason of it.

Ja. How then could it blow North for three Months together?

Gil. Why, upon the eighth Day, as if by Agreement, it shifted its Station; where, after it had continu'd some seven or eight Hours, then it veer'd to the old Point again.

Ja. In such a Place as that your Callicoe Body had Need have a good Fire to keep it warm.

Gil. We had had Fire enough, if we had but had Wood enough: but our Landlord *Antronius,* to save Charges, us'd to grub up old Stumps of Trees in the Common, that no

Body thought worth While to get but himself; and would get them by Night: And of these, green as they were, our Fire was commonly made, which us'd to smoke plentifully, but would not flame out; so that tho' it did not warm us at all, yet we could not say there was no Fire. One of these Fires would last us a whole Day, they burnt so deliberately.

Ja. This was a bad Place for a Man to pass the Winter in.

Gil. It was so; but it was a great Deal worse to pass a Summer in.

Ja. Why so?

Gil. Because there was such a Multitude of Fleas and Bugs, that there was no being quiet in the Day-Time, nor sleeping in the Night.

Ja. What a wretched Wealth was here?

Gil. Few were wealthier in this Sort of Cattle.

Ja. Sure your Women were lazy Sluts.

Gil. They were mew'd up in an Apartment by themselves, and seldom came among the Men; so that you have nothing of 'em but the Name of Women: And the Men are forc'd to go without those Services which properly belong to that Sex in other Families.

Ja. But how could *Antronius* away with all this Nastiness?

Gil. Pshaw, he was us'd to it from his Cradle, and minded nothing in the World but getting of Money. He lov'd to be any where but at Home, and traded in every Thing you can think of. You know that City is a great Town, of the greatest Commerce and Business: What's-his-Name the famous Painter thought that Day was lost, wherein he did not employ his Pencil; and our *Antronius* look'd upon himself undone, if one single Day pass'd over his Head without some Profit. And if such a Disaster happen'd to him, he did not fail one Way or other to make it up at Home.

Ja. What did he do?

Gil. Why, he had a Cistern of Water in the House, as most People in that City have, whence he us'd to draw so

many Buckets of Water, and put it into his Hogsheads of Wine. This was a most certain Profit.

Ja. I suppose the Wine was something of the strongest then?

Gil. Far from that, for it was as dead as Ditch-Water; for he never bought any but what was decay'd to his Hand, that he might buy it at an easier Rate: And that he might not lose a Drop of this, he us'd to mix and jumble the Grounds of at least ten Years standing, and set them a fermenting, that it might pass for new Wine upon the Lees; and would not lose a Drop of the Dregs neither.

Ja. If we may believe the Physicians, such Wine will certainly breed the Stone.

Gil. There were no Doctors there, I'll assure you: and in the most healthful Years, two or three at least of the Family died of that Distemper; but he never troubled his Head about that, how many Burials went out of the House.

Ja. No?

Gil. He made a Penny even of the Dead. And there was no Gain he was asham'd to take, tho' it was never so small.

Ja. Under your Favour this was downright Theft tho'.

Gil. Your Merchants term it, turning an honest Penny.

Ja. But what Sort of Liquor did *Antronius* drink all the While?

Gil. Almost the very same Nectar that I told you of.

Ja. Did he find no Harm by it?

Gil. He was as hard as a Flint, he could have lived upon chopt Hay; and, as I told you before, he had been us'd to fare hard from his Infancy. And he look'd upon this dashing and brewing to be a certain Profit to him.

Ja. How so, I beseech you?

Gil. If you reckon his Wife, his Sons, his Daughters, his Son-in-Law, his Men-Servants, and his Maid-Servants, he had about thirty-three Mouths in the Family to feed. Now the more he corrected his Wine with Water, the less of it was drunk, and the longer it was drawing off; so then if

you compute a large Bucket of Water thrown in every Day, it will amount to no small Sum, let me tell you, at the Year's End.

Ja. A sordid Fellow!

Gil. This was not all, he made the same Advantage of his Bread too.

Ja. How could he do that?

Gil. He bought musty Wheat, such as no Body else would buy but himself. Now, in the first Place, here was a present Gain, because he bought it so much cheaper; and then he had an Art to cure the Mustiness.

Ja. But prithee how did he do that?

Gil. There is a Sort of Chalk, not altogether unlike to Corn, which you may see Horses are delighted with, when they gnaw it out of the Walls, and drink more freely out of that Pond-Water where this Chalk is to be found. He mixed one third Part at least of this Earth with his Bread.

Ja. And do you call this curing of it?

Gil. This is certain, that it made the Mustiness of the Corn be not altogether so perceiveable; and now, was not this a considerable Profit? He had another Stratagem besides that, for he bak'd his own Bread at Home, which, in the very Midst of Summer, he never did oftner than twice in a Month.

Ja. Sure it must be more like Stones than Bread for Hardness.

Gil. Nay, harder than a Stone, if possible; but we had a Remedy for that too.

Ja. What was that?

Gil. We us'd to soke Slices of this Bread in Bowls of Wine.

Ja. The Devil a Barrel the better Herring. But how did the Servants like this Treatment?

Gil. I will first tell you how the top Folks of the Family were serv'd, and then you may easily guess how the Servants far'd.

Ja. I long to hear it.

Gil. There was not a Word to be mention'd about Breakfast; and as for Dinner, that was generally deferr'd till one of the Clock in the Afternoon.

Ja. Why so?

Gil. We waited for the Master of the Family's coming Home, and then we seldom went to Supper before ten.

Ja. But how did you bear it? you us'd to be very impatient for your Victuals.

Gil. I call'd ever and anon upon *Orthrogonus*, our Landlord's Son-in-Law, who lay upon the same Floor with myself: *Soho, Monsieur*, said I, *do you make no Dining to Day at* Synodium? He answer'd, Antronius *will be here in a Minute.* Then finding not the least Motion towards Dinner, and my Guts very mutinous; *Hark you*, Orthrogonus, said I, *do you design to starve us to Day?* Then he would persuade me it was not so late, or put me off with some such Pretence. Then, not being able to bear the Bawling my Bowels made, I interrupted him again: *What do you mean*, said I, *to starve us to Death?* When he found he had no more Excuses to make, he went down to the Servants, and order'd them to lay the Cloth. But at last, when no *Antronius* came, and Dinner seem'd to be as far off as ever, *Orthrogonus*, wearied with the Noise I made in his Ears, went to the Apartment where his Wife and Mother, and Children were, bidding them get Dinner ready.

Ja. Well, now I expect to hear of the Dinner.

Gil. Pray don't be so hasty. Then there came a lame Fellow, just such another as *Vulcan*, who laid the Cloth, for that it seems was his Province; this was the first Hope we had of Dinner; and at last, after I had bawl'd a long Time, a Glass Bottle of fair Water is brought in.

Ja. Well, now there's more Hope.

Gil. But I tell you, don't be too hasty. Again, not without a great Deal of knocking and calling, in comes a Bottle of the Wine I spoke of, as thick with Dregs as Puddle-Water.

Ja. That's well, however.

Gil. But not a Bit of Bread came along with it; tho' there was no great Danger we should touch it; for scarce any Body would, had they been ever so hungry. Then I fell to calling till I was hoarse again; and at last the Bread comes, but such as a Bear could scarce bite of.

Ja. Well, now there was no Danger of starving.

Gil. Late in the Afternoon Home comes *Antronius*, and generally with this unlucky Pretence, that his Belly ach'd.

Ja. But what was that to you?

Gil. Thus much, that we were to go Supperless to Bed! for what could you expect when the Master of the House is out of Order?

Ja. But was he sick in good Earnest?

Gil. So sick that he would have devour'd you three Capons to his own Share, if you would have treated him.

Ja. I am impatient to hear your Bill of Fare.

Gil. First of all there is a Plate full of grey Peas brought in, such as old Women cry about the Streets, and this was for our Landlord's own eating: He pretended that this was his Remedy against all Diseases.

Ja. How many Guests were there of you at Table?

Gil. Sometimes eight or nine; among whom was one *Verpius*, a learned Gentleman, to whose Character I suppose you are no Stranger, and our Landlord's eldest Son.

Ja. What was their Mess?

Gil. Why, the same that *Melchisedek* offer'd to *Abraham*, after he had conquer'd the five Kings; and was not that enough for any reasonable Man?

Ja. But was there no Meat?

Gil. There was Meat, but there was but a very little of it.

Ja. What was it?

Gil. I remember we were once nine of us at Table, when there were no more then seven small Lettice Leaves swimming in Vinegar, but not a Drop of Oil to make 'em slip down.

Ja. But did your Landlord eat all his grey Peas himself?

Gil. You must know there was scarce a Farthing-worth

of them, however he did not absolutely forbid those that sat next him to taste them, but it look'd uncivil to rob a sick Man of his Victuals.

Ja. But were not your Lettice Leaves split, to make the greater Show?

Gil. Why truly they were not; but when those that sat at the upper End of the Table had eaten up the Leaves, the rest sop'd their Bread in the Vinegar.

Ja. But what, I pray, came after these Lettice Leaves?

Gil. What? what should come but Cheese, the last Dish at Dinner?

Ja. But was this your daily Fare?

Gil. Generally speaking it was; but now and then, if the old Gentleman had the good Luck to get Money in the Way of Trade that Day, he would be a little more generous.

Ja. How did you fare then?

Gil. Why, then he would send out to buy a Pennyworth of fresh Grapes, at nine Bunches a Penny: this made the whole Family sing *O be joyful.*

Ja. Why not?

Gil. But then you must understand too, that this was never but when Grapes were dog-cheap.

Ja. What then, did he never launch out but in Autumn?

Gil. Yes, he will thus launch out at some other Times too; for you must know that there are Fellows that catch a small Sort of Shell-Fish, most commonly on the Shores, and cry them about the Streets, and he'd now and then buy an Halfpennyworth of these; then you'd swear there had been a Wedding-Dinner in the Family: There was a Fire made in the Kitchen, tho' not very much of it neither, for these don't ask much boiling; and these Dainties come always after the Cheese, instead of a Desert.

Ja. A very fine Desert indeed! But do you never use to have any Flesh or Fish?

Gil. At last the old Gentleman being overcome by my clamouring, began to live a little more nobly; and whenever

he had a Mind to shew his Generosity in good Earnest, this was our Bill of Fare.

Ja. I long to hear what that is.

Gil. Imprimis, we had a Dish of Soop which they call a Service, but I don't know why.

Ja. A very rich one, I suppose.

Gil. Very high season'd with the following Spices: They took you a large Kettle of Water, and set it over the Fire; into this they fling a good Quantity of skim'd-Milk Cheese, grown as hard as a Brick-Bat, that you can scarce cut it with an Hatchet; and when these Fragments of Cheese grow a little softer by soaking and seething, they alter the Property of the Liquor, that it is not then fair Water: Now this Soop is serv'd in as a Preparative for the Stomach.

Ja. This was a Soop for Sows.

Gil. And the next Course is a Piece of stale Tripe, that has been boil'd a Fortnight.

Ja. Why then it must needs stink.

Gil. It does stink, but they have a Remedy for that too.

Ja. What is that, pray?

Gil. I would tell you, but I'm afraid you'll put it into Practice.

Ja. Ay, marry, Sir!

Gil. They would take an Egg and beat it up in warm Water, and daub the Tripe over with the Liquor; and so they put the Cheat upon the Eye indeed, but can't cheat the Nose, for the Stink will force its Way thro' all. If it happen'd to be a Fish-Day, we had sometimes three Whitings, and but small ones neither, altho' there were seven or eight of us at Table.

Ja. What, nothing else?

Gil. Nothing but that Cheese, as hard as a Stone.

Ja. The oddest Epicure I ever heard of. But how could so slender Provision be enough for so many Guests of you, and especially not having eat any Breakfast.

Gil. Well, to satisfy you, I tell you, that the Remainder fed the Mother-in-Law, the Daughter-in-Law, the youngest Son, a Servant-Maid, and a Litter of Children.

Ja. Nay, now instead of lessening, you have heighten'd my Admiration.

Gil. 'Tis scarce possible for me to explain this Difficulty to you, unless I first represent to you in what Order we sat at Table.

Ja. Pray represent it then.

Gil. Antronius, he sat at the upper End of the Table, and I sat at his right Hand, as being principal Guest; over-against *Antronius* sat *Orthrogonus*; next *Orthrogonus*, *Verpius*; next to *Verpius*, *Strategus* a *Grecian*; *Antronius*'s eldest Son sat at his left Hand. If any Stranger came to dine with us, he was plac'd according to his Quality. As for the Soop, there was no great Danger of its being eaten up, nor no great Difference in the Messes, but only that in the Dishes of the principal Guests there were some Bits of this Cheese floating up and down. And besides, there was a Sort of Barricado made betwixt this Soop by Bottles of Wine and Water, that none but three, before whom the Dish stood, could participate, unless he would be impudent indeed, and go beyond his Bounds. Nor did this Dish stay long there, but was soon taken away, that something might be left for the Family.

Ja. What did the rest eat all this While?

Gil. They regal'd themselves after their own Fashion.

Ja. How was that?

Gil. Why they sopt the chalky Bread in that sour dreggy Wine.

Ja. Sure your Dinner us'd to be over in a Minute.

Gil. It oftentimes held above an Hour.

Ja. How could it be?

Gil. The Soop being taken away, which, as I told you before, might have stood without any great Danger, Cheese was brought to Table, and that ran no great Risque; for it was so hard it would bid Defiance to a Carving-knife. Every Man's Portion of that dreggy Wine and Bread stood before him still; and over these Dainties they diverted themselves with telling Stories; and in the mean Time the Women eat their Dinner.

Ja. But how did the Servants fare in the mean Time?

Gil. They had nothing in common with us, but din'd and sup'd at their own Hours: But this I can tell you, they scarce spent half an Hour's Time in a whole Day at Victuals.

Ja. But what Sort of Provision had they?

Gil. You may easily guess that.

Ja. Your *Germans* think an Hour little enough to breakfast in, and they commonly take as much Time to their Beaver, an Hour and an half at their Dinner, and at least two Hours at Supper; and unless their Bellies are well fill'd with good Wine, Flesh, and Fish, they run away from their Masters, and go into the Army.

Gil. Every Nation has its peculiar Customs; the *Italians* lay out but very little upon their Bellies; they love Money better than Pleasure; and this Temperance they owe rather to Nature than Custom.

Ja. Now truly I don't wonder you are come Home so lean, but rather that you are come Home alive, especially since you were so us'd to Capons, Partridges, Pigeons, and Pheasants.

Gil. Why, in Truth, I had very fairly troop'd off, unless I had found me out a Remedy.

Ja. 'Tis but poor living, where such frequent Recourse must be had to Remedies.

Gil. I brought Matters about so, that I had the fourth Part of a boil'd Pullet allow'd to every Meal, to keep up my languishing Spirits.

Ja. Ay, marry, now you begin to live!

Gil. Not altogether so well as you imagine; for old Gripe bought the least he could lay his Hands on, to save Expences, such that six of them would not serve a *Polander* of a tolerable Stomach for a Breakfast; and when he had bought them, he would give them no Corn, because he would not put himself to extraordinary Charges; so a Wing or a Leg of the Fowl, that was half starv'd, before it was put into the Pot, was boil'd for my Dinner, and the Liver always went to *Orthrogonus*'s little Son; and as for the Broth,

the Women were perpetually lapping it up, and every now and then they put in fresh Water; so that by that Time it came to me it was as dry as a Chip, and no more Taste in it than the Foot of a Joint-Stool: And as for the Broth, it was nothing but a little Water bewitch'd.

Ja. And yet I hear that you have all Sorts of Fowl there in great Plenty, very good, and very cheap.

Gil. They are so, but Money is hard to come by.

Ja. You have done Penance enough, one would think, if you had murder'd the Pope, or piss'd against St. *Peter*'s Tomb-Stone.

Gil. But hear the rest of the Farce out. You know there are five Days in a Week that we may eat Flesh on.

Ja. What then?

Gil. He only bought two Pullets for the whole Week: On *Thursday* he would pretend he forgot to go to Market, lest I should either have a whole Pullet on that Day, or any should be left.

Ja. In short, I think your Landlord was a greater Miser than *Euclio* in *Plautus.* But what Course did you take to keep yourself alive upon Fish-Days?

Gil. I employ'd a certain Friend to buy me every Day three Eggs with my own Money, two for my Dinner, and one for my Supper: But here also the Women put their Tricks upon me; for instead of my new-laid Eggs that I paid a good Price for, they would give me rotten ones, that I thought I came well off, if one of my three Eggs prov'd eatable. I also at last got a small Cask of good Wine bought for my own drinking, but the Women broke open my Cellar-Door, and in a few Days drank it all up, and my Landlord *Antronius* did not seem to be much displeas'd at the Matter.

Ja. But was there no Body in the Family that took Pity on you?

Gil. Take Pity on me, say you? No, they thought me a Glutton and a Cormorant, who by myself devour'd so much Victuals: And upon that Account *Orthrogonus* would ever

and anon give me good Advice, that I should consider the Climate where I liv'd, and therefore have Regard to myself; telling me of several of my Countrymen, who had by their over-eating in that Country either procur'd their own Deaths, or brought upon themselves very dangerous Distempers. But when he found me supporting my outward Tabernacle, that was fatigued, starv'd, and distemper'd, with some Knick-knacks that were sold at the Confectioners; he sets a Physician, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, to persuade me to live moderately. The Doctor took a great Deal of Pains with me: I soon perceiv'd he had been set on to do it, so I made him not a Word of Answer: But when he was still urging me very hard, and was always harping on the same String; I said to him, *Worthy Doctor, pray tell me, are you in Jest, or in Earnest? O, in Earnest,* said he. *Well then,* reply'd I, *what would you have me to do? Why, to leave off Suppers for good and all, and to mix at least one half Water with your Wine.* I could not forbear laughing at this excellent Advice, and said to him, *If you want to see me decently laid in a Church-Yard, you propose a ready Way for it; for I am sure it would be present Death to me, in the Circumstances of this poor, lean, dispirited Body, to leave off Suppers; and I have try'd that so often, that in short I have no Mind to make the Experiment again. What, pray, do you think would become of me, if, after such Dinners as we have here, I should go supperless to Bed? And then to bid me mingle Water with such weak insipid Wine! pray tell me, is it not much better to drink clear Water from the Spring, than to debauch it with this sour dreggy Stuff? I don't doubt but* Orthrogonus *put you upon giving me this Advice.* At this the Doctor smil'd, and allow'd me better Terms: *Most learned* Gilbert, said he, *I did not say this to you, that you should totally leave off eating Suppers; you may eat an Egg, and drink a Glass of Wine; for this is my own Manner of living. I have an Egg boil'd for my Supper, one half of the Yolk I eat myself, and give the other half to my Son; then I drink half a Glass of Wine, and by the Help of this Refreshment I study till late in the Night.*

Ja. But did this Doctor speak the Truth?

Gil. Yes, the very Truth; for as I was once coming Home from Church, a Gentleman that bore me Company, told me the Doctor dwelt there: I had a Mind to see his Quarters, so I knock'd at the Door, and in I went, I remember it was on a *Sunday*; I found the Doctor, his Son, and Servant, at Dinner; the Bill of Fare was a Couple of Eggs, and nothing at all else.

Ja. Why sure they must be mere Skeletons.

Gil. No, really, they were both plump and in good-liking, fresh-colour'd, their Eyes brisk and lively.

Ja. I can scarce believe it.

Gil. I tell you nothing but what I know to be true: Nay, he is not the only Man that lives after this Manner, but many others, Men of Fashion and Substance in the World, do the same. Take my Word for it, much eating and drinking is rather an Effect of Custom, than of Nature. If a Person accustom himself by little and little, he may come in Time to do as much as *Milo*, to eat up an Ox in a Day's Time.

Ja. Good God! if it be possible for a Man to preserve his Health with so little Sustenance, what a great Deal of unnecessary Expence are the *Germans*, *English*, *Danes*, and *Poles* at upon their Bellies?

Gil. A great Deal without Doubt, and that to the apparent Prejudice of their Health and Understanding.

Ja. But what's the Matter that you could not content yourself with that Way of living?

Gil. Because I had accustom'd myself to another Manner, and it was too late to alter my Way of living then. But besides, I did not so much dislike the Quantity of our Provision, as the Quality of it. Two Eggs had been enough for a Meal for me, if they had been fresh-laid; one Glass of Wine had been enough, if we had not had nasty Lees given us instead of Wine; half the Bread would have serv'd me, if it had not been mix'd with Chalk.

Ja. Lord! that *Antronius* should be such a sordid Wretch amidst so much Wealth!

Gil. I believe verily he was worth 80,000 Ducats; and to speak within Compass, he never got less, than 1,000 Ducats a Year besides.

Ja. But did those young Sparks, for whom he scrap'd all this together, live at the same sparing Rate?

Gil. Yes, at Home they did, but it was only there; for when they got abroad, they would eat, drink, whore, and game notably; and while their old Father thought much to spend Sixpence at Home, to treat the best Friend he had, these Sparks would make nothing to lose sixty Ducats in a Night at gaming.

Ja. This is the usual Fate of Estates that are gotten by miserly living; they are commonly thus spent. But now you are gotten safe out of these great Difficulties, whither are you steering your Course?

Gil. I am going to an old Club of merry Cocks, to endeavour to fetch up what I have lost.

The SERAPHICK FUNERAL.

The ARGUMENT.

The Seraphick Funeral *lays open the Order, Habit, Life, Vows, and horrid Blasphemies of the* Franciscans. *That the* Franciscan *Habit will make one that lives to the Devil die to Christ, and is of more Efficacy than Baptism. The Secrets of the* Franciscan *Order. That the Disciples of St.* Francis *have greater Privileges than the Disciples of Christ. That a* Franciscan *Habit will drive away the Devil, and not suffer the Worms to prey upon the dead Corps. That this Dress makes Men happy without Faith. That it would save a Turk, nay the Devil himself, if they did but put it on. That St.* Francis *has added to the Gospel of Christ. That the* Franciscans *are forbid so much as to touch Money.*

PHILECOUS *and* THEOTIMUS.

PH. Why, where have you been, *Theotimus*, with that new-fashion'd religious Look?

Th. Why so?

Ph. You look so stern, methinks, with your Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, your Head lying upon your left Shoulder, and your Beads in your Hand.

Th. Why, my Friend, if you must needs be made acquainted with that which don't concern you, I have been at a Show.

Ph. What have you been seeing, the Rope-Dancers, or *High German* Artist, or something of that Nature?

Th. Something pretty like them.

Ph. In short, you are the first Man I ever saw come from a Show with such a Countenance.

Th. But let me tell you, this was such a Spectacle, that if yourself had been a Spectator, perhaps you had been more melancholy than I am.

Ph. But prithee tell me what has made you so religious all on a sudden?

Th. I come from the Funeral of a Seraph.

Ph. What say you? why, do the Angels die?

Th. No, but Angels Fellows do. But not to keep you any longer in Suspense, I suppose you know that famous learned Man *Eusebius* of *Pelusium.*

Ph. What, do you mean he that was degraded of his Authority from a Prince, to the State of a private Man, and of a private Man made an Exile, and of an Exile made little better than a Beggar; I had like to have said something Worse?

Th. You have hit very right, that's the Man.

Ph. Why, what's come to him?

Th. He was bury'd to Day, and I am just come from his Funeral.

Ph. Sure it must have been a very doleful Sight indeed, to put you into this dismal Mood.

Th. I'm afraid I shall never be able to tell you what I have seen without weeping.

Ph. And I am afraid I shan't be able to hear it without laughing: But however, let's have it.

Th. You know that *Eusebius* has been in a very weak Condition a long Time.

Ph. Yes, yes, I know that his Body has been worn out for this many a Year.

Th. In this Sort of slow and consumptive Diseases Physicians frequently foretell the Time of a Man's Death to a Day.

Ph. They do so.

Th. They told the Patient, that all the Art of Man could

do towards his Preservation, had been done for him already: That God indeed could do what was beyond the Power of Physic to effect, but according to human Conjecture he had not above three Days to live.

Ph. Well, what did he do then?

Th. The excellent *Eusebius* immediately stripping himself stark-naked, puts on the Habit of the most holy *Francis*, has his Head shav'd, is drest in an ash-colour'd Cowl and Gown, an hempen knotted Girdle, and cut and slash'd Shoes.

Ph. What, when he was departing this Life?

Th. Even so; and with a dying Voice profess'd, that if it should please God to restore him to the Health that the Physicians despair'd of, he would serve under Christ according to the Rule of St. *Francis*; and there were several holy Men call'd in to be Witnesses to this Profession. In that Habit dies the famous Man, at the very Time that the Physicians had foretold he would. There came a great many of the Fraternity to assist at his Funeral Solemnity.

Ph. I wish I had been present at this Sight.

Th. It would have fetch'd Tears from your Eyes, to have seen with what tenderness the *Seraphick* Fraternity wash'd the Body, fitted the holy Habit to it, laid his Hands one over another in the Form of a Cross, uncover'd and kiss'd his naked Feet, and according to the Precept of the Gospel, chear'd up his Countenance with Ointment.

Ph. What a prodigious Humility was this, for the *Seraphick* Brethren to take upon them the Office of Washers and Bearers?

Th. When this was done, they laid it upon the Bier, and according to the Doctrine of St. *Paul*, *Bear ye one another's Burdens*, the Brethren took the Brother upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him along the high Way to the Monastery, and there they interr'd him with the usual Songs and Ceremonies. As this venerable Pomp was passing along the Way, I observ'd a great many People, that could not forbear weeping to see a Man, that us'd to go in Silk and Scarlet, now wrapt in a *Franciscan*'s Habit, girded about with a

Rope's End, and the whole Body dispos'd in such a Posture, as must needs move Devotion ; for, as I said, his Head was laid upon his Shoulder, and his Arms across, and every Thing else carry'd a wonderful Appearance of Holiness. And then the March of the *Seraphick* Brethren themselves with their Heads hanging down, their Eyes fix'd upon the Ground, and their mournful Dirges, so mournful, that I can scarce think that in Hell itself there can be any Thing beyond it, drew Sighs and Tears in Abundance from the Beholders.

Ph. But had he the five Wounds of St. *Francis* too ?

Th. I dare not affirm that for a Certainty, but I saw some bluish Scars in his Hands and Feet ; and there was an Hole in the left Side of his Gown ; but I did not dare to look too narrowly ; for they say many People have been undone, by being too curious in these Matters.

Ph. But did you not see some that laught too ?

Th. Yes, I did take Notice of some, but I believe they were Hereticks ; there are too many of them in the World now-a-Days.

Ph. Well, my *Theotimus*, to deal honestly with you, if I had been there, in my Conscience, I believe I should scarce have been able to forbear laughing too, for Company.

Th. Pray God you han't got a Spice of that Leaven too !

Ph. Good *Theotimus*, there's no Danger of that ; for I have had a great Veneration for St. *Francis* from a Child, who, according to the World, was neither wise, nor learned, but very acceptable to God and Man for the strict Mortification of his worldly Affections ; and not only for him, but for all, who following his Foot-Steps, endeavour from their Hearts to be dead to the World, and to live to Christ. But as to the Habit itself, I value it not ; and I would fain know of you what a dead Man is the better for a Garment ?

Th. You know it is the Lord's Precept, *Not to cast Pearls before Swine, nor to give holy Things to Dogs.* Besides, if you ask Questions to make yourself merry with them, I'll tell you nothing at all ; but if you do it with an honest

Desire of being inform'd, I'll very freely communicate to you what I have learn'd from them.

Ph. I profess myself willing to learn, and promise to be an attentive, teachable, and thankful Scholar.

Th. In the first Place, you know that there are some Persons that are so ambitious, that it is not enough for them to have liv'd proudly and insolently, but they must be bury'd pompously too, when they are dead; not that the Dead are sensible, but yet while they are alive, they take some Pleasure by the Force of Imagination, to think of the Pomp of their Funerals. Now I suppose you will not deny, but it is some Degree of Piety to renounce this vain Affectation.

Ph. I will own it, if there be no other Way to avoid the Vanity of pompous Funerals: But in my Opinion, it is more modest for a Prince, when he is dead, to be wrapt in a coarse Winding-Sheet, and to be carry'd by the common Bearers, and interr'd in the common Burying-Place among the common Sort of People; for they that were carry'd, as *Eusebius* was carry'd, do rather seem to have chang'd their Pride than avoided it.

Th. It is the Intention of the Mind that God accepts, and it is His Province only to judge of Mens Hearts. But what I have told you is but a small Matter, there are greater Things behind.

Ph. What are they?

Th. They profess themselves of the Order of St. *Francis*'s Rule before their Death.

Ph. What, that they'll observe it in the *Elysian* Fields?

Th. No, but in this World, if they happen to recover, and it oftentimes has happen'd, that they, that have been given over by the Physicians, have, by God's Blessing, recover'd as soon as ever they have put on this holy Robe.

Ph. Ay, and it often happens so to those that never put it on at all.

Th. We ought to walk with Simplicity in the Way of Faith. If there were no extraordinary Advantage in this Case, certainly so many learned and eminent Persons, even

among the *Italians* themselves, would not be so desirous of being bury'd in this holy Habit. But lest you should object against the Examples of Strangers, I'll tell you that one whom you very deservedly had an high Esteem for, was thus bury'd ; *Rudolphus Agricola*, and so was *Christopher Longolius* too.

Ph. I don't regard what Men do, being delirious at the Point of Death : I would fain have you tell me what good professing, or being cloath'd, does a Man, when he comes to be terrify'd with the Fears of Death, and discompos'd with Despair of Life. Vows are of no Force, unless they be made in sound Sense and Sobriety, with mature Deliberation, without either Force, Fear, or Guilt. Nay, if nothing of all this were requir'd, such a Vow is not binding till after the Expiration of the Year of Probation, at which Time they are commanded to wear the Coat and Hood. This is what St. *Francis* himself says ; so that if they recover, they are at Liberty in two Respects, because a Vow is not binding that is made by a Man under an Astonishment, betwixt the Hope of Life and the Fear of Death ; and because Profession does not oblige a Man before the wearing of the Hood.

Th. Whether it be an Obligation or no, it is certain they think it one ; and the Resignation of the whole Mind is acceptable to God. And this is the Reason that the good Works of Monks, if we allow them to be but equal with other Persons, are more acceptable to God than those of other Men are, because they spring from the best Root.

Ph. I shall not here enter into the Examination of the Merit of a Man's dedicating himself wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own Power. I take it that every Christian delivers himself up wholly to God in his Baptism, when he renounces all the Pomps and Vanities of Satan, and lists himself a Soldier to fight under Christ's Banner all his Life after. And St. *Paul*, speaking of those that die with Christ, *that they may live no longer to themselves, but to him that died for them* ; does not mean this of Monks only, but of Christians universally.

Th. You have very seasonably put me in Mind of Baptism; for in Times past, if they were but dip'd or sprinkled at the last Gasp, there was Hope given them of eternal Life.

Ph. 'Tis no great Matter what the Bishops promise; but 'tis a Matter of great Uncertainty what God will do; for if it were certain that such Men were presently made Citizens of Heaven, by having a little Water sprinkled in their Faces, what greater Gap could be laid open, that worldly Men might all their Life long serve their filthy Lusts and Appetites, and then get two or three Drops of Water sprinkled upon them, when they were not able to sin any longer? Now if the same Rule holds in your Profession, and this Baptism, it is very well provided for the wicked, that they may not be damn'd; that is, that they may live to the Devil, and die to Christ.

Th. If it be lawful to divulge the *Seraphick* Mysteries, the Profession of a *Franciscan* is more efficacious than Baptism.

Ph. What's that you say?

Th. In Baptism our Sins are only wash'd away, and the Soul, tho' it be purg'd, is left naked; but he that is invested with this Profession, is presently enrich'd with the egregious Merits of the whole Order, by being grafted into the Body of the most holy Fraternity.

Ph. Well, and pray is he that is ingrafted into the Body of Christ never the better neither for the Head nor the Body?

Th. He is never the better for the *Seraphick* Body, unless he deserves it by some special Bounty or Favour.

Ph. Pray from what Angel had they this Revelation?

Th. Let me tell you, not from any Angel, but Christ himself with his own Mouth reveal'd this, and a great Deal more to St. *Francis*, Face to Face.

Ph. I intreat you, if you have any Kindness for me, and I adjure you, tell me what the Discourses were.

Th. These are deep profound Mysteries, nor is it meet to commit them to profane Ears.

Ph. Why profane, my Friend? I never wish'd better to any Order than to the *Seraphick*.

Th. But you give them shrewd Wipes sometimes.

Ph. This is a Sign of Love, *Theotimus.* The greatest Enemies of the Order are those Professors of it, that by their ill Lives bring a Scandal upon it. And whosoever wishes well to the Order, can't but be offended with the Corrupters of it.

Th. But I am afraid St. *Francis* will be angry with me, if I blab any of his Secrets.

Ph. What can you be afraid of from so harmless a Person?

Th. What? why lest he should strike me blind, or cause me to run mad, as I am told he has done to many, who have deny'd the Print of the five Wounds.

Ph. Why then the Saints are worse in Heaven, than they were upon Earth. I have heard that St. *Francis* was of so meek a Disposition, that when Boys out of Roguery would be throwing Cheese, Milk, Dirt, and Stones into his homely Cowl, as it hung down at his Back, he was not at all mov'd at it, but walk'd on his Way chearful and pleasant; and what, is he now become so angry and revengeful? And at another Time when one of his Companions call'd him Thief, sacrilegious, Murderer, incestuous, Sot, and all the Rogues he could think on, he thank'd him, confessing himself guilty. But one of the Company wondering at such an Acknowledgement, *I had done worse than all this*, says he, *unless God's Grace had restrain'd me.* How then comes St. *Francis* now to be so vindictive?

Th. It is so: The Saints, now they are in Heaven, will take no Affront. Was ever any Man gentler than *Cornelius*, milder than *Antony*, or more patient than *John* the *Baptist*, while they liv'd upon Earth? But now they are in Heaven, what dreadful Diseases do they send among us, if we do not worship them as we should do?

Ph. I am of Opinion that they rather cure our Diseases than cause them. But however, assure yourself, that what you say to me, you say to a Man that is neither profane, nor a Blab.

Th. Well, come on then, depending upon your Secrecy,

I'll tell you something relating to this Matter. Good St. *Francis*, I intreat thee and the Society, that I may have your Leave to relate what I have heard! St. *Paul*, you know, was endow'd with an hidden Wisdom, which he did not communicate openly, but in private, to such as were perfect. So have the *Seraphicks* also certain Mysteries, which they do not make common, but only communicate them in private to certain blessed Widows, and other choice and godly People, that are Well-wishers to the *Seraphick* Society.

Ph. I am impatient to hear this triple holy Revelation.

Th. In the first Place, the Lord foretold the *Seraphick* Patriarch, that the more the *Seraphick* Society increas'd, the more abundantly he would make Provision for them.

Ph. So then, at first Dash here are those People's Mouths stop'd, who complain that those People growing more numerous every Day, are a Burden to the Public.

Th. And secondly, he discover'd this, that annually upon St. *Francis*'s Day, all the Souls not only of the Brotherhood, who wear the holy Habit, but also of those who wish well to that Order, and are Benefactors to the Brotherhood, should be discharg'd from the Fire of Purgatory.

Ph. Why, did Christ talk so familiarly with him?

Th. Why not? Yes he did, as familiarly as one Friend or Companion would do with another. God the Father convers'd with *Moses*; and *Moses* communicated the Law so deliver'd to him, to the People: Christ publish'd the Evangelical Law, and St. *Francis* deliver'd two Copies of his Law, that had been written by the Hands of an Angel, to the *Seraphick* Fraternity.

Ph. I want to hear the third Revelation.

Th. The worthy Patriarch was in Fear, lest the Evil One should corrupt, by Night, the good Seed which had been sown, and the Wheat should be rooted up with the Tares. The Lord likewise freed him from this Scruple, promising him, that he would take it into his Care, that none of the

half-shod, rope-girded Tribe, should ever miscarry, even till the Day of Judgment.

Ph. Oh, the Kindness of God! If it were not so, the Church of God would be undone. But go on.

Th. And then fourthly, he discover'd to him, that none that liv'd impiously should long persevere in that Order.

Ph. Why, does not he that lives wickedly fall from the Order?

Th. No more than he that lives wickedly denies Christ; altho' in a Sense they may be said to deny God, who profess him in Words, but in Works deny him. But whosoever has cast off the holy Habit, he irreparably falls from the Order.

Ph. What shall we say then of so many Monasteries of Conventuals who have Money, drink, game, whore, and keep Concubines publickly; not to mention any Thing else.

Th. St. *Francis* never wore a Garment of that Colour, I mean a grey, nor a Girdle of white Linen; and therefore, when they come to knock at Heaven Gates, it will be said to them, *I never knew you*, for that they have not on the Wedding-Garment.

Ph. Well, what, have you any more?

Th. You have heard nothing yet to what is behind. In the fifth Place, he made known to him, that those who were Enemies to the *Seraphick* Order, such as there are but too many, the more is the Pity, should never live half the Time God had appointed them, without making-away with themselves; and that unless they anticipated their Fate, they should suddenly come to a miserable End.

Ph. We have, among Abundance of other Instances, seen that made good in *Matthew* Cardinal of *Sedunum*, who had a very ill Opinion, and spoke ill of the half-shod Fraternity; for he died, I think, before he was full 50 Years of Age.

Th. You say very right; but then he had done Injury to the *Cherubick* Order likewise: For they say, it was brought about chiefly by his Management, that the four *Dominicans* were burnt at *Bern*, when otherwise they would have overcome the Pope's Resentment by Money.

Ph. But they say they had begun to act a Piece of most monstrous Impiety. They attempted, by false Visions and Miracles, to persuade People, that the Virgin *Mary* was polluted with original Sin, and that St. *Francis* had not the genuine Marks of *Christ*'s Wounds, and that *Catharina Senensis* had them more authentickly ; but had promis'd the most perfect of them all to the Lay-Man they had converted, and suborn'd to act this Farce, and had abus'd the Body of the Lord, to carry on the Imposture, and afterwards with Clubs and Poisons. And in the last Place they say, that this Project was not carry'd on by one University only, but by all the Heads of the whole Order.

Th. Let that be as it will, it was not without Reason that God said, *Touch not mine Anointed.*

Ph. I want to hear what is to come.

Th. The sixth Revelation is behind, in which the Lord sware to him, that those that were Favourers of the *Seraphick* Order, how wickedly soever they liv'd, should one Time or other obtain Mercy from the Lord, and end their wicked Life with a blessed Death.

Ph. What if they should be caught and kill'd in the very Act of Adultery ?

Th. What God has promis'd, cannot fail of being perform'd.

Ph. But what is it that they interpret Favour and Good-Will by ?

Th. Oh ! do you doubt of that ? He that gives them Presents, that cloaths them, furnishes their Kitchen, he loves them long ago.

Ph. But does he not love those that give them Admonitions and Instructions ?

Th. They have enough of those Things at Home ; and it is their Profession to bestow these Benefits on other Persons, and not to receive them from them.

Ph. Then the Lord has promis'd more to the Disciples of St. *Francis*, than he has to his own. He indeed suffers it to be imputed to him, if any Thing be done for his Sake to a

Christian, but he never promis'd Salvation to such as live wickedly.

Th. That's no Wonder, my Friend; for the transcendent Power of the Gospel is reserv'd for this Order. But you shall now hear the seventh and last Revelation.

Ph. I am ready to hear it.

Th. The Lord sware to him, that none should make an ill End, who dy'd in a *Franciscan*'s Habit.

Ph. But what is it, that you call an ill End?

Th. Why, he makes an ill End, that when his Soul leaves the Body, it goes down directly into Hell without any Redemption.

Ph. But what then, does not the Habit deliver from the Fire of Purgatory?

Th. No, unless a Person dies in it upon St. *Francis*'s Day. But don't you think it is a great Thing to be freed from Hell?

Ph. Yes, I think it is the greatest of all. But what must we think of those Persons, who are put into the Habit, after they are dead, and don't actually die in it?

Th. If they desire it in their Life-Time, the Will is taken for the Deed.

Ph. When I was at *Antwerp*, I was present in the Company of the Relations of a Woman, that was just giving up the Ghost. There was a *Franciscan* by, a very reverend Man, who observing the Woman to yawn, put one of her Arms into the Sleeve of his Garment, so that it cover'd that Arm, and Part of the Shoulder; and there was a Dispute rais'd upon it, whether the whole Woman should be safe from the Gates of Hell, or that Part only which had been cover'd.

Th. Why, the whole Woman was secur'd; as it is in Baptism, but Part of the Person is dip'd in the Water, but the whole Person is made a Christian.

Ph. It is wonderful what a Dread the Devils have of this Habit.

Th. They dread it more than they do the Cross of Christ. When *Eusebius* was carry'd to the Grave, I saw, and so did

many others besides me, Swarms of black Devils, like Flies, buzzing about the Body, and striking at it; but not one of them durst to touch it.

Ph. But in the mean Time, his Face, his Hands, and his Feet were in Danger, because they were bare.

Th. As a Snake will not come near the Shadow of an Ash, let it spread ever so far; so the Devils are sensible of the Venom of the holy Garment at a great Distance.

Ph. Why then, I believe, such Bodies do not putrify; if they do, the Worms have more Courage than the Devils.

Th. What you say is very probable.

Ph. How happy are the Lice, which always live in that holy Garment! But when the Garment is going to the Grave, what becomes of the Soul?

Th. Why the Soul carries away with it the Influence of the Garment, and renders it secure; so that a great many will not allow, that any of that Order do go at all to Purgatory.

Ph. In Truth, if this Revelation were true, I would esteem it at an higher Rate than that of St. *John*; for this shews us an easy and a ready Way, without Labour, Trouble, or Repentance, to escape eternal Misery, and yet to live all our Life long merrily.

Th. It is so.

Ph. From henceforth I shall leave off admiring at the great Deference that so many pay to the *Seraphick* Fraternity: But I stand in great Admiration that any Man should dare to open his Mouth against them.

Th. You may observe where-ever you see them, that they are Persons given over to a reprobate Mind, and blinded in their Wickedness.

Ph. I will for the future be more cautious than I have been, and take Care to die in a *Franciscan* Habit. But there are some risen up in our Age who will have it, that a Man is justified only by Faith, without the Help of good Works; but it is the greatest Privilege in the World to be saved by a Garment without Faith.

Th. Don't mistake me, *Philecous*; I don't say simply without Faith, but with this Faith of believing, that the Things I have told you were promised by our Saviour to the Patriarch St. *Francis.*

Ph. But will this Garment save a *Turk*?

Th. It would save the Devil himself, if he would but suffer it to be put on him, and could but believe this Revelation.

Ph. Well, thou hast won me for ever; but I have a Scruple or two more, that I would desire you to clear up for me.

Th. Let me hear them.

Ph. I have heard that St. *Francis* has said his Order was of evangelical Institution.

Th. True.

Ph. Now I thought that all Christians had profess'd the Rule of the Gospel; but if the *Franciscan*'s Order be a Gospel one, then all Christians ought to be *Franciscans*, and Christ himself, his Apostles, and the Virgin-Mother at the Head of them.

Th. It would be so indeed, unless St. *Francis* had added some Things to the Gospel of Christ.

Ph. What Things are they?

Th. An Ash-colour'd Garment, an Hempen Girdle, and naked Feet.

Ph. Well then, by these Marks we may know an evangelical Christian from a *Franciscan*, may we?

Th. But they differ too in the Point of touching Money.

Ph. But, as I am inform'd, St. *Francis* forbids the receiving of it, not the touching of it; but the Owner, or the Proctor, the Creditor, the Heir, or the Proxy does commonly receive it; and tho' he draws it over with his Glove on, and does not touch it, nevertheless he is said to receive it. Whence then came this new Interpretation, that not to receive it, is not to touch it?

Th. This was the Interpretation of Pope *Benedict.*

Ph. But not as a Pope, but only as a *Franciscan.* And then again, do not the most strict of the Order take Money in a Clout, when it is given them in their Pilgrimages?

Th. They do in a Case of Necessity.

Ph. But a Man should rather die than violate so super-evangelical a Rule. And then, do they not receive Money every-where by their Officers?

Th. Why should they not, and that thousands and thousands too, as they do frequently?

Ph. But the Rule says, not by themselves, nor by any Body else.

Th. Well, but they don't touch it.

Ph. O ridiculous! if the Touch be impious, they touch it by others.

Th. But that is the Act and Deed of the Proctors, not their own.

Ph. Is it not so? Let him try it that has a Mind to it.

Th. We never read that Christ touch'd Money.

Ph. Suppose it, tho' it is very probable that, when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil, and Vinegar, and Salads for his Parents: But *Peter* and *Paul*, without all Controversy, touch'd it. The Virtue consists in the Contempt of Money, and not in the not touching of it. It is much more dangerous to touch Wine, than to touch Money; why are they not afraid of that?

Th. Because St. *Francis* did not forbid it.

Ph. Do they not readily enough offer their Hands, which they keep soft with Idleness, and white with Washes, to pretty Wenches? but, bless me! if you offer them a Piece of Money to look upon, and see if it be good, how do they start back and cross themselves! Is not this an evangelical Nicety? In Truth, I believe St. *Francis*, illiterate as he was, was never so silly as to have absolutely forbid all touching of Money. And if that were his Opinion, to how great a Danger did he expose his Followers, in commanding them to go barefoot? for it is scarce possible, but that one Time or another, they might unawares tread upon Money lying on the Ground.

Th. Well, but then they don't touch it with their Hands.

Ph. Why, pray is not the Sense of touching common to the whole Body?

Th. But in Case any such Thing should fall out, they do not officiate after it till they have been at Confession.

Ph. 'Tis conscientiously done.

Th. But without cavilling, I'll tell you how it is; Money ever was, and ever will be, the Occasion of very great Evils to many Persons.

Ph. I allow it: But then, on the other Hand, it is an Instrument of as much good to others. I find the inordinate Love of Money to be condemned; but I nowhere find Money itself to be so.

Th. You say very well; but that we may be kept at greater Distance from the Disease of Covetousness, we are forbid to touch Money, as we are forbid by the Gospel to swear at all, that we may be kept from Perjury.

Ph. Why then is not the Sight of Money forbidden too?

Th. Because it is easier to govern our Hands than Eyes.

Ph. And yet Death itself entred into the World at those Windows.

Th. And therefore your true *Franciscans* pull their Cowls over their Eye-Brows, and walk with their Eyes cover'd and fixt upon the Ground, that they may see nothing but their Way, just like Carriers Horses, that have Winkers on each Side of their Head-Geer, that they may see nothing but what is before them, and at their Feet.

Ph. But tell me, is it true as I hear, that they are forbidden by their Order to receive any Indulgences from the Pope?

Th. They are so.

Ph. But as I am inform'd, there are no Men in the World that have more of them than they have; so that they are allow'd either to poison, or bury alive, those that they themselves have condemn'd, without any Danger of being called to Account for it.

Th. What you have heard is no Fiction; for I was told once by a *Polander*, and a Man of Credit too, that he, having gotten drunk, fell fast asleep in the *Franciscans* Church, in one of the Corners where the Women sit to make their Con-

fessions thro' a Lattice; and being awak'd by the singing of their *Nocturns*, according to Custom, he did not dare to discover himself: and when the Office was over, the whole Fraternity went down into the Vault, where there was a large deep Grave ready made, and there stood two young Men with their Hands tied behind them: There was a Sermon preach'd in Praise of Obedience, and a Promise of God's Pardon for all their Sins, and some Hope given them that God would incline the Minds of the Brotherhood to Mercy, if they would voluntarily go down into the Grave and lay themselves upon their Backs there. They did so, and as soon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Brethren all together flung the Dirt upon them.

Ph. Well, but did the *Polander* say nothing all the while?

Th. No, not a Word; he was afraid, if he had discover'd himself, he should have made the third Person.

Ph. But can they justify this?

Th. Yes, they may as often as the Honour of the Order is call'd in Question; for he, as soon as he had made his Escape, told what he had seen in all the Companies he came into, to the great Scandal of the whole *Seraphick* Order. And had it not been better now that this Man had been buried alive?

Ph. It may be it had; but omitting these Niceties, how comes it that when their Patriarch has ordered them to go barefoot, they now go commonly half-shod?

Th. This Injunction was moderated for two Reasons, the one for Fear they should tread upon Money unawares; the other lest Cold, or Thorns, or Snakes, or Flint, or any such Thing should hurt them, since they are oblig'd to travel barefoot all the World over: But however that that might be, and the Dignity of the Rule preserved inviolable, the Slashes in the Shoes shew the naked Foot, and so fulfil the Rule by Synecdoche.

Ph. They value themselves much upon their professing evangelical Perfection, which, they say, consists in evangelical Precepts; but about those Precepts the Learned

themselves have hot Disputes. And in every State of Life there is Room for evangelical Perfection. But now which do you reckon the most perfect of the Gospel Precepts?

Th. I believe that you find in the fifth of *Matthew* which ends thus, *Love your Enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for those that persecute you and revile you, that you may be the Children of your Father who is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to shine upon the good and the evil, and sendeth Rain upon the just and the unjust; therefore be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.*

Ph. You have answer'd very pertinently; but then our Father is rich and munificent to all People, asking nothing of any Man.

Th. And so are they bountiful too, but it is of spiritual Things, of Prayers and good Works, in which they are very rich.

Ph. I would there were among them more Examples of that evangelical Charity, that returns Blessings for Cursings, and Good for Evil. What is the Meaning of that celebrated Saying of Pope *Alexander*, 'Tis safer to affront the most powerful Prince, than any one single *Franciscan* or *Dominican*?

Th. It is lawful to avenge an Injury offer'd to the Dignity of the Order; and what is done to the least of them, is done to the whole Order.

Ph. But why not rather the Good that is done to one, is done to the whole Order? And why shall not an Injury done to one Christian engage all Christendom in Revenge? Why did not St. *Paul*, when he was beaten and stoned, call for Succour against the Enemies of his apostolical Character? Now, if according to the Saying of our Saviour, it be more blessed to give than receive, certainly he that lives and teaches well, and gives of his own to those that are in Want, is much perfecter than he that is only on the receiving Hand; or otherwise St. *Paul*'s Boast of preaching the Gospel *gratis* is vain and idle. It seems to me to be the best Proof of an evangelical Disposition, that Persons are

not angry when reproached, and have a Christian Charity for those that ill deserve it. What great Matter is it for a Man to relinquish something of his own, to live better upon that which is another Body's, and to reserve to himself a Desire of Revenge? The World is full every where of this half-shod, rope-girt Sort of People; but there is scarce one of them to be found that presses after that which Christ calls Perfection, and the Apostles constantly practised.

Th. I am no Stranger to the Stories that wicked Persons tell of them; but for my own Part, where ever I see the sacred Habit, I think the Angels of God are by; and count that a happy House, whose Threshold is most worn by their Feet.

Ph. And I am of Opinion, that Women are no where more fruitful than where these Men are most familiar. But I beg St. *Francis*'s Pardon, *Theotimus*, for being so much out of the Way. I really took their Habit to be no more than a Garment, nor one Jot better than a Sailor's Jacket, or a Shoemaker's Coat, setting aside the Holiness of the Person that wears it, as the Touch of our Saviour's Garment cured the Woman with the bloody Issue. Or else I could not satisfy myself whether I was to thank the Weaver, or the Taylor, for the Virtue of it.

Th. Without Doubt he that gives the Form gives the Virtue.

Ph. Well then, for Time to come I'll live more merrily, and not torment myself with the Fear of Hell, the Tediousness of Confession, or the Torment of Repentance.

AMICITIA, *or* *FRIENDSHIP.*

The ARGUMENT.

Amicitia *treats of the Sympathy and Antipathy of Things. A Serpent is an Enemy to Mankind and Lizards: He loves Milk, hates the Smell of Garlick. A Crocodile is a mortal Enemy to Mankind. A Dolphin is a greater Lover of them. Every Kind of Animal by mere Instinct fears its Enemy. A Horse mortally hates a Bear. An Elephant loves a Man wonderfully, but hates a Dragon, a Mouse, and a Swallow. A Dog is a very friendly Creature to Man, and a Wolf as great an Enemy, so that the very Sight of him strikes a Man dumb. A Spider is a great Enemy to a Serpent and a Toad. A Toad is cured immediately by eating of Plantane. The History of a Monk that was rescued from a Toad. An Ape is very fearful of a Tortoise; an Acanthis of an Ass; a Beetle of an Eagle; a Dove of a Hawk. A Lion is struck with Fear by the crowing of a Cock. A Monkey admires Coneys. The Boxtree chases away Serpents. Moths are turned into Butterflies, and being dead are sensible of the Touch of a Spider. Even a dead Body detects a Murderer. An Oak has an Enmity to an Olive-tree, and a Walnut-tree; a Vine to a Cole-wort. Garlick is very friendly to Lilies. Rivers have their Antipathy: Winds, Stars, and Genii, are some of them friendly,*

others noxious. Oxen love one Companion, but hate another. Men have a secret Antipathy against some Persons. Boys themselves love one Play-Fellow, but shun the Company of another. Erasmus *at eight Years of Age had a mortal Aversion to a Lyar, by some secret Guidance of Nature. Every one ought to avoid that Way of Livelyhood, that he has a natural Aversion to. We ought to have Charity for all, but Familiarity with very few.*

EPHORINUS *and* JOHN.

EPH. I often admire with myself what God Nature consulted when it intermixt certain secret Amities and Enmities in all Things, for which there is no probable Reason to be given, unless for her own Entertainment, as we set Cocks and Quails a fighting to make us Diversion.

Joh. I don't very well take in what you aim at.

Eph. Well then, I'll tell you in familiar Instances: You know that Serpents generally are Enemies to Mankind.

Joh. I know there is an old Enmity betwixt them and us, and an irreconcileable one; which will be so as long as we remember that unlucky Apple.

Eph. Do you know the Lizard?

Joh. Why not?

Eph. There are very large green ones in *Italy*. This Creature is by Nature very friendly to Mankind, and an utter Enemy to Serpents.

Joh. How does this appear?

Eph. Which Way soever a Man turns his Face they will gather about him, turn their Heads towards him, look steadfastly in his Face, and view him a long Time: If he spits, they will lick up his Spittle; nay, I have seen 'em drink up a Boy's Piss. They suffer themselves to be handled by Boys, and will suffer themselves to be hurt by them without doing them any Harm; and if you put 'em to your Mouth, they

love to lick your Spittle; but if you catch them, and set them a fighting together, it is wonderful to see how fierce they are, and will not at all meddle with him that set them a fighting. If any one is walking in the Fields in a hollow Way, by rustling the Bushes sometimes in one Place, and sometimes in another, they will make him take Notice of them. One that is not acquainted with it, would think they were Serpents; when you look at them they turn their Heads to look at you till you stand still; if you go on, they follow you; and if a Man be doing any Thing, they will make him take Notice of them. You would think they were sporting, and mightily delighted with the Sight of a Man.

Joh. 'Tis very admirable.

Eph. I saw once a very large and charming green Lizard fighting with a Serpent, at the Entrance of a Hole; I wondred at first what was the Meaning of it, for I could not see the Serpent; an *Italian* told me that the Serpent was within; by and by the Lizard comes to us, as it were shewing us her Wounds, and begging a Remedy, and did not only suffer herself to be touch'd, but as often as we stood still she stood still, viewing us very earnestly. The Serpent had almost gnawed away one of her Sides, and of green had made it red.

Joh. Had I been there, I should have had a Mind to avenge the Lizard's Quarrel.

Eph. But her Enemy had hid herself in the bottom of the Hole: But some Days after we had the Pleasure to see her revenge herself.

Joh. I am glad at my Heart; but prithee how was it?

Eph. We happened to be walking near the same Place, and the Serpent had been drinking at a Spring hard by, for it was so violent hot Weather, that we were like to perish with Thirst. A Boy of about thirteen Years old, the Man's Son where we lodg'd, having fled from *Bononia* for Fear of the Pestilence, happen'd very luckily to come by, with a Hay-Rake upon his Shoulder; as soon as he saw the Serpent he cries out.

Joh. Perhaps for Fear.

Eph. No, for Joy, rejoicing that he had found the Enemy. The Boy strikes him with the Rake, the Serpent rolls himself up; but he laid on, till, having broke his Head, the Serpent stretch'd himself out, which they never do, but when they are dying; that's the Reason that you have heard the Apologist, concerning a Crab-Fish, who killing a Serpent that was his Enemy, when he saw him stretch'd out, says thus, *You ought to have gone so when you were alive.*

Joh. That was bravely done; but how then?

Eph. The Boy takes him upon his Rake, and hangs him upon a Shrub over the Cave, and in a few Days Time we saw the Leaves tinctur'd with the Blood of the Serpent. The Husbandmen of that Place related to us a wonderful strange Thing for a certain Truth; that the Countrymen, being weary sometimes, sleep in that Field, and have sometimes with them a Pitcher of Milk, which serves both for Victuals and Drink; that Serpents are great Lovers of Milk, and so it often happens, that they come in their Way: But they have a Remedy for that.

Joh. Pray what is it?

Eph. They dawb the Brims of the Pitcher with Garlick, and the Smell of that drives away the Serpents.

Joh. What does *Horace* mean then, when he says Garlick is a Poison more hurtful than Henbane, when you say it is an Antidote against Poison?

Eph. But hear a little, I have something to tell you that is worse than that: They often creep slily into the Mouth of a Man, that lies sleeping with his Mouth open, and so wind themselves into his Stomach.

Joh. And, does not a Man die immediately, that has entertain'd such a Guest?

Eph. No, but lives most miserably; nor is there any Remedy, but to feed the Man with Milk, and other Things that the Serpent loves.

Joh. What, no Remedy against such a Calamity?

Eph. Yes, to eat Abundance of Garlick.

Joh. No Wonder then, Mowers love Garlick.

Eph. But those that are tired with Heat and Labour, have their Remedy another Way; for, when they are in Danger of this Misfortune, very often a Lizard, though but a little Creature, saves a Man.

Joh. How can he save him?

Eph. When he perceives a Serpent lying perdue, in Wait for the Man, he runs about upon the Man's Neck and Face, and never gives over, till he has waked the Man by tickling him, and clawing him gently with his Nails; and as soon as the Man wakes, and sees the Lizard near him, he knows the Enemy is somewhere not far off in Ambuscade; and looking about, seizes him.

Joh. The wonderful Power of Nature!

Eph. Now, there is no living Creature that is so great an Enemy to a Man as a Crocodile, who oftentimes devours Men whole, and assists his Malice by an Artifice; having sucked in Water, he makes the Paths slippery where they go to the *Nile* to draw Water, and when they fall down, there swallows 'em up. Nor can you be ignorant, that Dolphins, that live in a quite different Element, are great Lovers of Men.

Joh. I have heard a very famous Story of a Boy who was beloved by one; and a more famous one than that, about *Arion.*

Eph. Besides that, in catching Mullets the Fishermen make Use of the Assistance of Dolphins instead of Dogs; and when they have caught their Prey, give them Part for their Pains. Nay, more than that, they suffer themselves to be chastised, if they commit any Fault in their hunting them. They frequently appear to Mariners at Sea, rejoicing and playing upon the Top of the Waves; sometimes swimming to the Ship Sides, and leaping over the spread Sails, they are so delighted with the Conversation of Men. But again, as a Dolphin is so very great a Lover of Men; so he is a mortal Enemy to the Crocodile. He goes out of the Sea, and dares to venture into the River *Nile*, where the Crocodile domineers, and attacks the monstrous Animal that is de-

fended with Teeth, Claws, and Scales more impenetrable than Iron ; when he himself is not very well framed for biting neither, his Mouth inclining to his Breast: Yet, for all that, he runs violently upon his Enemy, and coming near him, diveth down on a sudden, gets under his Belly, and setting up his Fins, pricks him in the soft Part of his Belly ; which is the only Place he can be wounded in.

Joh. It is a wonderful Thing, that an Animal should know his Enemy, tho' he never saw him before in his Life ; and to know, both why he should be attack'd, and where he can be hurt, and how to defend himself, when a Man has not that Faculty ; who would not have Sense enough to be afraid of a Basilisk, unless he were warned before-Hand, and taught by having received Harm.

Eph. A Horse, you know, is a Creature devoted to the Service of Man ; and there is a capital Enmity between him and a Bear, that is an Enemy to Man : He knows his Enemy, tho' he has never seen him before, and presently prepares himself to engage him.

Joh. What Arms does he fight with ?

Eph. Rather with Art than Strength : He leaps over the Enemy, and strikes his hind Legs on his Head. The Bear, on the other Hand, claws at the soft Part of the Horse's Belly. The Poison of an Asp is incurable to a Man ; and the Ichneumon makes War with the Asp, and is likewise a mortal Enemy to the Crocodile. An Elephant is also very well affected toward Mankind ; for they very kindly shew the Way to a Traveller that has happened to lose it ; and they know and love their Teacher. There are likewise Examples of an extraordinary Love toward Mankind : For, one of them fell in Love with an *Ægyptian* Maid that sold Garlands that was beloved of *Aristophanes* the Grammarian ; and another lov'd *Menander* a Youth of *Syracuse* so affectionately, that he would not eat his Victuals when he was out of his Sight. But not to mention any more of this Nature, tho' there is Abundance related : When King *Bocchus* had a Mind to exercise his Cruelty toward 30 Persons, he

determined to expose them, bound to Stakes, to so many Elephants; but they that were sent out among the Elephants, to provoke them, could never bring them to be Executioners of the King's Cruelty. There is likewise a very destructive Antipathy between this Creature, so friendly to Mankind, and the *Indian* Dragons, which are reported to be the largest that are; so that they oftentimes both perish in the Engagement. There is the like Disagreement between the Eagle and the lesser Dragon, altho' it is harmless towards Men; as it has been reported to have borne amorous Affections towards certain Maidens. There is likewise a deadly Enmity between the Eagle and the Cymindis, or Night-Hawk. And also an Elephant hates a Mouse, a troublesome Creature to Mankind, and won't touch a Bit of Provender that it sees a Mouse in; nor is there any manifest Cause why it hates him so: It is with good Reason it hates the Horse-Leech; because if it happens to sup it up in its Drink, it torments him miserably. There is scarce any Animal that is more friendly to Man than a Dog is, nor a greater Enemy to him than a Wolf, so that a Man loses his Speech if he sees him; and between these two there is the utmost Discord; as a Wolf is the most bitter Enemy to Sheep, which have their Dependance merely upon the Providence of Mankind, whose Care it is to defend this harmless Creature made for the Nourishment of Man. They are all in Arms against the Wolf, as against the common Enemy of Mankind, especially the whole Army of Dogs; so that it is grown into a Proverb, *I'll give you no more Quarter than a Dog does to a Wolf.* The Sea-Hare is an incurable Poison to Mankind, if any Body taste it unawares; again, on the other Hand, the Touch of a Man is Death to that Hare. A Panther is a very fierce Beast towards a Man; and yet is so afraid of a Hyæna, that it does not dare to engage him; and hence they say, that if any Body carry a Piece of a Hyæna Skin about him, a Panther won't set upon him, there is such a Sagacity in their natural Sense: and they add also, that if you hang their two Skins one over against the other, the

Panther Hair will fall off. A Spider is an Animal that is one of a Man's own Family, but is very destructive to a Serpent; so that if he happen to see a Serpent sunning himself under a Tree, it will spin down and fix his Sting so sharply in his Forehead, that the Serpent will roll himself up, and die at last. I have heard it told by those that have seen it, that there is the like Enmity between a Toad and a Spider; but that the Toad cures himself, when he is wounded, by biting of a Plantane Leaf. I'll tell you an *English* Story: I suppose you know 'tis the Custom there to strew the Floor with green Rushes; a certain Monk had carried some Bundles of these Rushes into his Chamber, to strew them at his Leisure; and happening to take a Nap after Dinner, a great Toad creeps out and gets upon his Mouth while he lay asleep, fixing his Feet, two upon his upper and two upon his under Lip. To draw off the Toad was certain Death; to let him be there was worse than Death itself. Some persuaded that the Monk should be carried and laid upon his Back in the Window where a great Spider had his Web. It was done: The Spider presently seeing her Enemy, spins down, darts her Sting into the Toad, and runs up again to her Web; the Toad swelled, but was not gotten off. The Spider spins down a second Time, and gives him another Wound; it swells more, but still is alive: The Spider repeats it a third Time; then the Toad takes off his Feet and drops off dead. This Piece of Service the Spider did her Landlord.

Joh. You tell me a wonderful strange Story.

Eph. I'll tell you now not what I have heard, but what I have seen with my own Eyes. An Ape has an unmeasureable Aversion to a Tortoise; a certain Person gave me a Specimen of this when I was at *Rome*: He set a Tortoise upon the Head of his Servant, and put his Hat upon it, and then brought him to the Monkey; the Ape presently, with much Alacrity, leaps upon the Lad's Shoulders to catch Lice in his Head, and taking off his Hat spies the Tortoise. It was amazing to see with what Horror he leap'd away, how

frighted he was, and with what Fearfulness he look'd back to see whether the Tortoise follow'd him or not. There was likewise another Specimen: The Tortoise was tied to the Monkey's Chain, that he could not avoid seeing him. It is incredible how much he was tormented; he was almost dead with Fear: sometimes turning his Back, he would endeavour to beat off the Tortoise with his hinder Feet; at last, he piss'd and shit towards him all that was in his Belly, and with the Fright fell into such a Fever, that we were forced to let him loose, and put him into a Bath made of Wine and Water.

Joh. There was no Reason that the Monkey should be afraid of the Tortoise.

Eph. There may, perhaps, be something natural in it, that we are not acquainted with. Why a Linnet should hate an Ass, is easily accounted for; because he rubs himself against the Thorns, and eats off the Flowers of the Hedge where she makes her Nest; and she is so affrighted at the Sight of an Ass, that if she hear him bray, tho' it be a great Way off, she throws down her Eggs, and her young ones fall out of the Nest for Fear. But however, she does not suffer him to pass unrevenged.

Joh. How can a Linnet do any Hurt to an Ass?

Eph. She pecks his sore Back, that is gall'd with Blows and Burdens, and the soft Part of his Nose. We may also guess at the Cause, why there is a mutual Grudge between the Fox and the Kite, because the ravenous Fowl is always laying Wait to catch the Foxes Whelps; and very likely, on the other Hand, that the Fox does the same by her young ones; which is the Cause of the Dissension between the Rat and the Heron. And the same Reason may be given for the Enmity between the little Bird call'd a Merlin and the Fox; the Merlin breaks the Crows Eggs; the Foxes persecute them, and they the Foxes, pecking their Whelps, which the Crows seeing, join their Assistance, as against a common Enemy. But I can't find out any Reason, why the Swan and the Eagle, the Raven and the Green-Bird, the

Rook and the Owl, the Eagle and the Wren, should hate one another; unless it be that the latter hates the Eagle because he is called the King of Birds. Why should an Owl be an Enemy to small Birds, a Weesel to a Crow, a Turtle-Dove to a Candle-Fly, the Ichneumon (*Indian* Rats) Wasps to the Spiders call'd *Phalangiae*, Ducks to Sea-Gulls, the Harpe to the Buzzard-Hawk, the Wolf to the Lion? And besides, why should Rats have an Aversion to a Tree where Ants are? Why is there so irreconcileable an Enmity between a Beetle and an Eagle? For the Fable was framed from the Nature of that Animal. Hence it is, that near to *Olynthus*, in a certain Place, Beetles will not live if they are brought into it. And then again, between Creatures that live in the Water; what Reason is there why the Mullet and the Pike mutually hate one another, as the Conger and Lamprey, that gnaw one another's Tails? The Lobster has such an Hatred to the Polypus, that if it chance to see it near him, he dies with Fear. On the contrary, a certain hidden Affection of Good-Will has united other Creatures, as Peacocks and Doves, Turtles and Parrots, Black-birds and Thrushes, Crows and Herns, who mutually assist one another against the Fox; the Harpe and Kite against the *Triorche*, which is a Kind of Hawk, and a common Enemy to 'em. The Musculus, a little Fish swimming before the Whale, is a Guide to him; nor does it appear why he is thus serviceable to him. For, that the Crocodile opens his Jaws for the little Wren, is not to be attributed to Friendship, when either Creature is led by its own Advantage. The Crocodile loves to have his Teeth cleansed, and therefore embraces the Pleasure of having them pick'd; and the Wren seeks her Food, feeding upon the Fragments of Fish that stick in the other's Teeth: And for the same Reason, a Crow rides upon a Sow's Back. There is such a stubborn Enmity between the Anthus and Ægythus, that it is affirmed their Blood will not mingle one with the other; just as it is related of other Birds, that their Feathers will consume away if they be mingled with those of the Eagle.

A Hawk is a deadly Enemy to the Dove Kind, but the little Bird the Kestrel defends them; for a Hawk is wonderfully afraid either to see or hear that Bird. Nor are the Pigeons ignorant of this; wheresoever the Kestrel has her Nest, they'll never leave that Place, relying upon their Defenders. Who can give a Reason why a Kestrel should be so friendly to Pigeons, or why a Hawk should be so afraid of a Kestrel? And as a very little Animal is sometimes a Safeguard to a great Beast; so on the contrary, a very little one is often a Destruction to a great one. There is a little Fish in the form of a Scorpion, and of the Size of the Fish Quaquiner; he sometimes sticks his Sting into the Fin of Tunnies, that often are bigger than a Dolphin, and puts them to that Torture, that they sometimes leap into Ships; and the same he does to the Mullet. What should be the Reason that a Lion, that is terrible to all Animals, should be struck with Fear at hearing a Cock crow?

Joh. That I may not be altogether Shot-free in this Entertainment, I'll tell you what I saw with my own Eyes, in the House of that famous *Englishman* Sir *Thomas More*: He kept in his House a large Monkey, who, that he might the sooner get well of a Wound he had received, was suffer'd to go loose. At the End of the Garden there were Rabbets kept in Hutches, and a Weesel used to watch them very narrowly. The Monkey sitting aloof off, quietly, as tho' unconcern'd, observ'd all his Motions, till he saw the Rabbets were in no Danger from him. But perceiving the Weesel had loosened a Board in the back Part of the Hutch, and that now they were in Danger to be attack'd in the Rear, and so be made a Prey to their Enemy, the Ape runs, jumps up on the Plank, and put it into its former Place, with as much Dexterity as any Man could have done. From whence 'tis plain, that Apes are great Lovers of this Animal. So the Coneys, not knowing their own Danger, that used to kiss their Enemy through the Grate, were preserved by the Monkey.

Eph. Apes are mightily delighted with all young Whelps,

and love to hug them, and carry them about in their Arms. But that good-natur'd Monkey did really deserve to be made Amends for his Kindness.

Joh. And he was too.

Eph. How?

Joh. He found there a Piece of Bread that had, I suppose, been thrown there by the Children, which he took up and eat.

Eph. But it seems most admirable to me, that this Kind of Sympathy and Antipathy, as the *Greeks* call a natural Affection of Friendship and Enmity, should be found even in Things that have neither Life nor Sense. I omit to mention the Ash-Tree, the very Shadow of which a Serpent can't endure; so that how far soever it spreads, if you make a Circle of Fire of the same Bigness, the Serpent will sooner go into the Fire than into the Shadow of the Tree. For there are Examples innumerable of this Kind. Moths included in Parchment, are transformed into Butterflies, by some secret Workmanship of Nature, tho' they seem as if they were dead, and stir not if you touch them, unless a Spider creep near them; then only they appear to be alive: They can't feel the Touch of a Man's Finger; but they feel the Feet of a very small Animal crawling.

Joh. An Insect, before it is alive, can be sensible of his capital Enemy. That which is related concerning Persons murdered is very like this; to whom if other Persons approach, there is no Alteration; but if he that killed them comes nigh, presently Blood flows fresh out of the Wound; and, they say, that by this Token the Author of a Murder has been often discovered.

Eph. What you have heard, as to that Matter, is no Fiction. But, not to mention *Democritical* Stories, do we not find by Experience, that there is a mighty Disagreement between an Oak and an Olive-Tree, that they will both die if they be planted into the Ground of each other? And that an Oak is so opposite to a Walnut-Tree, that it will die tho' it be set at a good Distance from it; and indeed a

Walnut-Tree is hurtful to most Sorts of Plants and Trees. Again, tho' a Vine will twine its Sprigs round all other Things else, yet it shuns a Colewort; and, as tho' it were sensible of it, turns itself another Way, as if some Person gave the Vine Notice that his Enemy was near at Hand. The Juice of Coleworts is a Thing contrary to Wine, and they are used to be eaten against Drunkenness: But the Colewort has its Enemy too; for, if it be set near the Herb called Sow-Bread, or wild Marjoram, it will wither presently. There is the like Disposition between Hemlock and Wine; as Hemlock is Poison to a Man, so is Wine to Hemlock. What secret Commerce is there between the Lily and the Garlick, that growing near to one another, they seem, as it were, mutually to congratulate one another? The Garlick is the stronger, but the Lily-Flower smells the sweeter. Why should I speak of the Marriage of Trees one with another? the Females being barren unless the Male grows near them. Oil will only mix with Chalk; and both of them have an Antipathy to Water. Pitch attracts Oil, tho' they are both fat Things. All Things but Gold swim in Quicksilver, and that only draws it to itself and embraces it. What Sense of Nature is that which seems to be in a Diamond, that will resist every Thing that is hard, but grow soft in a Goat's Blood? Nay, you may see an Antipathy even in Poisons themselves. A Scorpion, if it chance to creep thro' Henbane, grows pale and benumbed. And the Herb Cerastis is so noxious to a Scorpion, that he that handles the Seed of it, may take a Scorpion into his Hand. There are Abundance of Things of this Kind, but the Consideration of them more properly belongs to Physicians. What a mighty Power of either Sympathy or Antipathy is there between the Steel and the Loadstone, that a Matter heavy by Nature should run to, and cleave to a Stone, as tho' it kissed it; and without touching it, should fly backward? And as to Water, which readily mingles with all Things, but most of all with itself; yet there are some Waters which, as tho' they hated one another, will not mix;

as for instance, the River flowing into the Lake *Fucinus*, runs over it ; as *Addua* does to *Larius*, as *Ticinus* to *Verbanus*, *Mincius* to *Benacus*, *Ollius* to *Sevinus*, *Rhodanus* to *Lemanus*: some of which for many Miles only carry their hospitable Streams thro' 'em, and go out just as much and no more than they came in. The River *Tygris* flows into the Lake *Arethusa*, and is carried thro' it like a Passenger, that neither the Colour, the Fish, nor the Nature of the Water intermixes one with the other. And besides, whereas other Rivers generally seem at it were in Haste to flow into the Sea ; yet some Rivers, as tho' they had an Aversion to it before they come at it, hide themselves in the Earth. There is something of a like Nature to be observed concerning the Winds ; the South Wind is pestilential to Mankind ; the North Wind, on the contrary, healthful ; one collects the Clouds, the other scatters them. And if we may believe Astrologers, there is a certain Sympathy and Antipathy in the very Stars themselves, some are friendly to Mankind, and others hurtful ; and some are helpful to a Man against the Influences of the noxious ones : So that there is nothing in Nature, but by these Sympathies and Antipathies, brings a Man Injuries and Remedies.

Joh. And perhaps you may find something above the Skies too ; for if we believe the *Magi*, there are two *Genius*'s, a good and a bad, that attend every Man.

Eph. I think it's very well, and enough for us that we are got so far as Heaven, without passing over the Limits of it. But let us return to Oxen and Horses.

Joh. In Truth you make a very fine Transition.

Eph. It is the more admirable to us, that in the same Species of Animals we find manifest Footsteps of Sympathy and Antipathy, no Cause of it appearing : For so your Horse-Coursers and Herdsmen endeavour to persuade us, that in the same Pastures, and the same Stable, one Horse shall desire to have one Horse nigh him, and won't endure another. Indeed, I am of Opinion, that there is the like Affection in all Kind of living Creatures, besides the Favour

of Sex; but is in no Kind so evident, as it is in Man. For what *Catullus* expresses of his *Volusius*, concerning his Affection of Mind, is manifest in a great many others:

I love thee not, Volusius; *and if thou askest why?*
I love thee not, Volusius, *is all I can reply.*

But in adult Persons, a Person may conjecture another Cause: In Children that are only led by the Sense of Nature, what can it be that makes a Child love one so dearly, and have such an Aversion to another? I myself, when I was a Boy not eight Years of Age, happen'd to fall into the Acquaintance of one of my own Age, or perhaps a Year older, of so vain a Humour, that upon every Occasion he would invent, without study, most monstrous Lyes. If he met a Woman, he would say to me, *Do you see that Woman?* I answered *Yes, I see her.* *Why*, says he, *I have lain with her ten Times.* If we went over a narrow Bridge, nigh a Mill, when he perceiv'd me shock'd at the Sight of the Water looking black by Reason of the Depth, he'd say, *I fell into this Place once, what say you to that? And there I found the dead Body of a Man, with a Purse tied about him, and three Rings in it.* And thus he would do continually. And tho' it is common for others to be delighted with such Romances as these, I abhor'd him more than a Viper, and knew no Reason for it, but only a certain hidden Instinct in Nature. Nor was this only temporary; but to this very Day I so naturally hate those vain lying Persons, that at the very Sight of them I perceive my whole Constitution to be shock'd. *Homer* takes Notice of something of the like Nature in *Achilles*, when he says he hated Lies as much as the Gates of Hell. But tho' I was born with this natural Disposition; yet, contrary to it, I seem to have been born to have to do with Liars and Impostors thro' the whole Course of my Life.

Joh. But I don't take in what this tends to.

Eph. I'll tell you in a few Words: There are some that fetch their Felicity from Magical Arts, others from the Stars; I think there is no surer Way of coming at it, than if every

one would abstain from that Sort of Life that he has a natural Aversion to, and betake himself to that he has a natural Inclination to, always excluding those Things that are dishonest; and that he would withdraw himself from the Conversation of those, whose Disposition he perceives does not agree with his own; and join himself with such as he finds he has a natural Propensity to.

Joh. If that were done, there would be Friendship between some few.

Eph. Christian Charity extends itself to all; but Familiarity is to be contracted with but few: And he that does no hurt to any Body, tho' he be bad, and would rejoice if he would grow better, in my Opinion, loves all as becomes a Christian to do.

PROBLEMA.

The ARGUMENT.

Problema *treats of what is heavy and light. That the Earth is the Center of heavy Bodies. What Earth is heaviest, and what is lightest. Why Lead is heavier than a Stone; Gold heavier than Lead. Nothing is more liquid than Honey and Oil. A lean Man is heavier than a fat one; a Man that's fasting, than one that has eat his Dinner: But Sin is the heaviest Thing of all.*

CURIO *and* ALPHIUS.

CU. I should be glad to learn something of you who are well skill'd in many Things, if it would not be troublesome to you to inform me.

Al. Well, *Curio*, go on then, propose what Questions you have a Mind to, and be in Fact what you are in Name.

Cu. I shan't take it amiss to be call'd *Curio*, so you don't put that Monosyllable *sus* [a Sow] to it, that is hateful both to *Venus* and *Minerva*, and makes it *Curiosus*.

Al. Speak out then.

Cu. I have a mighty Mind to know what we call Heavy and Light.

Al. I may as well ask you what Hot and Cold is too: you should rather put that Question to a Porter than to me; or rather to an Ass, who will tell you when the Burden is heavy by hanging his Ears.

Cu. I expect a Solution, not such a one as an Ass can give, but such as becomes a Philosopher, an *Alphius* himself.

Al. Heavy is that which naturally tends downwards, and Light that which mounts upwards.

Cu. How comes it about then that the *Antipodes* who are under us, don't fall into the Sky that is under them?

Al. They may as well wonder why you don't fall into the Heaven that is not under you but over you; for the Heaven is above all that are comprehended within it: nor are the *Antipodes* under you any more than you above them. Nay, you might rather wonder why the Rocks, that the Earth of the *Antipodes* sustains, don't break and fall into Heaven.

Cu. What then is the natural Center of heavy Bodies? and on the other Hand, of light Bodies?

Al. All heavy Things are by a natural Motion carried towards the Earth, and light Things towards Heaven: I do not speak of a violent or animal Motion.

Cu. Why, is there then a Motion that is called an animal one?

Al. Yes, there is.

Cu. What is it?

Al. It is that which is carried according to the four Situations of the Body, forward, backward, to the right and left, and in a Circle; and in the Beginning and End is swifter, and slowest in the Middle; for in the Beginning, Vigor adds Alacrity, and near the End the Hope of coming to what the Animal aims at.

Cu. I can't tell how it is with other Animals; but I have got a Maid-Servant who is weary before she begins, and tired before she ends. But return to what you begun.

Al. I say, heavy Things are carried downward by a natural Motion; and by how much the heavier any Thing is, by so much a swifter Motion it is carried towards the Earth; and by how much the lighter it is, by so much the swifter Motion it is carried toward Heaven. It is quite otherwise in a violent Motion, which being swift at first, grows slower by Degrees; and contrary in a natural Motion; as an Arrow shot into the Air, and a Stone falling from on high.

Cu. I used to think that Men ran about upon the Globe of

the Earth, like little Ants on a great Ball ; they stick upon it everywhere, and none fall off.

Al. That is to be attributed to the Ruggedness of the Globe, and a certain Roughness in the Feet of the Ants, which, indeed, is common to all Insects in a Manner ; and lastly, to the Lightness of their Bodies. If you don't believe me, make a glass Globe very smooth and sleek ; you will see that only those Ants don't fall that are at the upper Part of it.

Cu. If any God should bore thro' the Center of the Earth, quite down to the *Antipodes*, in a perpendicular Line, and as Cosmographers use to represent the Situation of the Globe of the Earth, and a Stone were let fall into it, whither would it go ?

Al. To the Center of the Earth ; there all heavy Bodies rest.

Cu. What if the *Antipodes* should let fall a Stone on their Side ?

Al. Then one Stone would meet the other about the Center, and stop there.

Cu. But hark you, if what you said just now be true, that a natural Motion by its Progress grew more and more strong, if nothing hinder'd, a Stone or Lead cast into the Hole, by Reason of the Vehemence of its Motion it would pass beyond the Center ; and having got beyond the Center, the Motion would grow more violent.

Al. Lead would never come to the Center unless it were melted ; but a Stone, if it did pass the Center with so violent a Motion, would go at first more heavily, and return to the Center again, just as a Stone thrown up into the Air returns again to the Earth.

Cu. But returning back again by its natural Motion, and again recovering Force, it would go beyond the Center, and so the Stone would never rest.

Al. It would lie still at last by running beyond, and then running back again till it came to an *Equilibrium*.

Cu. But if there be no *Vacuum* in Nature, then that Hole must be full of Air.

Al. Suppose it to be so.

Cu. Then a Body that is by Nature heavy will hang in the Air.

Al. Why not? As Steel does, being born up by the Loadstone; what Wonder is it, that one Stone hang in the very middle of the Air, when the whole Earth, loaden with so many Rocks, hangs after the same Manner?

Cu. But where is the Center of the Earth?

Al. Where is the Center of a Circle?

Cu. That is a Point that is indivisible; if the Center of the Earth be so small, whosoever bores thro' the Center takes it away, and then heavy Bodies have no where to tend to.

Al. Now you talk idly enough.

Cu. Pray don't be angry; what I say is for the Sake of Information. If any one should bore thro' the Globe of the Earth, and not thro' the Center itself; as suppose one hundred Furlongs aside of it, where would a Stone fall then?

Al. It would not pass strait thro' the Hole. It would indeed go strait, but to the Center; and so when it came to the Middle, it would rest in the Earth on the left Hand, if the Center were at the left Hand.

Cu. But what is it that makes a Body heavy or light?

Al. That's a Question fit for God to answer, why he made Fire the lightest of all Things, and Air next to that; the Earth the Heaviest, and Water next to that.

Cu. Why then do watry Clouds hang in a lofty Air?

Al. Because by the Attraction of the Sun they conceive a fiery Nature, as Smoke being forc'd by a violent Heat out of green Wood.

Cu. Why then do they sometimes fall with such a Weight, that they level Mountains into a Plain?

Al. Concretion and Density add a Weight to them, and they may be imagin'd so to be borne up by the Air under them, as a thin Plate of Iron is borne up upon the Surface of the Water.

Cu. Do you think then, that whatsoever has most of a fiery Quality in it is lightest, and that which has most of an earthy Quality heaviest?

Al. You are right.

Cu. But Air is not all of a Lightness, nor Earth all of a Heaviness; and it is the same as to Water.

Al. Nor is that strange, since those Things you have mentioned are not pure Elements, but tempered of various Elements; so that it is probable, that Earth is the lightest that has the most Fire or Air mixt with it, and that Water heaviest that has the most Earth which is heaviest mixt with it, as, I think, Sea-Water is, and that whereof Salt is made: And, in like Manner, that Air that is nearest to Water or Earth is the heaviest, or, at least, it is certainly not so light as that which is farther from the Earth.

Cu. Which has most of an earthy Quality in it, a Stone or Lead?

Al. A Stone.

Cu. And yet Lead is heavier than a Stone in Proportion.

Al. The Density is the Cause. That proceeds from its Solidity: For, a Stone is more porous, and so contains more Air in it than Lead does. Hence it is, that we see some Sort of dry Earth, which if you cast into Water will swim, and not sink: So we see whole Fields floating; being borne up by hollow Roots of Reeds and other marshy Herbs, interwoven one with another.

Cu. Perhaps it is from this Cause that a Pumice-Stone is so light.

Al. Because it is full of Pores, and very much burnt in the Fire; they are thrown out of burning Places.

Cu. Whence is it that Cork is so light?

Al. That has been answer'd already; the spungy Hollowness of it is the Cause.

Cu. Which is heaviest, Lead or Gold?

Al. Gold, in my Opinion.

Cu. But yet Gold seems to have more of a fiery Nature than Lead.

Al. What, because, as *Pindar* says, it shines by Night like Fire?

Cu. Yes.

Al. But Gold has the greater Solidity.

Cu. How is that found?

Al. Goldsmiths will tell you, that neither Silver, Lead, nor Copper, nor any such Kind of Metal, can be hammer'd out so thin as Gold can. And, for the same Reason, Philosophers gather, that there is nothing more liquid than Honey and Oil; that if any one spread this, or daub any Thing with it, it will spread the widest, and be longest in drying, of any Thing.

Cu. But which is heaviest, Oil or Water?

Al. If you speak of Linseed-Oil, I take Oil to be the heaviest.

Cu. Why then does Oil swim upon Water?

Al. The Lightness is not the Cause, but the fiery Nature of Oil, and a peculiar Nature in all fat Things that is contrary to Water; as it is in the Herb that is call'd *Ἄβαπτος*.

Cu. Why then does not Iron swim when it is red hot?

Al. Because the Heat is not a natural one; and therefore the sooner penetrates the Water, because the Intenseness of the Heat dispels the resisting Water: So an Iron Wedge sinks sooner to the Bottom than a thin Plate.

Cu. Which is the most unbearable, hot Iron or cold?

Al. Hot.

Cu. Then it is heavier.

Al. It is, if it be better to carry burning Straw in your Hand than a cold Flint.

Cu. What is the Cause that one Wood is heavier or lighter than another?

Al. The Solidity or Hollowness.

Cu. But I knew one of the King of *England*'s Household, who, when we were at Table, shew'd us some Wood, which, he said, was the Wood of an *Aloes* Tree, so solid, that it seemed to be a Stone; and so light, if you pois'd it in your Hand, that it seem'd a Reed; being put into Wine, (for he

was of Opinion, that so it would expel Poison) it presently sunk to the Bottom, as swiftly as Lead would.

Al. Neither Solidity nor Hollowness is always the Cause but a peculiar occult Agreement between Things; which is the Cause that some Things embrace or shun other Things of a cognate or different Quality; as a Loadstone attracts Steel, and a Vine avoids a Colewort; and Flame will reach toward *Naphtha*, set in a lower Place, altho' it be at some Distance; and yet *Naphtha* is naturally heavy, and Flame light.

Cu. All Sorts of Money swim in Quicksilver, and Gold only sinks, and is inclosed in it; yet Quicksilver is very liquid.

Al. I can give no Solution to that, but a peculiar cognate Quality; and Quicksilver was made for the Refinement of Gold.

Cu. Why does the River *Arethusa* run under the *Sicanian* Sea, and not rather swim upon it; when you say that Sea-Water is heavier than River-Water?

Al. A natural Disagreement is the Cause, but it is a secret one.

Cu. Why do Swans swim, when Men going into the same Water sink?

Al. The Cause is not only the Hollowness and Lightness of their Feathers, but also a Driness that the Water shuns: And hence it comes to pass, that if you put Water or Wine into a Cloth or Linnen that is very dry, it contracts itself into a globular Form; but put it into a wet one, it spreads itself presently. And in like Manner, if you pour any liquid Thing into a dry Cup, or whose Brims are greased with Fat, and pour a little more than the Cup will hold, the Liquor presently gathers itself into a Round before it will run over the Brim.

Cu. Why can't Ships carry so much in Rivers as in the Sea?

Al. Because River-Water is of a thinner Consistence; and for the same Reason Birds poise themselves with more Ease in a thick Air, than in a thin one.

Cu. Why does not the Fish call'd *Flota* sink?

Al. Because its Skin being dried in the Sun, is made lighter, and resists Moisture.

Cu. Why does Iron drawn out into a large Plate swim, but being contracted in a narrow Compass sink?

Al. It is Driness is the Cause in Part, and partly because there gets in an Air between the Plate and the Water.

Cu. Which is the heaviest, Wine or Water?

Al. I believe Wine won't give Place to Water.

Cu. How comes it about then, that they that buy Wine of the Vintners sometimes find Water in the Bottom of the Cask?

Al. Because there is in Wine a certain fat Substance like Oil, that resists the Water; the Reason is plain, by how much richer the Wine is, so much the more difficultly does it mingle with Water; and being set on Fire, it burns the fiercer.

Cu. What is the Reason that no living Creature will sink in the Lake *Asphaltitis*?

Al. I can't give a Solution to all the Miracles in Nature; Nature has some *Arcana,* that she will have us admire but not understand.

Cu. Why is a lean Man heavier than a fat Man, supposing them both of an equal Size?

Al. Because Bones are more solid than Flesh, and therefore the more weighty.

Cu. Why is the same Man heavier when he is fasting, than after he has eat his Dinner, and so added a Weight to his Body.

Al. Because by Meat and Drink the Spirits are increased, and they add a Lightness to the Body: And hence it is that a merry Man is lighter than a sorrowful one, and a dead Man heavier than a living one.

Cu. But how is it that the same Man can make himself heavier or lighter when he pleases?

Al. By holding in his Breath he makes himself lighter, and by breathing it out, heavier: So a Bladder when blown,

and close tied, swims; but when it is burst, sinks. But when will *Curio* have done asking Questions?

Cu. I'll leave off if you will tell me but a few Things more; Is the Heaven heavy or light?

Al. I can't tell whether it be light or no, but I'm sure it can't be heavy, it being of the Nature of Fire.

Cu. What then does the old Proverb mean, *What if the Sky should fall*?

Al. Because the ignorant Antients, following *Homer*, believ'd the Heaven to be made of Iron; but *Homer* call'd it Iron from the Similitude of Colour, not of Weight; as we call that Ashy that is of the Colour of Ashes.

Cu. Is there any Colour in the Sky?

Al. There is not really any Colour in it; but it appears so to us, because of the Air and Water that is betwixt us and it; as the Sun sometimes appears to us to be red, sometimes yellow, sometimes white, when of itself it admits of no such Mutations: In like Manner the Colours of the Rainbow are not in the Sky, but in the moist Air.

Cu. But to make an End; you confess there is nothing higher than the Heaven, which Way soever it covers the Orb of the Earth.

Al. I do confess so.

Cu. And nothing deeper than the Center of the Earth.

Al. No.

Cu. Of all Things in the World, what is the heaviest?

Al. Gold, in my Opinion.

Cu. I differ very much from you in this Point.

Al. Why, do you know of any Thing that is heavier than Gold?

Cu. Yes, I do, and by many Degrees too.

Al. Then now do you take your Turn, and teach me; for I profess I don't know any Thing that is.

Cu. Must not that needs be the heaviest Thing in the World, that forc'd down the fiery Spirits from the very Vortex of Heaven to the Bottom of Hell? and that, you know, is plac'd in the Center of the Earth.

Al. I confess it ; but what is that ?

Cu. Sin, which plunges the Souls of Men, that *Virgil* calls Sparks of pure Æther, to the same Place.

Al. If you have a Mind to pass to that Sort of Philosophy, I confess both Gold and Lead to be as light as Feathers compared to it.

Cu. How then can they that are laden with this Sort of Luggage mount up to Heaven ?

Al. In Truth I can't tell.

Cu. They that prepare themselves for running or leaping, do not only lay aside all heavy Things, but make themselves light by holding in their Breath ; when as to the Race and Leap that we take to Heaven, we don't endeavour to throw aside that which is heavier than Stone or Lead.

Al. Ay, but we should do it if we had but one Grain of sound Judgment.

The EPICUREAN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Epicurean, *a divine Colloquy, reasons learnedly and piously concerning the true Good, a pure Conscience, temporary and eternal Life. That there is Felicity where is true Pleasure, and the least Sorrow. That Christians truly pious are true* Epicureans, *in that they have a clear Conscience, and Peace with God; and that, altho' they may be thought by the World to mourn, yet they do really live pleasantly. That the chiefest Pleasures proceed from the Mind. He that has God, what can he desire more? Concerning a Priest who entertain'd his Guests with imaginary Dainties. Lust, Whoring, and Drunkenness have more Pain than Pleasure in them.* Tantalus's *foolish Desire. Sin is the* Tantalean *Stone. The great Mercy of God towards repenting Sinners.*

HEDONIUS *and* SPUDÆUS.

HE. What is my *Spudæus* hunting after, he is so intent upon his Book, muttering I know not what to himself?

Sp. Hedonius, I was indeed hunting, but that was all, for I can catch nothing.

He. What Book is that in your Bosom?

Sp. Tully's Dialogues of the Ends of good Things.

He. But is it not better to enquire after the Beginning of them, than the End?

Sp. Mark Tully calls a perfect Good the End of Good, such as whosoever obtains can desire nothing more.

He. It is indeed a very eloquent and learned Piece; but have you done any Thing to the Purpose, as to the Attainment of the Knowledge of the Truth?

Sp. Indeed I seem to have gotten this Good by it, that I am more in Uncertainty, as to the Ends of Good, than I was before.

He. It is commonly the Case of Farmers to be at Uncertainty, as to the Ends of Lands.

Sp. I admire very much that there is so great a Disagreement in the Opinions of so many great Men, concerning so great a Matter.

He. No Wonder at all, for Error is very fertile, but Truth simple: and they being ignorant of the Head and Fountain of the whole Affair, they all make absurd and doating Guesses. But which Opinion do you think comes nearest to the Truth?

Sp. When I meet with *M. Tully* opposing them, I like none of them. Again, when I find him defending them, I have not a Word to say against it. But to me the *Stoicks* seem to be the least out of the Way, and next to them the *Peripateticks.*

He. I like no Sect so well as the *Epicureans.*

Sp. There is no Sect amongst them all that is so much condemn'd by a universal Consent.

He. Let us set Prejudice aside, and let *Epicurus* be what he will, let us consider the Thing in itself. He places the Happiness of Man in Pleasure, and judges that Life to be most blessed, that has most Pleasure, and least Pain.

Sp. He does so.

He. What can be more divine than this Sentence?

Sp. Every Body cries out, this is the Saying of a Brute, rather than of a Man.

He. I know they do; but they are mistaken in the Names of Things. If we will speak the Truth, none are greater *Epicureans* than those Christians that live a pious Life.

Sp. They come nearer to it than the *Cynicks*; for they make their Bodies lean with fasting, bewail their own Weaknesses; either are poor, or else make themselves so by their Liberality to the Poor; are oppressed by the Powerful, and derided by the Populace. And if Pleasure be that which makes happy, I think this Kind of Life is as distant from Pleasure, as can well be.

He. Will you admit of *Plautus* for an Author?

Sp. Yes, if he says that which is right.

He. Then I'll present you with one Sentence of a naughty Servant, that has more Wisdom in it, than all the Paradoxes of the *Stoicks.*

Sp. Let me hear it.

He. Nihil est miserius quam animus sibi mali conscius: Nothing can be more wretched than a guilty Conscience.

Sp. I approve the Saying; but what do you infer from it?

He. If nothing be more wretched than a guilty Conscience, it follows of Consequence, that nothing is more happy than a clear Conscience.

Sp. A very good Inference; but in what Part of the World will you find a Conscience that is clear from all that is evil?

He. I call that evil, that breaks the Friendship between God and Man.

Sp. But I believe there are very few that are clear of Evil of this Kind.

He. And I take those that are cleansed to be pure; such as by the Lather of Tears, and Soap of Repentance, and Fire of Charity have washed away their Pollutions. The Sins of such Persons are not only not hurtful to them, but oftentimes turn to a greater Good.

Sp. I know what Soap and Suds is; but I never heard that Pollutions were purged away by Fire.

He. But if you go to the Refiner's Shop, you'll see Gold purged by Fire; and there is a certain Sort of Flax, which being put into the Fire, is not burnt, but shines brighter, and is as clear as Water; and therefore is called living Flax.

Sp. In Truth, thou bringest us a Paradox, that is more paradoxical than all the Paradoxes of the Stoicks. Don't they live a pleasant Life, of whom Christ has said, *Blessed are they that mourn*?

He. They seem to mourn to Men of the World, but in Reality they live deliciously, and, as the old Saying is, *being anointed with Honey, live sweetly*; so that, compared to them, *Sardanapalus*, *Philoxenus*, *Apicius*, or the most noted Voluptuary, lived but a miserable Life.

Sp. What you say is new, but it is scarce credible.

He. Do but once make a Trial, and you'll say over and over, that what I say is true. I don't question but I can make you sensible that it is not incredible.

Sp. Go about it then.

He. I will, if you'll grant me something by Way of Preliminary.

Sp. I will, if what you require be just.

He. If you grant 'em me, I'll return them with Interest. I suppose you will allow that there is a Difference between the Soul and Body?

Sp. There is so, and as much as between Heaven and Earth, immortal and mortal.

He. And again, that false Goods are not to be taken for true Goods?

Sp. No more than Shadows are to be taken for the Bodies themselves, or the Delusions of Magicians, or the Fancies of Dreams, are to be accounted for Truth.

He. So far you have answer'd me well; I suppose you'll likewise grant me this, that there can be no real Pleasure, but in a sound Mind.

Sp. Why not? a Person can't take Pleasure in the Sun, if his Eyes are sore; or relish Wine in a Fever.

He. Nor can I think *Epicurus* himself would embrace a Pleasure that has more Pain in it, and of longer Continuance than the Pleasure itself.

Sp. In my Opinion, neither he, nor any Body else that has any Sense, would.

He. I'll presume you'll grant me this, that God himself is the chiefest Good, than which nothing is more glorious, more lovely, and more pleasant.

Sp. No Body would deny that, but one that is more brutish than a *Cyclops*: But what then?

He. Well then, now you have granted me, that no Body lives more pleasantly than they that live piously; and no Body more miserably, and afflictedly, than they that live wickedly.

Sp. Then I granted you more than I was aware of.

He. But as *Plato* says, that which has been fairly granted, ought not to be deny'd.

Sp. Well, go on.

He. A little Puppy that is kept for Pleasure, is fed daintily, lies softly, plays and wantons continually; does not she live pleasantly then?

Sp. Yes.

He. Would you wish for such a Life then?

Sp. No, by no Means, unless I should wish to be a Dog.

He. Then you confess that true Pleasures proceed from the Mind, as from a Fountain.

Sp. It is plain they do.

He. So great is the Force of the Mind, that it often takes away the Sense of outward Pain, and sometimes makes what of itself is bitter, to be sweet.

Sp. We see that daily in those who are in Love, who take a Pleasure in watching and waiting all a cold Winter's Night at their Mistresses Door.

He. Well then, consider with yourself, if human Love have such a Power, which Bulls and Dogs have as well as we, how much more prevalent will that heavenly Love be, that proceeds from the Spirit of Christ, the Power of which is so great, that it can render Death amiable, than which there is nothing in the World more terrible?

Sp. I can't tell what others feel within themselves; but I think that they want a great many Pleasures that adhere to true Piety.

He. What Pleasures do they go without?

Sp. They do not get Riches, attain Honours, junket, dance, sing, perfume themselves, laugh and play.

He. You should not have mention'd Riches and Honours in this Case; for they don't make a Life pleasant, but rather full of Cares and Anxiety. Let us consider the other Things which are what they hunt after, that have a Desire to live a pleasant Life. Do you not daily see Drunkards, Fools and Madmen laughing and dancing?

Sp. I do so.

He. Do you think that they live pleasantly?

Sp. I would wish that Pleasure to those I hate.

He. Why so?

Sp. Because their Mind is out of Order.

He. Then had you rather fast and study, than live after that Manner?

Sp. Nay, I had rather dig.

He. There is no Difference between a rich Man and a drunken Man, saving that Sleep will cure a drunken Man, but Doctors can't cure a covetous Man. A natural Fool differs from a Brute only in the Form of his Body; but they are less miserable whom Nature has made Brutes, than they that have made themselves so by their beastly Lusts.

Sp. I confess that.

He. Do you think that they are sober or in their right Mind, who for the Sake of Delusions, and Shadows of Pleasure, neglect the true Pleasures of the Mind, and bring upon themselves real Torments?

Sp. They do not seem to be so.

He. Such Persons are not drunk with Wine, but with Love, with Anger, with Avarice, with Ambition, and other filthy Lusts; which is a Drunkenness more Dangerous than to be drunk with Wine. *Cyrus*, in the Comedy, after he had slept away his Debauch, spoke sober Things; but a Mind drunk with vicious Lust, how hardly does that come to itself? How many Years does Love, Anger, Hatred, Lust, Luxury and Ambition torment the Mind? How many do

we see that never wake out of the Sleep of Drunkenness, Ambition, Avarice, Lust, and Luxury, and repent of them, even from their Youth to a decrepit old Age.

Sp. I know a great many such as those.

He. You have granted likewise, that Persons should not take false Pleasures for true ones.

Sp. I have so, and I shall not eat my Words.

He. That is no true Pleasure that does not spring from true Causes.

Sp. I own that.

He. Then they are no true Pleasures that Mankind generally pursue, right or wrong.

Sp. I don't think they are.

He. If they were true Pleasures, they would only happen to good Men, and render them happy whose Share they fall to. But as to Pleasure, can that be thought to be true that proceeds not from true Good, but from the false Shadows of Good ?

Sp. By no Means.

He. But Pleasure is that which makes us live sweetly.

Sp. It does so.

He. Well then, none lives truly pleasantly, but he that lives piously, *i. e.* that enjoys true Good : It is only Piety that gains the Favour of God, the Fountain of the chiefest Good, that makes a Man happy.

Sp. I am almost convinced.

He. Now do but mind how vastly wide they are from Pleasure, who, as is commonly accounted, follow nothing but Pleasures. First of all, their Minds are polluted and vitiated with the Leaven of Lusts, that if any Thing that is pleasant happens, it presently grows bitter : for when a Fountain's muddy, the Stream will not run clear. Again, that Pleasure is no true Pleasure, that is received with a disorder'd Mind ; for there is nothing more pleasant to an angry Man than Revenge : but that Pleasure is turn'd into Pain, as soon as the Disease has forsaken the Mind.

Sp. I don't deny that.

He. But lastly, these Pleasures proceed from false Goods; whence it follows, that they are but Cheats ; for what would you say if you saw a Man under a Delusion by magical Arts, to drink, dance, clap his Hands, when there was nothing really there that he thought he saw ?

Sp. I should say he was both mad and miserable.

He. I was once present at such a Spectacle ; there was a certain Priest skill'd in Magick.

Sp. He did not learn that from the holy Scriptures.

He. From the most unholy ones. Some Ladies of the Court paid a Visit to this Priest, inviting themselves to dine with him, and upbraiding him with Covetousness and Niggardliness : At last he consented, and gave them an Invitation. They came without a Breakfast, that they might eat the heartier Dinner : The Table seem'd to be plentifully furnished, and no Dainties wanting ; and they fed heartily, and returning their Host Thanks for his Entertainment, went Home. But immediately they perceiv'd themselves very hungry, and admir'd that they should be so, when they had just come from eating so plentifully. At Length the Matter came out, and they were soundly laugh'd at.

Sp. And they deserv'd it too : they had better have staid at Home and fed upon ordinary Fare, than have gone abroad to be feasted with imaginary Dainties.

He. But in my Opinion, it is far more ridiculous for Men in common to grasp at the mere empty Shadows of Good, instead of the true and substantial Goods ; and to take a Pleasure in those Deceits that do not only end in a Jest, but in everlasting Sorrows.

Sp. The more I consider it, the more I am convinced I have spoken to the Purpose.

He. Well, let it be allow'd for the Present, that Things are call'd Pleasures that really are not so : But would you call that Metheglin sweet, that has more Aloes than Honey in it ?

Sp. No, I should not, if there were a third Part as much.

He. Or would you wish to have the Itch, that you might have the Pleasure of scratching ?

Sp. No, if I were in my Senses.

He. Well then, do but reckon with yourself how much Bitterness is mix'd with those Pleasures falsely so call'd, which a dishonest Love, an unlawful Lust, Gluttony and Drunkenness produce. At the same Time I take no Notice of the Torment of Conscience, Enmity with God himself, and the Expectation of eternal Torment, which are the chiefest Things of all: For pray do but consider, what is there in these Pleasures, that does not bring with it a whole Troop of external Evils?

Sp. What are they?

He. Not to mention Covetousness, Ambition, Wrath, Pride, Envy, which of themselves are troublesome enough, let us only compare those Things that are in a special Manner accounted Pleasures. When hard Drinking throws a Man into a Fever, the Head-ach, the Gripes, Dizziness, a bad Name, Decay of Memory, Vomiting, Loss of Appetite, and the Palsy; would *Epicurus* himself think this was a Pleasure worth seeking after?

Sp. He would say it were to be shunn'd rather.

He. When young Men by Whoring, as it commonly falls out, get the Pox, which by Way of Extenuation they call the *Common-Garden Gout*, by which they are so often brought to Death's Door in their Life-Time, and carry about a dead Carcase; do they not epicurize gloriously?

Sp. Yes, if coming often to the Powdering-Tub be doing so.

He. But now suppose the Pain and Pleasure to be equal, would you be willing to bear the Pain of the Tooth-ach, as long as the Pleasure of Whoring or a drunken Bout lasted?

Sp. In Truth I had rather go without both; for to buy Pleasure with Pain, is Penance without Gain. In this Case, in my Opinion, an utter *ἀναλγησία*, which *Cicero* calls an Indolency, is much better.

He. But besides that, the Titillation of unlawful Pleasure, as it is much less than the Pain it brings, so it is of shorter Continuance: But when a Man has once got the Pox, he's

plagued with it all his Life-Time, and forced to suffer a Sort of Death a great many Times over before his Time comes to die.

Sp. Epicurus himself would not own such Persons for his Disciples.

He. Poverty is commonly the Attendant of Luxury, and that is a miserable and heavy Burden to bear; and a Palsy, Weakness of the Nerves, sore Eyes, and the Pox, the Consequents of immoderate Venery: and this is not all neither: Is it not a notable Way of Merchandizing, to purchase a Pleasure, neither real, solid; nor of long Continuance, with so many Evils, greater and longer-lasting?

Sp. If there were nothing of Pain in the Matter, I should think him a foolish Trader who should barter Jewels for Bits of Glass.

He. And will you not say the same of them that lose the real Enjoyments of the Mind, for the counterfeit Pleasures of the Body?

Sp. Indeed I think so.

He. But let us come closer to the Matter: Suppose that neither a Fever nor Poverty should always accompany Luxury; nor a Pox nor Palsy, Whoring; yet a guilty Conscience, that you allow to be by far more wretched, is the inseparable Companion of unlawful Pleasure.

Sp. Nay, sometimes it goes before it, and galls the Mind in the very Fruition of it. But there are some, perhaps, you'll say, that have no Feeling in their Conscience.

He. Such are the more miserable; for who would not rather feel his Pain, than have his Body so stupify'd, as to have no Sense of Feeling? But as some Persons in their Youth, by the Exorbitancy of their Lusts, are as it were drunk, and habituated to them, and, like a Callous, grown insensible of their Calamity; yet when they come to old Age, besides the innumerable Evils they have treasured up in the Time of their past Life, Death, the inevitable Fate of Mankind, stares 'em in the Face with a terrible Aspect; and then the Conscience is so much the more tormenting, by how

much the more stupify'd it has been all their Life before. Then the Soul is awaken'd, whether it will or no; old Age, which of itself is a melancholy Thing, as being obnoxious to many Incommodities of Nature; how much more miserable and wretched is it, if a guilty Conscience adds to its Infelicity? Entertainments, Club-Feasts, Balls, Amours, Concerts of Musick, and those Things that are delightful to them when young, will be burdensome to them when old. Old Age has nothing to support itself with, but the Remembrance of a Life innocently pass'd, and the Hope of a better to come: These are the two Crutches upon which old Age is borne up; therefore if you take these away, and in the Stead of them put a double Burden upon their Shoulders, the Remembrance of a Life ill spent, and Despair of Happiness to come, pray what living Creature can be imagin'd more afflicted and more miserable?

Sp. Indeed I cannot see what, unless it be the old Age of a Horse.

He. Then indeed is the *Stable-Door shut when the Steed is stolen*; and the old Saying is a true one, *The End of Mirth is Heaviness*, and *There is no Delight equal to a glad Heart.* And again, *A merry Heart doth good like a Medicine, but a broken Spirit drieth the Bones.* And again, *All the Days of the Afflicted are Evil, i. e.* afflicted and wretched. *A contented Mind is a continual Feast.*

Sp. Then they act wisely that get Wealth betimes, and provide a *Viaticum* for old Age against it comes.

He. The holy Scripture has not so low a Sense as to measure Man's Happiness by outward Enjoyments: He is poor indeed, that is divested of all Virtue, and owes both Soul and Body to the Devil.

Sp. And he indeed is a very severe Creditor.

He. He is truly rich who has God for his Friend; for what should he fear that has such a Protector? Should he be afraid of Men? The united Power of all the Men in the World, is less to God, than that of a Gnat against an *Indian* Elephant. Should he fear Death? To godly Men that is

the Way to eternal Happiness. Should he fear Hell? A godly Man says with Confidence to God, *Tho' I walk in the Region of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no Evil, for thou art with me.* Why should he be afraid of Devils, that carries Him in his Breast at whom the Devils tremble? The Scripture, which cannot be contradicted, in many Places says, That the Breast of a godly Man is the Temple wherein God dwells.

Sp. Indeed I don't see how these Things can be refuted, tho' they seem contrary to common Sense.

He. How so?

Sp. For according to your Way of Reasoning, any *Franciscan* lives a Life more pleasant than he that abounds with Honours, and in a Word, all Kinds of Delight.

He. Nay, you may add the Sceptre of a King, and the Pope's triple Crown too, and of a three-fold Crown make a hundred-fold one; and except only a good Conscience, and I'll be bold to say, that this bare-footed *Franciscan* girt about with a Rope full of Knots, in a mean and ragged Coat, worn to a Skeleton with Fasting, Watching, and Labours, and that is not worth a Penny in the World, if he has but a good Conscience, lives more deliciously a thousand Times than *Sardanapalus* himself.

Sp. What's the Reason then that we commonly see poor Men look more melancholy than rich Men?

He. Because a great many are doubly poor. Indeed Diseases, Want, Watching, Labour, and Nakedness, do weaken the Habit of the Body. But the Alacrity of the Mind does not exert itself in these Cases alone, but also in Death itself: For the Mind, altho' it is ty'd to a mortal Body, yet it being of a more powerful Nature, does after a Sort transform the Body into itself, especially if the Efficacy of the Spirit be added to the Power of its Nature. Hence it comes to pass that we frequently see Men that are truly pious, die with greater Chearfulness than others live.

Sp. I have often admired at that myself.

He. It is not at all to be wonder'd at, that there should

be an invincible Joy, where God the Fountain of all Joy is. What new Thing is it, that the Mind of a pious Man should always be chearful in a mortal Body, when the same Man, if he should be plunged down to the lowest Part of Hell, would suffer nothing as to his Felicity? Wheresoever is a good Conscience, there is God; wheresoever God is, there is Paradise; where Heaven is, there is Happiness; where Happiness is, there is true Joy and sincere Alacrity.

Sp. But for all that, they would live a more pleasant Life, if they were freed from some Incommodities, and enjoy'd some Pleasures which they either set light by, or can't attain to.

He. What Incommodities are those you speak of? Do you mean those Things that are Concomitants of Humanity; as Hunger, Thirst, Distempers, Weariness, old Age, Death, Thunder, Earthquakes, Inundations, and Wars?

Sp. These among the rest.

He. But now we are talking of immortal ones. And yet also, in these Calamities the Condition of the godly is much more tolerable than that of those who hunt after bodily Pleasures, right or wrong.

Sp. How so?

He. Because their Minds are inur'd to Temperance and Bearance, and therefore undergo those Things which are inevitable more moderately than other Persons. And lastly, in that they understand that all those Things are sent by God, either for the Purgation of their Faults, or the Exercise of their Virtue: and therefore they take them not only patiently, but also willingly, as obedient Children from the Hand of a kind Father; and are thankful either for his favourable Correction, or for the great Advantage got by them.

Sp. But there are a great many Persons who bring bodily Afflictions upon themselves.

He. But more make Use of physical Medicines, either to preserve the Health of the Body, or to recover it: but to bring Troubles upon themselves, *viz.* Want, Sickness, Persecution, or Reproach, unless Christian Charity oblige to it, is

not Piety, but Folly. But as often as they are inflicted for the Sake of Christ or Righteousness, who is he that dares to call them miserable, when the Lord himself calls them blessed, and bids them rejoice on Account of them ?

Sp. But for all that, they carry something of Torment in them.

He. They do so, but 'tis such a one, that the Fear of Hell on the one Side, and the Hope of Heaven on the other, easily overcomes. But prithee tell me if you did firmly believe that you should never feel any Sickness or bodily Pain all your Life long, if you would but once suffer your Skin to be prick'd with a Pin, would you not willingly and gladly suffer that little Pain ?

Sp. If I were but sure I should never feel the Tooth-ach all my Life, I would suffer my Skin to be prick'd deeper, and both my Ears to be bor'd thro' with an Awl.

He. But whatsoever Affliction happens in this Life, is more light and short in Comparison to eternal Torments, than the momentary Prick of a Needle to the Life of Man, the longest that ever any Man liv'd ; for there is no Comparison between that which is finite, and that which is infinite.

Sp. You say very well.

He. Now suppose, if you could be persuaded that you should live without Trouble all your Life long, if you did but divide the Flame with your Hand (which *Pythagoras* forbad to be done,) would you not readily do it ?

Sp. Yes, I would do it an hundred Times, if he that promis'd me would be as good as his Word.

He. God cannot be worse than his Word ; but that Sense of the Flame is of longer Continuance, if compar'd to the Life of Man, than all his Life is, compar'd to the Happiness of Heaven, tho' the Life of that Man should be three Times as long as that of *Nestor*. For that putting the Hand into the Flame is some Part of the Life of Man, let it be never so small a one ; but the whole Life of a Man is no Part of Eternity.

Sp. I have nothing to say against it.

He. Besides, they that hasten forwards with all their Heart and a certain Hope, when the Way is so short; do you believe they are tormented with the Troubles of this Life?

Sp. I don't think they are, if they have a certain Belief and firm Hope of attaining to it.

He. I come now to those Delights you took Notice of: They abstain from Balls, Banquets and Plays; they so despise them, that they enjoy those that are much pleasanter. They don't take less Pleasure, but they take it after another Manner. *The Eye has not seen, nor the Ear heard, nor has it enter'd into the Heart of Man, to conceive what Comforts God has prepar'd for those that love him.* Blessed *Paul* was acquainted with the Songs, Dances, Exultations, and Banquets of pious Minds in this Life.

Sp. But there are some lawful Pleasures which they abridge themselves of.

He. The immoderate Use of such Pleasures, as are in themselves lawful, is unlawful; if you except that, they who seem to live this austere Life, exceed others in Enjoyment. What can be a more noble Spectacle than the Contemplation of this World? Men that are in God's Favour, take far more Pleasure in that Contemplation, than other Men; for while they, out of Curiosity, contemplate this wonderful Fabrick, they are perplex'd in their Minds, because they cannot attain to the Knowledge of the Causes of many Things. And in some Cases, like *Momus*'s, some murmur against the Workman, often calling Nature, which is indeed a Mother, a Step-Mother; which Reflection, tho' in Word it be levell'd against Nature, yet rebounds on him that is the Author of Nature, if indeed there is any such Thing as Nature. But a godly Man, with religious and pure Eyes, beholds the Works of God, his Father, with great Pleasure of Mind, admiring every Thing, finding Fault with nothing; but giving Thanks for all Things, when he considers that all these Things were made for Man: and so in every Thing

adores the Omnipotence, Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator, the Footsteps of which he perceives in the Things created. Imagine for once that there were really such a Palace as *Apuleius* feign'd for *Psyche*, or something more magnificent and fine, if it can be : And suppose two Spectators, one a Stranger, who only came to see it, the other a Servant, or a Son of him that built it; which of them will take the greatest Pleasure in the Sight ? the Stranger who has nothing to do with the House, or the Son who beholds the Genius, Wealth, and Magnificence of a dear Father, in that Building, with great Pleasure, especially when he reflects, that all this Fabrick was made for his own Sake ?

Sp. Your Question needs no Answer; but the greatest Part, that are not religious, know not that Heaven, and what is contain'd therein, was made for the Sake of Man.

He. They all know it, but they do not all consider it; and if it does come into their Mind, yet he takes the most Pleasure that loves the Workman best, as he looks most chearfully upon Heaven, that breathes after eternal Life.

Sp. There seems to be a great Deal of Truth in what you say.

He. Now as to Banquets, the Sweetness of them does not consist so much in the having a dainty Palate, or in the Seasonings of the Cook, as the good State of the Health of the Body, and the Goodness of the Appetite. Therefore don't think that any *Lucullus* sups more pleasantly upon his Partridges, Pheasants, Turtle-Doves, Hares, Giltheads, Sturgeons, or Lampreys, than a godly Man does upon brown Bread, a Sallad, or Pulse, and Water, or Small-Beer, or a little Wine mixed with a great Deal of Water, because he receives them as sent from a kind Father. Prayer seasons them all, and the preceding Thanksgiving sanctifies, and being accompanied with the reading of the Word of God, refreshes the Mind more than Meat does the Body. And having return'd Thanks, at last he rises from the Table, not stuffed, but recreated ; not loaded, but refreshed in Mind, as well as Body. Do you think the Contriver of any of those vulgar Delicacies can fare more deliciously ?

Sp. But the highest Pleasure is in Venery, if we give Credit to *Aristotle.*

He. Well, in this Particular too, the Advantage is on the pious Man's Side, as well as in Feasting; consider it thus. By how much the more ardent his Love is toward his Wife, by so much the more pleasurable are his conjugal Embraces. And none love their Wives better, than those that love them as *Christ loved his Church*; for they that love them for the Sake of Concupiscence, do not love them in Reality. But besides, the seldomer is the Enjoyment, the pleasanter it is: The profane Poet was not ignorant of this, who said, *Voluptates commendat rarior usus.* Although, indeed, that is the least Part of the Pleasure that consists in Coition, the far greater Part of the Pleasure is in their cohabiting and dieting together, which cannot be more pleasant between any Persons, than between those who sincerely love one another with a Christian Love. In other Persons commonly Pleasure growing old, so does Love too; but Christian Love grows the more flourishing, by how much carnal Love decreases. Well, have I not convinced you yet, that no Body lives more pleasantly than those that live piously?

Sp. I wish you had so much convinced all Persons as you have me.

He. Well then, if they are *Epicureans* that live pleasantly, none are more truly *Epicureans*, than those that live holily and religiously. And if we are taken with Names, no Body more deserves the Name of an *Epicurean*, than that adorable Prince of Christian Philosophers; for ἐπίκουρος in *Greek* signifies as much as an *Helper.* Therefore when the Law of Nature was almost erased by Vice; and the Law of *Moses* rather incited than cured Lusts, when the Tyrant Satan ruled without Controul in the World, he alone afforded present Help to perishing Mankind. So that they are mightily mistaken that foolishly respresent Christ, as by Nature, to be a rigid melancholick Person, and that he invited us to an unpleasant Life; when he alone show'd the Way to the most comfortable Life in the World, and fullest of Pleasure, and so vastly distant from that *Tantalean* Stone.

Sp. What is the Meaning of that Riddle?

He. You'll laugh at the Romance; but this Jest will lead us on to something serious.

Sp. Well then, I expect to hear a serious Jest.

He. Those who formerly made it their Business to wrap up Precepts of Philosophy in the Folds of Fables, tell us, that one *Tantalus* was once admitted to the Table of the Deities, which they tell you is wonderfully stored with Delicacies: When *Jupiter* was about to dismiss his Guests, he thought it agreeable to his Generosity, to let none of them go away without some Boon; therefore he bid *Tantalus* ask what he pleased, and it should be granted: And *Tantalus* being so foolish as to measure Man's Happiness by the Pleasures of Gluttony, wish'd that he might all his Life-Time sit at a Table so plentifully furnished. *Jupiter* consented, and granted him what he desir'd: *Tantalus* sits at a Table furnished with all Sorts of Dainties; *Nectar* is set before him; neither Roses nor Odours are wanting, such as may delight the Noses of the Gods themselves; *Ganymede* stands by him to be his Cup-Bearer, or some Body like him: The Muses stand about him singing sweetly; *Silenus* dances before him with ridiculous Gestures; and likewise there are good Store of Jesters; and in short, there is whatsoever may delight the Senses of a Man: but in the Midst of all these he sits melancholy, sighing and anxious, neither being moved by their Merriment, nor touching the Provision before him.

Sp. What is the Reason of that?

He. Because a great Stone hangs over his Head, as he sits at Supper, ready to fall upon him every Moment.

Sp. I'd get away from such a Table.

He. But what he wished for is made necessary to him. Nor is *Jupiter* so placable as our God is, who rescinds the hurtful Wishes of Mortals, if they repent of them. But the same Stone that hinders *Tantalus* from feeding, frightens him from going away; for he is afraid if he offer to stir lest the Stone should fall upon him, and crush him to Pieces.

Sp. A ridiculous Story!

He. But now hear what you won't laugh at: The common People seek for a pleasant Life from external Things, when nothing will produce that, but a good Conscience; for a heavier Stone hangs over the Heads of those that have a guilty Conscience, than hangs over the Head of *Tantalus* himself; nay, it does not only hang over their Heads, but vexes and presses their Minds; nor is their Mind tormented with a vain Fear, but expects every Hour, when they shall be cast into Hell. Pray, what can there be so pleasant in earthly Things, that can possibly chear a Mind that is prest down with such a Stone?

Sp. Nay, nothing in the World but Madness or Incredulity.

He. If Youth did but consider this, who being bewitched with Pleasures like the Cup of *Circe*, embrace sweetned Poisons, instead of Things truly pleasant, how carefully would they beware lest by Incogitancy they should do that which would perplex their Mind all their Life-Time? What would they not do that they might provide this *Viaticum* against old Age, which is drawing on; a good Conscience, and an untainted Reputation? What can be more miserable than that old Age, which, when it looks back, sees with great Horror what beautiful Things it has neglected, and what foul Things it has embraced: And again, when it looks forward, sees the last Day hanging over its Head, and immediately upon this the Torments of Hell?

Sp. I think they are the happiest Men, who have preserved the first Part of their Age undefiled, and improving in the Study of Piety, have arrived to the Goal of old Age.

He. And the next Place is due to those who have early repented of their Juvenile Follies.

Sp. But what Advice will you give to that wretched old Man?

He. While there is Life there is Hope: I would bid him fly to the Arms of Mercy.

Sp. But by how much the longer a Man has continued in an evil Course of Life, by so much a greater Mass of In-

iquities is heaped up, that exceeds even the Sands on the Sea-Shore.

He. But then the Mercies of God exceed them; tho' Man cannot number the Sand, yet the Number of them is finite; but the Mercy of God knows neither Bound nor End.

Sp. But there is but little Time to one that is at the Point of Death.

He. The less Time he has, the more Ardently he ought to call upon God. That Time is long enough with God, that can reach from Earth to Heaven; and a short Prayer can penetrate Heaven, if it be but sent with a strong Force of Spirit. *Mary Magdalen* is recorded to have spent her whole Life in Repentance; but the Thief got a Grant of Paradise from our Saviour, even at the Point of Death. If he shall but cry with his whole Heart, *My God have Mercy on me, according to the Multitude of thy Mercies*; the Lord will remove that *Tantalean* Stone, and make him hear that Sound of Joy and Gladness; the *Bones broken by Contrition* shall rejoice for the Pardon of Sins.

ERASMUS *wrote this Colloquy when he was a very young Scholar at* Daventer; *and being so far inferior to the Performance of his riper Years, he would not permit it to be printed with the rest, nor would he scarce own it to be his: But it shows the Taste he had of the purer Latinity, inveighing satyrically against the barbarous Latin, that was in those Days commonly allow'd and approv'd, particularly in a great School, or College at* Zwoll, *a Town twelve Miles from* Daventer, *where instead of pure Latin Authors, the Scholars were put to learn Books stuff'd with Inelegancies and Barbarisms.*

The CONFLICT *between* THALIA *and* BARBARISM.

THALIA *and her Companions*, CALLIOPE *and* MELPOMENE; BARBARISM *and her Companions.*

THA. O Good God! what Sort of Monster is that which I see rising out of the Ground yonder? I beseech you look upon it.

Cal. O admirable! what a vast Body it has, the Top of its Head reaches almost up to the Stars. In Truth, I can't tell what it is.

Tha. It's coming nearer to me. A new Sort of a Composition, do you see it? It has a Face like a Virgin; from the Breast downwards it is like an Ass.

Cal. It is so, as I hope to be sav'd. But, Madam, do you observe what monstrous Horns grow out of the Forehead of it?

Tha. They are huge ones indeed. But do you take Notice what Ears there are by the Horns?

Cal. I do mind them, they are like Asses Ears, and they are whitish, and full of Motion; and I perceive it approaches nearer and nearer, but I can't tell what is in the Mind of it to do. Alas! I am in Pain, lest it has some Mischief in its Head.

Tha. May God our Father prevent it.

Mel. If my Memory don't fail me, I have some Knowledge of this Monster.

Tha. Prithee tell us what it is.

Mel. There is no Danger in it.

Tha. But I am cruelly afraid it is an Enemy to us; is it, or not?

Mel. It is; this is our only and most cruel Adversary.

Tha. God confound it.

Mel. It never ceases envying and assaulting us: They say it has its Residence in the Western Climates, there it brings all Things under its Yoke, is worshipp'd, lov'd and honour'd. What Need is there of a great many Words? In short, it expects to be appeas'd with suppliant Presents like a Goddess.

Tha. If I mistake not, I have heard so. But what's the Name of the City where she reigns?

Mel. Why, 'tis *Zwoll*, I think.

Tha. Very right, that's it.

Mel. Her Name is *Barbarism.*

Tha. It is she, in Truth, I know her very well; but see, she is coming hither a great Pace; let us halt till she comes up.

Bar. Companions, is this *Thalia* herself that I see hard by? Why I thought she had been dead long enough ago: It is certainly she, I espy her Laurel; she is come to Life again, and has the Impudence presumptuously to come into my Presence, without any Fear of me: I'll advance up to

her, and make her know who I am. A Mischief take you, you impudent Jade.

Tha. You salute me very roughly: Pray, forsooth, take that to yourself that you wish to me.

Bar. Why, *Thalia*, are not you, that have been routed so long ago, asham'd to come into my Presence?

Tha. Do you ask me such a Question? you are not worthy to lay your Eyes upon me; and it is beneath me to cast my Eyes upon such a nasty Beast as you are.

Bar. Hey day! What, a poor beggarly Wretch to dare to affront me! What, don't you know me better than that comes to? Take Care you don't provoke me.

Tha. A Fart for your Menaces, I don't mind 'em, nor no Body else: Should I be afraid of you, you nasty Wretch?

Bar. Take Care whom you throw your Reflections upon.

Tha. You may thank your Companions there for your Grandeur.

Bar. What, these?

Tha. Yes, them, and none but them.

Bar. What am I indebted to them for? Pray tell me.

Tha. It is their Opinion of you, or rather their Error, that has rais'd you to the Pitch of a Goddess, and not your noble Birth.

Bar. But (if Time would permit) I could authentically derive my Pedigree from the Divinity itself.

Tha. A rare Pedigree, I'll warrant you! Pray let's have it, there's Time enough; and no Doubt but the Sun will stand still while you are telling such strange Stories.

Bar. You make a mighty bragging of your being *Jupiter*'s Daughter, and triumph in *Apollo*'s being your Conductor. My Father was one who would not knock under to him, either for Valour, Archery, or Musick. When at any Time he had a Mind to divert himself with singing, like *Orpheus*, he made the very Woods and Mountains dance after his Musick; and as for Racing, he would outstrip even the East Wind itself.

Tha. I have heard these Stories a thousand Times over.

Bar. What have you to say to that? Do you take me in?

Tha. When you first started up in the World, you pretended *Chiron* was half Man.

Bar. It's like your Manners to break in upon me, before I've said what I was about; han't you Patience to hold your Tongue, till I have said what I had to say?

Tha. I have if you'll keep to the Truth. But if I do hold my Tongue, I shan't mind you much.

Bar. What, do you make a Liar of me too?

Tha. No; but if you take it upon yourself, it really belongs to you.

Bar. Do you speak the Truth when you say I was *Chiron*'s Daughter?

Tha. Why, here are Witnesses of it.

Bar. Where are they, pray?

Tha. Why this great Tail that hangs down to your Heels is one, and these Bristles on your Back, and these whitish Ears on your Head, all these plainly shew you are one of *Chiron*'s Offspring; he begat you upon an Ass; a very fine Pedigree to brag of!

Bar. I see you set yourself to be as abusive as you can. You make a mighty to do about Shape; but let us come to Virtue, argue about that, about Fame, and Glory, and Adorers: What signifies the Body?

Tha. No great Matter indeed, saving that a deformed Mind usually accompanies a deformed Body. But come on, we'll come to those Things.

Bar. Take this in the first Place; there are but few that adore you, the whole World adores me; you being hardly known by any Body, lie *incognito*; I have extended my Name all over the World, I am well known and famous every where.

Tha. I own that.

Bar. You would not own it, if you had any Thing to say against it.

Tha. Yes, I have something to say against it: You knew *Cacus*?

Bar. Who does not know *Cacus* ?

Tha. That *Cacus* whom *Virgil* speaks of.

Bar. I knew him.

Tha. I believe you did, for he was a famous Fellow ; and as he was famous, just so are you. And then again, whereas you take it to your Praise, that the World follows you, I interpret it rather to your Dishonour ; for every Thing that is scarce, is valuable. There is nothing valuable that is common to the Vulgar. Altho' my Admirers are but few, yet they are Persons of Figure and Gravity. But pray what great Reputation is it to you, that you are admir'd by the ignorant Mobility ?

Bar. Silly Wench ! the Thing is quite different; for I don't leave those Persons unlearned, that I find so ; but I rather improve them and instruct them, and make them Persons of Learning and Gravity.

Tha. Ha, ha, ha, loaded with Books, but not with Science.

Bar. You're a poor Scrub, and I am as well able to make my Followers learned as you are yours.

Tha. Yes, like yourself ; for being barbarous yourself, you make Barbarians of them too : What can you do else ?

Bar. Now I find by Experience, the Character is true that I heard of you long ago, that you are a prating, impertinent Baggage. Leave off, Simpleton, you know nothing at all ; this I am sure of, that if you knew but half I know, you would not have the Impudence to talk at this Rate. In my Academy at *Zwoll,* what Glory, Discipline and Improvement is there ! If I should but begin to enumerate, you'd burst with Envy.

Tha. Yes, forsooth ; and so I believe you'd make the very Post and Pillars burst with your braggadochia talking : But however, begin and burst me if you can.

Bar. 'Tis too long.

Tha. Well, make short on't then, you know how.

Bar. Well then, I'll speak in brief as to what I was saying before : No Body is able to number the great Confluence of Students that flock from all Parts of the spacious World to that famous School.

Tha. Phoo ; what, does that great Ass at *Zwoll* (I mean the great Bell of the School) bray so loud, as to call them together in Crowds ?

Bar. Sillyton, forbear railing, and hear what's said to you.

Tha. I hear.

Bar. They are there instructed, and render'd learn'd in a Trice.

Tha. Wonderfully learned, indeed !

Bar. In the best Glosses, Vocabularies, Arguments, and innumerable other notable Matters.

Tha. That's rightly spoken.

Bar. What do you grin at ? I improve them to that Degree, that there is nothing they are ignorant of.

Tha. Ay, of nothing that's Novelty.

Bar. As they grow in Stature, so they do in Experience ; and being become perfect Masters, they are made Instructors of others : Then I discharge them, that they may live happily, and die blessedly.

Tha. Ha, ha, ha ; I envy them so much, I can hardly forbear bursting my Sides with laughing.

Bar. Fool, what do you laugh at ? Do you think what I say deserves to be laugh'd at ?

Tha. I can give you a better Account of the Matter.

Bar. What, you ?

Tha. Yes, I ; and if you please you shall hear it too.

Bar. Well, begin then.

Tha. As to the Number of your followers, I grant it ; and if they have learnt any Thing right in Schools before, they must be forc'd to unlearn it again : And then, as to those Dispensations (of which you have reckon'd up a great many) they are not so much instructed, as confounded by them, till at last they know nothing at all : You improve them till they don't know so much as themselves. Their Horns grow on their Foreheads, and then they seem very cunning Fellows, and are more fit to rule than be ruled. And at last you send them away in a Condition to live merrily, and die blessedly.

Bar. I find you can't keep your Tongue from railing; but have a Care you don't raise my Indignation. If you don't forbear throwing your Squibs at me, I'll throw them at you again; I have something to hit you in the Teeth of.

Tha. And nothing but Slanders.

Bar. You poor Wretch you, I say I send them back such (whether you know it, or no) that they won't strike Sail to your Poets for Versification (that is the chief Thing you have to boast of.)

Tha. For Number, I confess; but we don't so much regard the Number of Verses, as the Goodness of them. But you, on the contrary, only take Notice of the Number, and not the Goodness; you count the Pages, but pass by the Barbarisms that are in them. So they do but hang together, that's the only Thing that you regard, it's no Matter for the Goodness of them.

Bar. You senseless Creature, you make a mighty to do about Goodness; I don't think any Thing is so empty of Goodness as your Poems; for what are they but gilded Lies, full of old Womens Tales?

Tha. You commend them sufficiently.

Bar. I commend such ridiculous Stuff?

Tha. You commend, and don't know you do it.

Bar. What, such lying ones; I rather ridicule them than praise them.

Tha. You praise them against your Will.

Bar. How so?

Tha. While thou enviously railest at them; for the Way to displease those that are bad is to commend them.

Bar. Great and elaborate Lies that any Body may envy.

Tha. You shew your Ignorance as plainly as the Sun at Noon-Day. Unhappy Wretch, you are not sensible how much you commend the Industry of those Poets by your foolish Talking, who think it unfit to cast Roses before Swine in Mire and Dirt; and therefore they wrap up and hide the Truth in ambiguous Words and enigmatical Expressions; that tho' all may read them, yet all may not

understand them. They read them, and go away as ignorant as if they never had seen them. A Man of Learning reads them, and searches into the Meaning of the Words (for they are transparent) and finds that under them is couch'd a vast Treasure of wholesome Truth, that the other pass'd over unobserv'd.

Bar. Very fine, very fine ; a comical Piece of Roguery, to mingle Truth and Falsehood together ! to corrupt Truth with feigned Fables ! Is this that you give such great Encomiums of ?

Tha. Shall I give you an Answer to this in a few Words? But first answer me this ; pray, which do you look upon to be the best, to pick up Jewels out of Dung, or to admire them set in Gold.

Bar. The last is the best.

Tha. You mean to yourself, and so it is. As for you, if there is any Truth in a Poem, you obscure it so with trifling Words, that it rather makes it look dim, than gives it a Lustre. On the contrary we (not as you reproachfully say) don't corrupt the Truth by an Elegancy of Words ; but we put a Lustre upon it, as when a Jewel is set in Gold. We don't take the Lustre from it, but add to it ; we don't make it more dark, but shine the brighter. And last of all, this we do, we labour that that Truth, which is of its own Nature profitable, be made more grateful by Industry. As for your Partizans, they being ignorant of these Things, reproach, carp at, and are envious at them. If they were wise, how much more would they cry me up———I have stopt your Mouth now ; I'll break this Silence.

Bar. I might have said that more justly of your Partizans.

Tha. I have broken it.

Bar. Those that don't understand our Poetry, don't know how to do any Thing, but to laugh and scoff.

Tha. They are such, that if a Man understands them, he will be never the wiser ; and if he does not, he will know never the less.

Bar. There is no Need of a great many Words, the Thing proves itself.

Tha. The Thing prove itself! I should be glad to see that.

Bar. I mean those Persons, which the Knowledge of Things has render'd famous.

Tha. Is there any one such Person?

Bar. Yes, without Number.

Tha. That's well said, as if no Body could number them; for no Body can number that which is but one, and not that neither: However, you may begin, tho' you should not be able to go thro' with it.

Bar. In the first, and chief Place, *Florista*, that took his Name from Flowers.

Tha. But not sweet-smelling ones.

Bar. Then here's *Papias.*

Tha. A very learned Man, indeed! you ought to have named him first.

Bar. Then here's *Huguito.*

Tha. A very famous Man!

Bar. And *Michael Modista.*

Tha. An excellent one!

Bar. Then here's *James Glosarius.*

Tha. A wonderful Man!

Bar. And him that I esteem above them all, *John de Garlandia*, who excels in such an Elegancy of Words, and such a Majesty of Style, that there are but very few that can understand him.

Tha. Nay, no Body at all, unless they are Barbarians as well as he; for how can any Body easily understand him, who did not well understand himself?

Bar. There's no End in talking with you; you out-do me in Words, but I don't think Victory consists in them. If you have a Mind to it, let us each of us try what we can do. Do you make Verses with me. Come, don't stand shivering and shaking, nor shilly shally; I am ready for you; then it will appear whether of us gets the better.

Tha. I like it very well. Come on, let us try: But, Mistress Poetess, do you begin first.

Bar. These are Verses that I have often repeated in the Presence of very learned Men, and not without the great Admiration of all of them.

Tha. I believe so; now begin.

Bar. *Zwollenses tales, quod eorum Theutonicales*
Nomen per partes ubicunque probantur et artes,
Et quasi per mundum totum sunt nota rotundum.
Zwollensique solo proferre latinica solo
Discunt Clericuli nimium bene verba novelli.

These Verses are a Demonstration how elegant a Poet I am.

Tha. Ha, ha, ha; they contain as many Barbarisms, as Words: This to be sure is certainly your Father's Speech, I mean *Chiron*'s; a Poem excellently compos'd; I won't defer giving it its just Due.

Tale sonant insulsa mihi tua carmina, vates,
Quale sonat sylvis vox irrudentis onagri;
Quale boat torvus pecora inter agrestia taurus,
Qualeque testiculis gallus genitalibus orbus
Concinit. Haud vocem humanam, sed dico ferinam.
Hanc celebres laudate viri, et doctissime Florum
Auctor, ades; gratos in serta nitentia flores
Colligito, meritaeque coronam nectito Divae:
Urticae viridi graveolentem junge cicutam.
Talia nam tali debentur praemia vati.
Annue, Barbaries, tuque hanc sine cornua circum
Inter candidulas laurum tibi nectier aures.

Bar. This makes me ready to spew; I can't bear to hear such silly Stuff. Do I loiter away my Time here, and don't go to *Zwoll* to see what my Friends are doing there?

Tha. Make Haste, and let a Blockhead visit the Blockheads; your coming to them will be very acceptable: I see I spend my Breath upon you in vain: You will never be a Changeling. I very aptly apply'd to you that Verse of *Virgil*,

Non illam nostri possunt mutare labores.

We do but endeavour to wash a Black-moor white.

Mel. At the beginning of this Contention, as soon as ever we espy'd this Monster, we all grew sick at the Stomach.

Tha. I believe so, truly.

Cal. Mistress, let us leave this beastly Creature, and betake our selves to the airy Top of *Parnassus* Hill, and the *Heliconian* Fountain.

Tha. Let us do so.

DES. ERASMUS *of* Rotterdam

TO THE

READER,

Concerning the

Profitableneſs of COLLOQUIES.

MALICIOUS Detraction, attended with the Furies, does at this Day so rage throughout the whole World, that it is unsafe to publish any Book, except it be defended by a Guard. Altho', what indeed can be secure enough from the Sting of a false Accuser, who like the Adder at the Voice of the Charmer, stops his Ear from hearing any one clearing himself, though it be ever so justly? The first Part of this Work, which is mine and not mine, was publish'd by reason of the Rashness of a certain Man: Which when I perceiv'd it was receiv'd by the Students with great Applause, I made use of the Affection of the common People, for the Furtherance of Studies. And so Physicians themselves don't always administer the most wholsome Things to their Patients, but permit them to take some Things, because they have a very strong Desire for them. So in like Manner, I thought meet to allure tender Youth with Inticements of this Sort, who are more easily attracted with those Things that are pleasant, than those that are serious, or the most exact. Therefore I have again corrected that which

was published, and besides have added such Things as may conduce to the forming of good Manners, as it were insinuating into the Minds of young Persons, whom *Aristotle* accounted not to be fit Auditors of Moral Philosophy, *viz.* such as is deliver'd in serious Precepts. And if any one shall cry out, that it is an unseemly Thing for an old Man to sport himself thus childishly; I care not how childishly it be, so it be but profitably. And if the antient Teachers of Children are commended, who allur'd them with Wafers, that they might be willing to learn their first Rudiments; I think it ought not to be charg'd as a Fault upon me, that by the like Regard I allure Youths either to the Elegancy of the *Latin* Tongue, or to Piety. And besides, it is a good Part of Prudence to know the foolish Affections of the common People, and their absurd Opinions. I judge it to be much better to instruct those out of this little Book, than by Experience, the Mistress of Fools. The Rules of Grammar are crabbed Things to many Persons. *Aristotle*'s Moral Philosophy is not fit for Children. *Scotus*'s Divinity is less fit, nor is it indeed of any great use to Men, to procure them Understanding. And it is a Matter of great Moment early to disseminate a Taste of the best Things into the tender Minds of Children; and I cannot tell that any Thing is learn'd with better Success than what is learn'd by playing: And this is in Truth a very harmless Sort of Fraud, to trick a Person into his own Profit. Physicians are commended for cheating their Patients after this Manner; and yet if I had done nothing else in this Matter but trifled, they might seem to have borne with me; now, because, besides the Elegancy of the Language, I have inserted some Things that may prepare the Mind for Religion, they accuse me falsely, and as tho' the Principles of the Christian Religion were here seriously set down, they examine every Syllable exactly. How unjustly they do this, will appear more evidently when I shall have shewn the great Profitableness of some Colloquies. To omit so many Sentences, intermix'd with Jests; so many pleasant Stories, and the Natures of so many Things worthy to be taken Notice of;

In the Colloquy *concerning visiting of holy Places*, the superstitious and immoderate Affection of some is restrain'd, who think it to be the chiefest Piety to have visited *Jerusalem*; and thither do old Bishops run over so great Tracts of Land and Sea, leaving their Charge, which they should rather have taken Care of. Thither also do Princes run, leaving their Families and their Dominions. Thither do Husbands run, leaving their Wives and Children at Home, whose Manners and Chastity it were necessary to have been guarded by them. Thither do young Men and Women run, with the Hazard of their Manners and Integrity. And some go the second Time, ay, do nothing else all their Life long; and in the mean Time the Pretence of Religion is made the Excuse for their Superstition, Inconstancy, Folly, and Rashness; and he that deserts his Family contrary to the Doctrine of St. *Paul*, bears away the Bell for Sanctimony, and thinks himself compleatly religious. *Paul*, 1 *Tim.* v. 8. boldly says, *But if any provide not for his own, and especially those of his own House; he hath denied the Faith, and is worse than an Infidel.* And yet *Paul* in this Place seems to speak of Widows that neglect their Children and Grand-children, and that under Pretence of Religion, while they give themselves up to the Service of the Church. What would he say of Husbands, who leave their tender Children and young Wives, and that in a poor Condition, to take a Journey to *Jerusalem*? I will produce but one Example out of many, and not so long ago but that the Grand-children are still living, whom the great Damage they sustain'd does not suffer to forget what was done.

A certain great Man took a Resolution to pay a Visit to *Jerusalem* before he died, with a religious Intent indeed, but not well advis'd. Having set in order the Affairs of his Possessions, he committed the Care and Custody of his Lady, who was big with Child, of his Towns and Castles, to an Archbishop, as to a Father. As soon as the News arriv'd that the Man was dead in his Pilgrimage, the Archbishop, instead of acting the Part of a Father, play'd the

Robber, seiz'd all the dead Man's Possessions, and besieg'd a strong well-defended Castle, into which the Lady great with Child, had fled; and having taken it by Storm, lest any one should survive who might revenge the heinous Fact, the Lady great with Child, together with her Infant, was run thro' and died. Would it not have been a pious Deed, to have dissuaded this Man from so dangerous and unnecessary a Journey? How many Examples of this Kind there are to be found, I leave others to judge. In the mean Time, to say nothing of the Charges, which tho' I grant they be not entirely lost, yet there is no wise Man but will confess, that they might have been laid out to far better Purpose: But then as to the Religion of making such Visits, St. *Jerome* commends *Hilarion* in that, tho' he was a Native of *Palestine*, and dwelt in *Palestine*, yet he never went to see *Jerusalem*, tho' it was so near, but once, lest he might seem to despise holy Places. If *Hilarion* was deservedly commended, because being so near, he forbore going to visit *Jerusalem*, lest he should seem to shut up God in a narrow Compass, and went thither but once, and that by Reason of the nearness of the Place, lest he might give Offence to any; what shall we say of those who go to *Jerusalem* thro' so many Dangers, and at so great Expence, out of *England* and *Scotland*, and especially leaving their nearest and dearest Relations at Home, of whom, according to the Doctrine of the Apostle, they ought to have a continual Care? St. *Jerome* proclaims aloud, *that it is no great Matter to have been at* Jerusalem, *but it is a great Thing to have lived well.* And yet it is probable that in *Jerome*'s Time there were more evident Footsteps of antient Monuments to be seen, than now. As to the Dispute concerning Vows, I leave that to others. This Colloquy only treats, that none should rashly take such Vows upon them: That this is true, these Words of mine plainly shew; *Especially I having a Wife at home, as yet in the flower of her Age, Children, and a Family which depended upon me, and were maintain'd by my daily Labour*; and other Words that follow. Therefore I will say nothing

of Vows that are made, only this, that if I were Pope, I would not unwillingly discharge those that had bound themselves from them. In undertaking them, as I grant that it is possible for some one to go to *Jerusalem* with an Advantage to Piety ; so I should make no Scruple from many Circumstances of Things, to advise, that they would lay out the Expences, Time, and Pains, to other Purposes, which would more immediately conduce to true Piety. I judge these to be pious Things, and for that Reason considering either the Inconstancy or Ignorance, or Superstition of many, I have thought it proper to give Youth Warning of that Thing ; and I do not see whom this Admonition ought to offend, unless perhaps such Persons to whom Gain is preferable to Godliness. Nor do I there condemn the Pope's Indulgences or Pardons ; but that most vain Trifler, who put all his Hope in Mens Pardons, without the least Thought of amending his Life. If any one shall seriously consider with me how great a Destruction of Piety arises among Men, partly by their Vices, who prostitute the Pope's Indulgences, and partly by the Fault of them who take them otherwise than they ought to do, he will confess that it is worth the while to admonish young Men of this Matter. But some may say, by this Means the Commissioners lose their Gain : Hear me, O honest Man ; if they are good Men, they will rejoice that the Simple are thus admonish'd ; but if they are such as prefer Gain before Godliness, fare them well.

In the Colloquy concerning *hunting after Benefices*, I blame those who frequently run to *Rome* and hunt after Benefices, oftentimes with the corrupting their Manners, and loss of their Money ; and for that Reason I carry on my Discourse, that a Priest should delight himself in reading good Authors, instead of a Concubine.

In the *Soldier's Confession*, I tax the Villanies of Soldiers, and their wicked Confessions ; that young Men may detest such Manners.

In the *Schoolmaster's Admonitions*, I teach a Boy Shamefacedness, and Manners becoming his Age.

In the *Child's Piety*, do I not furnish a childish Mind with godly Precepts, for the Study of Piety? As for that which some have snarl'd at concerning *Confession*, it is a mere Calumny, to which I have answer'd long ago. I teach that Confession is to be perform'd, just as it was ordain'd for us by Christ: But whether it be so done, I have neither a Mind to disprove nor affirm, because I am not thoroughly satisfied of it myself: nor am I able to prove it to others. And whereas I advise to deliberate about chusing a Kind of Life, and to make choice of a Priest to whom you may commit your Secrets, I judg'd it to be necessary for young Men; nor do I see any Reason why I should repent of it. But if so, there will be fewer Monks and Priests: It may be so; but then perhaps they will be better, and whosoever is a Monk indeed, will prove it so. And besides, they who endeavour to make Men be of their own Persuasion, either for the Sake of their own Gain or Superstition, do very well deserve to be defam'd by the Writings of all Men, that they may be brought to Repentance.

In *the Profane Feast*, I condemn not the Ordinances of the Church concerning Fasts and choice of Meats; but I point out the Superstition of some Men, who lay more Stress on these Things than they ought to do, and neglect those Things that are more conducive to Piety. And I condemn the Cruelty of them, who require strictly these Things of those Persons from whom the Meaning of the Church does not exact them; and also the preposterous Holiness of those Persons who condemn their Neighbour for such Things. Here, if any one shall consider how great a Mischief among Men accrues hence to Godliness, he will confess that scarce any other Admonition is more necessary. But in another Place I shall give a fuller Answer to this Matter.

In *the Religious Feast*, altho' I make them all Lay-Men, and all married Men, yet I sufficiently shew what Sort of Feast that of all Christians ought to be. With which Pattern, if some Monks and Priests compare their Feasts, they will perceive how far short they fall of that Perfection, in which they ought to exceed Lay-Men.

In *the Canonization*, I shew what Honour is due to Men of Excellency, who have well deserv'd by their Studies of the Liberal Arts.

They are foolish who think that the Colloquy *between the Maid and her Sweetheart* is lascivious, whereas nothing can be imagin'd more chaste, if Wedlock be an honest Thing, and it be honest to be a Woer. And I could wish that all Woers were such as I suppose one in this Colloquy to be, and that Marriages were contracted with no other Discourses. What can you do with those of a sour Disposition, and averse to all pleasant Discourse, who think all that is friendly and merry, is unchaste? This young Maid refuses to give her Sweetheart a Kiss at his Departure, that she may preserve her Virginity for him entire. But what do not Maids now-a-Days grant to their Sweethearts? Besides, they don't perceive how many Philosophical Sayings are intermix'd with Jests, concerning Marriages so hastily made up; concerning the choice of Bodies, but much more of Minds; concerning the firmness of Matrimony; concerning not contracting Marriages without the Consent of Parents, and of keeping them chastly; of the religious Education of Children: And in the last Place, the young Maid prays, that Christ by his Favour would make their Marriage happy. Is it not fit that young Men and Maids should know those Things? And Persons who think that this Lesson is hurtful to Children, by reason of the Wantonness of it, suffer *Plautus* and the Jests of *Poggius* to be read to them. O excellent Judgment!

In *the Virgin that is averse to Marriage*, I abhor those that by their Allurements draw young Men and Maids into Monasteries, contrary to the Minds of their Parents; making a Handle either of their Simplicity or Superstition, persuading them there is no Hope of Salvation out of a Monastery. I should not have given this Counsel, if the World were not full of such Fishermen, and a great many excellent Wits were not unhappily smother'd and buried alive by these Fellows, which otherwise, if they had judiciously taken upon them a Course of Life suitable to their Inclinations, might

have been choice Vessels of the Lord. But if at any Time I shall be constrain'd to speak my Mind upon this Subject, I will both so paint out these Kidnappers, and the Heinousness of the Evil itself, that every one shall own that I have not given this Advice without a Cause; altho' I have done it civilly too, lest I should give Occasion of Offence to ill Men.

In the next Colloquy, I don't bring in a Virgin that has changed her Course of Life after she has profess'd herself; but before she has compleatly enter'd upon the Profession, she returns to her Parents, who are very loving to her.

In the Colloquy *blaming Marriage*, how many Philosophical Sayings are there relating to concealing the Faults of Husbands; relating to the hearty good Will of married Persons, not to be broken off; relating to the making up Breaches, and reforming the Manners of Husbands; of the pliable Manners of Wives towards their Husbands? What else do *Plutarch*, *Aristotle*, and *Xenophon* teach? But that here the Persons add a Kind of Life to the Discourse.

In the Colloquy of the *Soldier and Carthusian*, I at once do lively describe both the Madness of young Men who run into the Army, and the Life of a pious *Carthusian*, which, without Delight in his Studies, cannot but be melancholy and unpleasant.

In the *Notable Lyar* I lively set forth the Dispositions of some Persons who are born to lying, than which Kind of Persons there is nothing more abominable: I wish they were more rare.

In the Colloquy of the *Young Man and the Harlot*, do I not make Bawdy-houses chaste? And what could be imagin'd more effectual, either to implant the Care of Chastity in the Minds of young Men, or to reclaim young Maids who are set to Sale for Gain, from a Course of Life that is as wretched as it is beastly? There is one Word only that has offended some Persons, because the immodest Girl, soothing the young Man, calls him her Cocky; whereas this is a very common Expression among us, with honest Matrons. He

that can't away with this, instead of *my Cocky*, let him read *my Delight*, or any Thing else as he pleases.

In the *Poetical Feast*, I shew what Kind of Feasts Students ought to keep, *viz.* a frugal, but a jocose and merry one, season'd with learned Stories, without Contentions, Backbiting, and obscene Discourse.

In the *Enquiry concerning Faith*, I set forth the Sum of the Catholick Religion, and that too something more lively and clearly than it is taught by some Divines of great Fame; among which I reckon *Gerson*, whom, in the mean Time, I mention by Name for Honour's Sake. And besides, I bring in the Person of a *Lutheran*, that there may be a more easy Agreement betwixt them, in that they agree in the chief Articles of the Orthodox Religion; altho' I have not added the remaining Part of the Enquiry, because of the Malice of the Times.

In the *Old Mens Discourse*, how many Things are there that are shewn as it were in a Looking-Glass, which either should be avoided in Life, or may render it comfortable. It is better for young Persons to learn these Things by pleasant Colloquies, than by Experience. *Socrates* brought Philosophy down even from Heaven to Earth, and I have made it a Diversion, brought it into familiar Conversation, and to the Table: For even the Divertisements of Christians ought to savour of Philosophy.

In the *Rich Beggars*, how many Things are there by which Country-Parsons that are ignorant and illiterate, and no Way deserving the Name of Pastors, may be enabled to amend their Lives? And besides, to take away the glorying in Garments, and to restrain the Madness of those who hate a Monk's Attire, as if a Garment were evil of itself? And by the Way, there is a Pattern set down, what Sort of Persons those Monks ought to be, who walk to and fro through the Villages; for there are not many such as I here describe.

In the *Learned Woman*, I refresh the Memory of the old Example of *Paula*, *Eustochium*, and *Marcella*, who added the Study of Learning to the Integrity of Manners: And I

incite Monks and Abbots, who are Haters of sacred Studies, and give themselves up to Luxury, Idleness, Hunting, and Gaming, to other Kind of Studies more becoming them, by the Example of a young married Woman.

In *the Apparition* I detect the Wiles of Impostors, who are wont to impose upon well-meaning credulous People, by feigning Apparitions of Devils, and Souls, and Voices from Heaven: And what a great deal of Mischief have these juggling Tricks done to Christian Piety? And because an ignorant and simple Age is in an especial Manner liable to be impos'd upon by these Deceptions, I thought it proper to set forth the Manner of the Imposture to the Life by a facetious Example. Pope *Celestine* himself was impos'd upon by such Tricks; and a young Man of *Berne* deluded by Monks; and even at this very Day, many are thus impos'd upon by devised Oracles.

Nor are the least Part of human Miseries owing to *Alchymy*, by which even learned and wise Men are impos'd upon; it being so pleasing a Disease, if once any one be seiz'd with it. To this Magick is also a-kin, being the same in Name, but flattering them with the Sirname of Natural. I charge Horse-Coursers with the same cheating Tricks, and in the *Beggars Dialogue*; and again in the *Fabulous Feast.* If Boys should, from these Colloquies, learn nothing else but to speak *Latin*; of how much greater Commendations are my Labours worthy, who by that Way of Play and Divertisement effect that, than theirs who enforc'd upon Youth the *Mammotrecti*, *Brachylogi*, *Catholicontae*, and the Methods of signifying.

In the *Lying-in Woman*, besides the Knowledge of natural Things, there are a great many good Morals concerning the Care of Mothers towards their Children; first while they are Infants, and again after they are grown up.

In *the Religious Pilgrimage*, I reprehend those who have tumultuously cast all Images out of Churches, and also those that are mad upon going on Pilgrimage under Pretence of Religion, from whence also now-a-Days Societies are formed.

They who have been at *Jerusalem* arrogate to themselves the Title of Knights, and call themselves Brothers; and on *Palm-Sunday* devoutly perform a ridiculous Action, and drag an Ass by a Rope, making themselves at most as mere Asses, as the wooden Ass they drag along. They also, that have gone on Pilgrimage to *Compostella*, have imitated them in this. Let these Practices be allow'd, let them be allow'd to gratify the Humours of Men; but it is an unsufferable Thing, that they should make it a Part of Piety. Those Persons also are remark'd upon, who shew uncertain Reliques for certain ones, and attribute more to them than ought to be, and basely make a Gain of them.

In the *Ichthyophagia*, or *Fish-eating*, I treat of human Constitutions, which some wholly reject, deviating much from right Reason: And on the other Hand, some in a Manner prefer them before divine Laws: And some again abuse Institutions both human and divine, to Gain and Tyranny. I therefore endeavour to temper both Parties to Moderation, by enquiring from whence human Constitutions have had their Original; and by what Steps they have advanc'd till this Time; on what Persons, and how far they are obligatory; to what Ends they are useful, how far they differ from divine; shewing by the Way the preposterous Judgments of Men, of which the World is now full, and from whence this Uproar in the World proceeded. And I have treated of these Things more at large for this Reason, that I might give occasion to the Learned, to write more accurately of them; for those that have written of them hitherto have not given Satisfaction to the Curious. It was not so much to the Purpose to write against Whoring, Drunkenness, and Adultery, because none are deceiv'd by these Things; but true Piety is endanger'd by the other, which either are not perceiv'd, or do allure by a deceitful show of Sanctity.

In the *Funeral*, inasmuch as Death commonly tries the Hope of a Christian, I have represented a different Kind of Death in two private Persons, as it were by a lively Image,

representing the different Departure of those that put their Trust in Fictions, and of those who have plac'd the Hope of their Salvation in the Lord's Mercy ; by the Way reproving the foolish Ambition of rich Men, who extend their Pride and Luxury even beyond their Death, which Death at least ought to take away : Also reprehending the Error of those who abuse the Folly of those Men to their own Profit, when it is their Business in an especial Manner to correct it. For who is he that shall presume to admonish, with Freedom, Men of Power and Wealth, if Monks, who profess themselves dead to the World, sooth their Vices ? If there are not any such as I have describ'd, yet I have produc'd an Example that ought to be avoided ; but if more accursed Things than I have set forth, are reported to be commonly practis'd, then those that are just, ought to acknowledge my Civility, and amend that in which they are to blame ; and if they are blameless themselves, let them either reform, or restrain those who do offend. I have reviled no Order, unless he shall be accounted to defame all *Christendom*, that by Way of Admonition shall say any Thing against the corrupt Manners of Christians. Those that are so concern'd for the Honour of the Order, ought to be hinder'd from finding fault with me, especially by those who by their Actions do openly disgrace the Order. And since they own, cherish and defend such as are Brother-Companions, with what Face can they pretend that the Honour of the Order is lessen'd by one that faithfully admonishes ? Altho', what Reason is there which dictates, that this or that Fraternity should be so respected, that the common Profit of Christians should be neglected ? And if any take it ill that I have placed this theological Disputation in the Mouths of sordid Persons, these Things are now discussed by such Persons in all Companies, whose Habit it is to treat of them in a more familiar and homely Fashion.

In the Colloquy *of the Difference of Names and Things*, I find fault with the preposterous Judgment of some.

In the *Unequal Feast*, I shew what is agreeable to Civility.

In *Charon* I shew my Abhorrence of War among Christians.

In *the Assembly of Grammarians* I deride the Study of a certain *Carthusian*, very learned in his own Opinion, who, whereas it was his Custom foolishly to rail against the *Greek* Tongue, hath now put a *Greek* Title to his Book; but ridiculously calling them *Anticomaritæ*, whom he should have call'd *Antemarians*, or *Antidicomarians*.

In the *Cyclops* I reprove such as have the Gospel in their Mouth, when nothing like the Gospel appears in their Lives.

In the *Unequal Marriage* I set forth the Folly of People in common, when in matching their Daughters they have regard to the Wealth, but disregard the Pox of the Bride-Groom, which is worse than any Leprosy. And that now-a-Days is so common a Practice, that no Body wonders at it; altho' nothing can be more cruel against their Children.

In the *Feigned Nobility*, I describe a Sort of Men, who under the Cloak of Nobility, think they may do any Thing; which is a very great Plague to *Germany*.

In the *Parliament of Women*, I was about to reprehend some of the Vices of Women; but civilly, that no Body might expect any Thing like what is in *Juvenal*. But while I was about this, the Knight without a Horse presented itself, according to the old Saying, *Talk of the Devil, and he appears*.

The rest are in a Manner all compos'd for Diversion, and that not dishonest; which is not to defame the Orders but to instruct them. Wherefore it would be more to the Advantage of all the Orders, both privately and publickly, if they all would lay aside the Rage of Reviling, and would with Candour of Mind embrace whatsoever is offer'd with an honest Intention for the publick Good. One has one Gift, and another has another; some are taken with one Thing, and some with another; and there are a thousand Ways by which Men are attracted to Piety. The Study of *Juvencus* is commended who publish'd the History of the sacred Gospels in Verse. And *Arator* is not

without his Praises, who did the same by the Acts of the Apostles. *Hilary* blew the Trumpet against Hereticks. *Augustin* argues sharply. *Jerome* argues by way of Dialogue. *Prudentius* maintains the Combat in a various Kind of Verse. *Thomas* and *Scotus* fight with the Auxiliaries of Logick and Philosophy. Their Studies have the same Tendency, but the Method of each is different. That Diversity is not to be blamed that tends to the same End. *Peter* the *Spaniard* is read to Boys, that they may be the better prepar'd to read *Aristotle*; for he hath set them a good Step forwards, that hath given them a Relish. But this Book, if it be first read by Youth, will introduce them to many useful Parts of Science, to Poetry, Rhetorick, Physicks, and Ethicks; and lastly, to those Things that appertain to Christian Piety. I have taken upon me to sustain the Person of a Fool, in blazoning my own Merit; but I have been induc'd to it, partly by the Malice of some who reproach every Thing, and partly for the Advantage of Christian Youth, the Benefit of whom all ought with their utmost Endeavour to further.

Tho' Matters stand thus, and are manifestly so to all Persons of Understanding, yet there is a stupid Generation of Men, whom the *French* call *Deputati*; and for this Reason, as I suppose, because they are but diminutively polite, who speak thus of my Colloquies, They are a Work to be shunn'd, especially by *Monks*, whom they term the *Religious*, and by young Men, because the Fasts and Abstinences of the Church are therein set light by, and the Intercession of the blessed Virgin *Mary* droll'd upon; and that Virginity is not comparable to a Marriage-State, and because all are dissuaded from entring upon Religion, and because in it the hard and difficult Questions of Divinity are propounded to weak Grammarians, contrary to the Orders sworn to by the Masters of Arts. Candid Reader, you are not unacquainted with the *Athenian* Eloquence. I shall first give an Answer to the last of these Objections. As to what the Masters of Art propound to their Pupils, I know not: The Matters treated of in my Colloquies concerning the Creed, the Mass, Fasting,

Vows, and Confession, contain nothing of theological Difficulty; but they are of that Kind, that every one ought to be acquainted with. And besides, seeing the Epistles of St. *Paul* are read to Boys, what Danger is there in giving them a Taste of Theological Disputations? And further, whereas they know, that the intricate Questions of greatest Difficulty (I do not say of vain Subtilty) concerning the divine Persons, are very early propounded to young Students in Sophistry, why are they not willing that Boys should learn that which concerns common Life? And now if this be their Opinion, it is no Matter what is said in the Person of such or such a one; then they must suppose, that there are many Things in the Writings of the Evangelists, and of the Apostles, which, according to this Rule, are downright Blasphemy. In many places I approve of Fasting, and no where condemn it. He that shall assert the contrary, I will declare him to be an impudent Liar. But, say they, in the *childish Piety* there are these Words *I have nothing to do with Fasting.* Suppose these Words were spoken in the Person of a Soldier, or a Drunkard; does *Erasmus* of Necessity condemn Fasting? I think not. Now they are spoken by a Youth, not yet arriv'd at that Age, from which the Law requires the Observation of Fasts; and yet that Youth prepares himself for fasting rightly; for he proceeds thus, *But yet if I find occasion, I dine and sup sparingly, that I may be more lively for spiritual Exercises on Holy-days.*

And how I condemn Abstinency, these Words in the profane Feast declare; *In a great many Circumstances, it is not the Thing, but the Mind, that distinguishes us from* Jews; *they held their Hands from certain Meats, as unclean Things, that would pollute the Mind; but we understanding, that to the Pure all Things are pure, yet take away Food from the wanton Flesh, as we do Hay from a pamper'd Horse, that it may be more ready to hearken to the Spirit. We sometimes chastise the immoderate Use of pleasant Things, by the Pain of Abstinence.* And a little after he gives a Reason why the Church has forbidden the eating of certain Meats. To the Question, *To whom does the Injunction do good?* Says

he, *To all; for poor Folks may eat Cockles or Frogs, or gnaw upon Onions or Leeks. The middle Sort of People will make some Abatement in their usual Provision: And tho' the Rich do make it an Occasion of their living deliciously, they ought to impute that to their Gluttony, and not blame the Constitution of the Church.* And again I speak thus, *I know Doctors do very much find fault with the eating of Fish; but our Ancestors thought otherwise, and it is our Duty to obey them.* And presently, in the same place, I teach, *But the Offence of the Weak ought to be avoided.*

It is as false, that the Favour of the blessed Virgin, and other Saints are droll'd upon in my Colloquies; but I deride those who beg those things of the Saints, which they dare not ask of a good Man; or pray to certain Saints with this Notion, as if this or that Saint either could, or would sooner grant this or that Thing, than another Saint, or Christ himself would do. Yea, and in the *Child's Piety*, the Lad speaks thus, *I salute Jesus again in three Words, and all the Saints, either Men or Women; but the Virgin* Mary *by Name, and especially that I account most peculiarly my own.* And afterwards he mentions by Name, what Saint he salutes daily.

And is it any strange Thing, that a Suitor to a young Maid, should commend a married Life, and says, *That chaste Wedlock does not come far short of Virginity?* Especially when St. *Austin* himself prefers the Polygamy of the Patriarchs before our single Life.

As to what they object concerning the entring into a religious Life, my Words declare how plainly vain it is, in the *Virgin hating Marriage*; for the Maid speaks thus, *Are you then in the main against the Institution of a monastick Life?* The young Man answers, *No, by no Means; but as I will not persuade any Body against it, that is already engag'd in this Sort of Life, to endeavour to get out of it; so I would most undoubtedly caution all young Women, especially those of generous Tempers, not to precipitate themselves unadvisedly into that State, from whence there is no getting out afterwards.* This is the Conclusion of that Colloquy, how-

ever they had disputed before. Pray, does this dissuade from entring upon a religious Life? The entring into it is not condemn'd, but the unadvis'd Rashness of it: Therefore they maliciously wrest my Words, in order to reproach me. But, at the same Time, they do not animadvert, how many Things young Students thence learn, that oppugn the Opinions of the *Lutherans.*

In the *childish Piety*, the Way of hearing the Mass well and profitably is taught, and the true and effectual Way of Confession is shown. Young Students are there instructed, that those Things that are us'd by Christians, tho' they are not found in the Scriptures, must nevertheless be observ'd, lest we give Occasion of Offence to any Person.

In the *Profane Feast* they are instructed, that they ought rather to obey the Institutions of Popes, than the Prescriptions of Physicians; only they are given to understand, that in case of Necessity the Force of a human Law ceases, and the Intention of the Law-Giver. There a certain Person approves of Liberality towards the Colleges of Monks, if Men give for real Use, and not to support Luxury; and especially if given to those that observe the Discipline of Religion.

In the Colloquy concerning *Eating of Fish*, this is said concerning human Institutions; *Well, let them fight that love fighting; I think we ought with Reverence to receive the Laws of our Superiours, and religiously observe them, as coming from God; nor is it either safe or religious, either to conceive in Mind or sow among others any sinister Suspicion concerning them; and if there is any Superstition in them, that does not compel us to Impiety, it is better to bear it, than seditiously to resist.*

Young Students may learn many such Things out of my Colloquies, against which these Men make such a Murmuring: But, say they, it does not become a Divine to jest; but let them grant me to do this, at least among Boys, which they themselves take the Liberty to do among Men, in their *Vesperiae*, as they call them, a foolish Thing by a foolish Name.

As for those foolish Calumnies that some *Spaniards* have cast upon me, I have shown that they are mere Dreams of Men, that are neither Sober, nor well understanding the *Latin* Tongue; nor has that less of Learning in it, where one has said, that it is an heretical Expression, that in the Creed the Father is call'd simply, *the Author of all Things;* for he being deceiv'd by his Ignorance of the *Latin* Tongue, thinks that *Author* signifies nothing else but *Creator* or *Framer.* But if he shall consult those that are well skill'd in the *Latin* Tongue, if he shall read *Hilary*, and other antient Authors, he will find that Authority is taken for that which the School-Men call the most perfect Cause of the Beginning; and therefore they attribute it peculiarly to the Father; and by the Name of Author often mean the Father, when they compare the Persons among themselves. Whether the Father can rightly be call'd the Cause of the Son, does not concern me, seeing I have never us'd the Word Son; unless that this is most true, that we can't speak of God, but in improper Words; nor are the *Fountain*, or *Beginning*, or *Original*, more proper Words than the *Cause.*

Now, Reader, consider with me what Sort of Persons sometimes they are, who by their Notions bring Men to the Stake. There is nothing more base than to find fault with that thou dost not understand. But that Vice of vilifying every Thing, what does it produce but Bitterness and Discord? Therefore let us rather candidly interpret other Mens Works, and not esteem our own as Oracles, nor look upon the Judgments of those Men as Oracles, who don't understand what they read. Where there is Hatred in judging, Judgment is blind. May that Spirit, which is the Pacifier of all, who uses his Instruments various ways, make us all agree and consent in sound Doctrine, and holy Manners, that we may all come to the Fellowship of the new *Jerusalem*, that knows no Discords. *Amen.*

In the Year 1526.
at Basil.

Eraſmus of *Rotterdam*,

OF THE

METHOD of STUDY,

TO

CHRISTIANUS of *LUBECK*.

My special Friend Christian,

MAKING no doubt but that you have an ardent Desire of Literature, I thought you stood in no Need of Exhortation; but only a Guide to direct you in the Journey you have already enter'd upon: And that I look'd upon as my Duty to be, to you, the most nearly ally'd to me, and engaging; that is to say, to acquaint you with the Steps that I myself took, even from a Child: Which if you shall accept as heartily as I communicate, I trust I shall neither repent me of giving Directions, nor you of observing them. Let it be your first Care to chuse you a Master, who is a Man of Learning; for it cannot be, that one that is unlearned himself can render another learned. As soon as you have gotten such an one, endeavour all you can to engage him to treat you with the Affection of a Father, and yourself to act towards him with the Affection of a Son. And indeed, Reason ought to induce us to consider, that we owe more to those, from whom we receive the Way of living well, than to those to whom we owe our first Living in the

World; and that a mutual Affection is of so great Moment to Learning, that it will be to no Purpose to have a Teacher, if he be not your Friend too. In the next Place, hear him attentively and assiduously. The Genius of Learners is often spoil'd by too much Contention. Assiduity holds out the longer, being moderate, and by daily Augmentations grows to a Heap larger than can be thought. There is nothing more pernicious than to be glutted with any Thing; and so likewise with Learning. And therefore an immoderate pressing on to Learning is sometimes to be relax'd; and Divertisements are to be intermix'd: But then they should be such as are becoming a Gentleman, and Student, and not much different from the Studies themselves. Nay, there ought to be a continual Pleasure in the very midst of Studies, that it may appear to us rather a Pastime than a Labour; for nothing will be of long Duration, that does not affect the Mind of the Doer with some Sort of Pleasure. It is the utmost Madness to learn that which must be unlearned again. Think that you ought to do the same by your Genius, that Physicians are wont to do in preserving the Stomach. Take Care that you don't oppress your Genius by Food, that is either noxious, or too much of it; both of them are equally offensive. Let alone *Ebrardus*, *Catholicon*, *Brachylogus*, and the rest of these Sort of Authors, all whose Names I neither can mention, nor is it worth while so to do, to others who take a Pleasure to learn Barbarism with an immense Labour. At the first it is no great Matter how much you Learn; but how well you learn it. And now take a Direction how you may not only learn well, but easily too; for the right Method of Art qualifies the Artist to perform his Work not only well and expeditiously, but easily too. Divide the Day into Tasks, as we read *Pliny* the Second, and Pope *Pius* the Great did, Men worthy to be remember'd by all Men. In the first Part of it, which is the chief Thing of all, hear the Master interpret, not only attentively, but with a Sort of Greediness, not being content to follow him in his Dissertations with a slow Pace, but striving to out-strip him a little. Fix all his Sayings

in your Memory, and commit the most material of them to Writing, the faithful Keeper of Words. And be sure to take Care not to rely upon them, as that ridiculous rich Man that *Seneca* speaks of did, who had form'd a Notion, that whatsoever of Literature any of his Servants had, was his own. By no Means have your Study furnish'd with learned Books, and be unlearned yourself. Don't suffer what you hear to slip out of your Memory, but recite it either with yourself, or to other Persons. Nor let this suffice you, but set apart some certain Time for Meditation; which one Thing as St. *Aurelius* writes does most notably conduce to assist both Wit and Memory. An Engagement and combating of Wits does in an extraordinary Manner both shew the Strength of Genius's, rouzes them, and augments them. If you are in Doubt of any Thing, don't be asham'd to ask; or if you have committed an Error, to be corrected. Avoid late and unseasonable Studies, for they murder Wit, and are very prejudicial to Health. The Muses love the Morning, and that is a fit Time for Study. After you have din'd, either divert yourself at some Exercise, or take a Walk, and discourse merrily, and Study between whiles. As for Diet, eat only as much as shall be sufficient to preserve Health, and not as much or more than the Appetite may crave. Before Supper, take a little Walk, and do the same after Supper. A little before you go to sleep read something that is exquisite, and worth remembring; and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep; and when you awake in the Morning, call yourself to an Account for it. Always keep this Sentence of *Pliny*'s in your Mind, *All that Time is lost that you don't bestow on Study.* Think upon this, that there is nothing more fleeting than Youth, which, when once it is past, can never be recall'd. But now I begin to be an Exhorter, when I promis'd to be a Director. My sweet *Christian*, follow this Method, or a better, if you can; and so farewell.

FINIS.

NOTES.

VOL. I.

The earlier pieces appear like copies from a Latin exercise-book. Such in fact they were; and Erasmus says in a letter dated 1536, that they were not written with a view to publication. "Some were youthful exercises for the improvement of style; others were dictated as I walked up and down, thinking of nothing less than of publication. Some were written for the benefit of backward pupils. Of this kind were the Colloquies, which one Helenius obtained, —I know not how, for I never had a copy by me—and sold at a high price to John Froben, pretending there were other printers who wanted to buy them."

Such Churls ... ... *Page* 21

Literally: "such *Demeae*." An allusion to one of the characters in Terence's *Adelphi*.

It is courteous to make use of a Title of Relation or Affinity 22

So Horace, Ep. i. 6, 54:

"Frater, Pater, adde;
Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque facetus adopta."

Hail Master. In truth I had rather have than crave... 24

A double play on words. *Ave* may mean either *hail!* or *crave!* And again, *habere* (to *have*) and *avere* (to *crave*) are all but identical in pronunciation.

χαῖρε. *Remember you are at Basil, and not at Athens* 24

See story in Cicero, about Albucius talking Greek at Rome. *De Fin.* i.

Farewell mightily 26

Vale pancratice. An expression borrowed from Plautus, Bac. ii. 3, 14. The *pancratium* was a Greek athletic exercise, combining wrestling and boxing, and therefore re-

quiring (as the etymology of the word denotes) the *whole strength.* "May you be as strong as a pancratiast!" Similarly, Plautus has *Vale athletice, pugilice, basilice.*

Make much of yourself 26

Curare cuticulam. Lit., "take care of your hide"; a smooth and glossy skin being a sign that the bodily nourishment and comfort is attended to.

Frobenius 27

The printer at Basle, one of Erasmus' best friends. Frobenius named one of his children after the scholar *Erasmius*, which is the more correct form of the word.

As dry as a Kecks 28

The common name of the stalk of the Hemlock, the big white-flowering weed so common about ditches, and among rubbish and ruins; it dies down in autumn and becomes as brown and dry as if baked in an oven. So Tennyson, Princess, iv.:

"let the past be past; let be
Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough *kex* break
The starr'd mosaic."

From Montacute College 28

Or *Montague*, the heraldic device of the family being *mons acutus*, a sharp peak. Erasmus studied at this College in Paris.

Nature a little too severe 32

Lit., "*too much of a step-mother.*" The harshness of step-mothers was a proverb with ancient writers. Quintilian says: "The very nature of things was in that particular no parent, but a step-mother." xii. 1, 2.

Nay, every hour indeed 32

Lit., "*oftener than Euripus.*" Euripus was the strait between Euboea and Boeotia, in which, according to the ancient legend, the sea ebbed and flowed seven times a day. The violence and uncertainty of its tides also suggested Euripus as a by-word for fickleness and inconstancy.

Cart-loads and Ship-loads 35

Phrases found in Greek writers, but with reference to *abuse.*

Homer speaks of two disputants possessing a cargo of taunts between them that a hundred ships could not carry. Lucian describes two angry philosophers as scattering whole waggon-loads of blasphemies on one another.

I might sing and be starved 35

Alluding to Juvenal's line : *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*

Give you a Gospel for it 35

A play on the Greek word εὐαγγέλιον (evangelium). In Homer (Od. xiv. 152, 166) an Evangel was a *present* made to the messenger of good tidings. From this meaning there was a transition to that of *thank-offerings* for good news. In later Greek the term was used for *good news* themselves, and such, of course, is its New Testament acceptation, rendered by the Anglo-Saxon *gode-spell.*

The Eagle's Stone 36

Certain stones described by Pliny (x. 3.) as found in eagle's nests : nodules of quartz containing a cavity lined with crystals. See also Ælian, N. A. i. 35.

As the Devil would have it 37

Lit., "so it pleased my evil genius." Our still current words *genius*, and *geniality*, are the relics in language of a deep-rooted ancient belief. The Greeks spoke of their *dæmon* or tutelar divinity ; and everybody will recall the dæmon of Socrates. Similarly, each Roman honoured on his marriage and birthday his *genius*, and in hours of feasting and mirth was said to indulge his genius, &c. The notion of an *evil* genius was probably imported from the dualistic Manichean theories of the East, or arose from the identification in early Christian times of the dæmons of the Greeks with evil spirits, devils.

A Frenchman. A Capon 37

A play on the Latin *Gallus*, which signifies not only a Gaul or Frenchman, but also a Cock.

What is in the mind of the French? etc 38

Lit., "What has come to the Cocks that they should go to war with the Eagle?" The eagle being the Imperial ensign.

The Beetle that won't give place to the Eagle 38

The allusion is to a Greek proverb, satirizing the efforts of a feeble antagonist against a powerful one. One form of it is: "The beetle acts the mid-wife to the eagle." See Aristophanes, Lys. 695.

I sleep not for every Body 40

Plutarch tells the following story in connexion with this saying: One Galba, entertaining Maecenas as his guest, perceived the latter to be carrying on a flirtation with his wife, and pretended to fall asleep. Presently a servant came to the table and was about to remove the wine stealthily, when Galba opened his eyes and exclaimed: "Rascal, did you not know that I was asleep only for Maecenas?" Cicero has another story, *Fam.* vii. 24.

Like a lame Cobler, &c. 40

The saying seems to be borrowed from Plautus, Aul. i. 1, 14.

Hugo and Nugo 40

Nugo means a trifler, or buffoon.

Studying hard, but not to study myself to Death ... 41

Another pun. *Immorari* is to *linger over* something; *immori* to *die upon* something; "Immoritur studiis," "He works himself to death," Hor. Ep. i. 7, 85.

Kidnappers 42

Lit., "plagiaries." This was the Roman term for men-stealers, who carried off other men's slaves, or even free-men, and sold them. The application of the term to a literary thief appears to have originated with Martial, i. 63. 9. Kid, contracted from *kind*, Ger. for child; *knappen*, Ger. for *nab*.

Fight against the Monks 42

μοναχομαχεῖν. The Greek *monachos* means, in the first instance, a single, solitary man; hence the term was applied to one who had taken the religious vows. Hence, too, the above word, meaning fight with the monks, may convey the meaning to *engage in single combat*. μονομαχεῖν is, however, the correct term for the latter.

Better to be idle than doing of nothing 43
Pliny gives this as a saying of Atilius, Epist. lib. 1.

Talk of the Devil and he'll appear 44
In the original, "You appear, like the Wolf in the fable," which is the form of the proverb in Latin writers. As the largest and most savage beast known in S. Europe, the wolf had those sinister associations which in modern times have gathered around "the Devil."

My ear tingled 44
A very old notion: Pliny mentions it, 28, 2. Sir T. Browne connects it with that of the guardian angel, who touched the right or left ear according as the talk was favourable or the reverse.

Pray, is it not enough that I like her? 44
Lit., "Is it not enough, that the queen is fair to her king?" One of the many saws on the blindness of self-love to the faults of those who are closely connected with self. *Suum cuique pulcrum.* The ass is beautiful to the ass, and the sow to the sow. "Balbinus is pleased with Agna's polypus," Horace, Ser. i. 3, 40.

The Muses love Intermission 45
Lit., "love alternate strains." Quotation from Virgil, Ecl. iii. 59.

The seldomer Pleasures are made use of, the pleasanter they are 45
Voluptates commendat rarior usus. Hor.

Take you no Care about the Matter 47
Lit., "Do you sleep on both ears." Ter. Heaut. ii. 3, 101. There was a notion that in the first sleep one should lie on the right ear, and after waking should go to sleep again on the left.

Lucky to Admiration 48
Lit., "the owl has flitted." At Athens, the owl was the emblem of the guardian-goddess Athene; and hence its flight was regarded as a sign of victory.

I shall never be able to get out of your Debt 49
Lit., "I can never expunge my name out of your diary."

Poorer than Job 52

"Barer than a serpent's slough" in the original. A Greek proverb. The Latins have "Poorer than Irus," "Poorer than Codrus."

You have not lost all your Cost and Labour, as the Saying is 53

"Your oil and trouble" in the original. An adage borrowed from the palaestra, or wrestling school, where the wrestlers prepared for exercise by anointing themselves. See Plaut. Poen. i. 2. 119. Cic. Att. ii. 17.

Pallas and Moria... 53

Pallas: an allusion to Homer, who frequently introduces Pallas as an *inspiring* divinity. *Moria: Folly.*

Bulls 54

"Diplomas" in original. The natural history of these words is interesting. *Diploma* means, in Greek, first, something *doubled;* then a paper folded double; hence, a letter of recommendation; then a document drawn up by the emperor or magistrates, granting a privilege; a license. *Bull* is from the Latin *bulla*, a bubble; used to designate the boss (of gold or leather) worn on the neck of Roman youths. A papal bull came to be so called from the form of the pope's seal affixed to the document.

Stress of his Salvation 55

Lit., "Prow and Poop of his salvation." A Greek proverb for the beginning and end, sum and substance of a matter. Analogous is "I am the Alpha and the Omega."

I had no Success 58

A very tame paraphrase of "*Delia* parum favit." "Delia showed me scant favour." For Delia is a surname of Artemis (Diana), the divine *huntress.*

A ravenous (lit., gaping) Wolf 58

A current expression in the comic poets for hungry avariciousness, suggested by the idea of an open-mouthed, panting wolf, disappointed of his prey. There is an allusion to the meaning of the word *Pamphagus, all-devouring.*

Asse Budæi 60

A noted work of William Buda, or Budæus, 1467-1540. He was at one time a friend and correspondent of Erasmus, and was employed by Francis I. to invite him to Paris. They were generally regarded as rivals in scholarship.

I know your waggish Tricks, etc. 60

Lit., "I know your *nose*. My *nose* is nothing compared with yours." The *nose* was a symbol of sagacity and of satirical wit in the Roman satirists.

So may your Cap stand always upon your Head ... 60

The play on the "head" is missed. It should be: "So may your cap stand always on its head," i.e., upside down.

A Mercury. A Vulcan 62

Alluding to the Homeric representations of Vulcan as limping, and of Mercury as the winged messenger of Jove.

The Prophet who calls Sin Lead 62

See Jer. vi. 29; Ezek. xxii. 18.

She'll read me a Juniper Lecture 64

The original is far more witty: "No sweet encomium will she warble to me, coming home all stripped as I do." The *encomium* (from κῶμος, cômus) was originally the festive song of the Bacchic revel. It afterwards obtained the transitional meaning of a triumphal ode in honour of a conqueror; the word is frequently so used by Pindar. Analogous is *panegyric*, originally denoting a set speech in laudation of victors, pronounced at a πανήγυρις, *(panegyris)*, or national festive assembly of the Greeks.

Christopher a sure Card 65

Lit., "That charcoal Christopher was by no means a *fig-wood* help, as they say." The worthless quality of the wood (Hor., *inutile lignum)* gave rise among the Greeks to the expressions *fig-men* (like our *men of straw)*, *fig-sophists*, good-for-nothing fellows. Hence, "Not worth a fig;" "a fig for your opinions," etc.

Like to like 66

Lit., "For fear of like lips not having like lettuces." One

of the numerous adages on likeness and congruency. As the ass feeds on thistles, so soft lips like soft food.

You'll sleep for ever 67

Rather tame for, "It seems to me you could vie with the very dormice."

This Drone 67

"This Cuckoo" in the original. A classic term of reproach for what sailors call a "lazy lubber." Pliny's explanation of it is that it was a mark of sloth if the vine-dresser delayed the work of pruning until the cuckoo's note was heard, i.e., till after the spring equinox. Hence, by association of ideas, the passer-by would "slang" him as a Cuculus! Plin. xviii. 26. Compare Hor. Sat. i. 7, 31. Pliny's is a far-fetched explanation. The habit of the bird in laying in another bird's nest seems to be an adequate explanation of the use of the name as a synonym for sloth and (as elsewhere) for rascality.

Shoes and Galloshoes 67

The galloshoes (from which *galoshes)* represent the Latin *crepidae,* slippers. The notion of brushing *stockings* inside and out appears odd; it was however, formerly the practice; but the word is *caligae,* the strong sandals worn by the Roman common soldier, and bound by thongs about the feet and ankles. Here the word probably means *gaiters.* The Roman words are retained, but the Middle Age costume was a modification of the Roman.

I cannot do two Things at once 68

Lit., "I cannot drink and whistle at the same time." From Plautus, Most. iii. 2, 4.

Camblet Doublet 70

Camblet from camel. Originally, the coats were made of camel's hair; then of camel's and goat's hair intertwined; hence there was a wavy appearance, which is alluded to in the word in the Latin text.

A good bold Face 76

The rendering of *perfricta frons.* a current Latin phrase of beautiful suggestiveness. "A scrubbed forehead," from which shame has therefore been *obliterated.*

Let Nets alone 77
A play in the original on *Reticulum*, a Net, the name for Tennis.

A Fill-up 77
A *fillip* with the thumb and finger. Something might be said by a moralizer, on the brutality of many boyish characters, as illustrated in the proposal to make the reward of the winner to consist in the privilege to inflict pain on the loser.

I'll hit it if it comes near me 78
Much more lively is the original: "Not a fly shall wing by me scatheless."

A Rowland for an Oliver 78
This famous saying is founded on a legend of two of Charlemagne's knights, who were so equally matched that neither could gain an advantage over the other in trials of strength and bravery.

You reckon your Chickens before they are hatch'd ... 79
"You sing the triumph (the encomial song, as explained above) before the victory." A Greek proverb. Another, of the more vulgar order, on the same subject, is: "The hasty bitch brings forth blind pups."

You have met with your Match 80
Lit., "You provoke the horse into the plain." A Greek proverb for the challenging to a contest of a stronger competitor. With a slight difference, Plato says that provoking Socrates to disputation is like challenging *horsemen* into the plain. Theaet. 183 D. Adolphus replies, "And you shall feel that I am no donkey."

Now, Cock, crow 81
Another stock-pun on *Gallus*, which means both Frenchman and Cock. Both *Cock* and *Cuckoo* are imitative (onomato-poetic) words, from the throat-sounds emitted by those birds. The Greek has a verb κοκκύζω (Latin, *coccysare)* which applies to the note of both.

Er. Do you go first, etc. 82
The elegance of the original is missed: "Do you be *Prior* if you will; I had rather be Abbot."

A Victory, when Odds is taken 82
Lit., "a *precarious* victory." A word of interesting association. A *precarious* success was one dependent on *prayer* to the gods; hence *doubtful, uncertain.* What an unconscious irony on popular religion!

The more learned knave 83
An allusion to an anecdote in Diogenes Laertius: a philosopher, seeing one performing a lascivious dance, said, "The better you do it, the worse you will do." The better artist, the worse man.

Fulness of Belly 83
"The Belly's ballast makes the body heavy" (original) would be more vigorous.

That the Ghosts play 84
The allusion is to the *Empusa* (Ἔμπουσα) or one-footed she-hobgoblin, introduced in several places of Aristophanes.

Whirly-bats 84
The *caestus*, or boxing-glove of the Romans, consisting of thongs with metal bullets, wound around hand and arm. The fearful pugilistic combat of Dares and Entellus (Virg. Aen. v.) is referred to.

The Child's Piety 86
This Colloquy hardly requires comment. It is interesting as giving a significant glimpse of Erasmus's religious views and what it is the fashion to call his "attitude" towards the ceremonialism of the Romish Church. See his letter to the Louvain divines. The reference to Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, for the use of which Erasmus composed his "Praise of the Child Jesus," is also significant. Colet appears to have been a spiritual father to the great scholar.

Every one to his Mind 100
Trahit sua quemque voluptas (original). From Virgil, Ecl. ii. 65.

With a Bow 101
Cic. de Divinat, ii.

I'll be conformable 101

Lit., "a man of all hours" (Quintilian and Suetonius), one that is of pliant disposition, ready for any company and for all moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

What makes a Hare run before the Dogs? 102

This is a mistake, the translator having read *canibus* instead of *carnibus*. It should be: "Why does the hare run for its flesh?" a Greek phrase, suggesting that the answer to the first question is obvious.

Busby 103

A somewhat daring anachronism to introduce the famous doctor who did not "flourish" till some two centuries later than the publication of the Colloquies. Dr. Busby was born at Lutton, in Lincolnshire, and was Head-master of Westminster from 1640 to 1695. Perhaps his flogging notoriety has something mythical about it, and arose from the fact that he was "at it" for so long a period. The name in the original is *Orbilius*, another hero of the birch-rod, whom Horace has immortalised. N. Udall, translator of Erasmus's Apophthegms, had the like legendary renown as a flogger.

A Gallus, but not Cybele's 107

Another play on *Gallus* which denotes, in addition to the other meanings above noticed, a priest of Cybele (Rhea), the great Asiatic goddess worshipped under that name, especially in Phrygia and Galatia. See Lucian, *De Dea Syra*. There are two small rivers in that region called Gallus, and from one of them it is commonly stated the designation of these priests was derived; but this seems unsatisfactory. The point of the joke in the text lies in the fact the priests of Cybele (Galli) were *eunuchs*.

Scotus and the Schoolmen 109

Lit., "and his fellows of this meal (or flour)," i.e., of the same quality. The colloquialism "of the same baking (or batch)" is sometimes heard amongst us; as also "of the same *kidney*;" the latter word being doubtless a corruption of *Kuynde*, kind or species.

To set a Day for my Friends 112

For *dicere diem* was a phrase conveying the unpleasant meaning to Roman ears of *appointing the day* on which a legal summons was to be answered in Court.

Sybaritical Appointment 112

Sybaris, the Greek town in Southern Italy, was an absolute by-word among both Greeks and Romans for luxury and debauchery. It will be some time before *Sybarite* dies out of modern use. The tendency to associate particular vices or virtues with places is a curious antiquarian fact, but the connexion appears to be rather accidental than real. Of how many towns in England has it not been recorded in old sayings that the people are proud, or silly, or stingy, etc.? Many will recall the old Latin distich which gives pretty girls to Bruges, learned men to Ghent, fools to Mechlin, etc.

Umbra 113

The play is on the three meanings of this word: (1) generally, a shadow; (2) the shade or ghost of a departed person; (3) like the Greek σκιά, an uninvited guest, whom one invited brings with him. Hor. Sat. ii. 8, 22; Pers. ii. 4, 27.

My left Hand 115

We still speak significantly of what is *sinister*, or *left-handed*. The notion appears to have originated in the *awkwardness* of the left hand; and awkwardness associates itself with unluckiness and with moral badness. The country people still speak of an "awkward" or "unlucky" fellow in a morally bad sense. But it is curious that with the Romans *sinister* also conveyed the directly opposite meaning; for in augury the face was turned to the South, and good omens came from the East or left hand.

Scholars Commons 119

Lit., "Pythagorean," consisting of vegetables and fruits.

A Grasshopper to live upon Dew 122

A fact of natural history, according to Pliny! lib. 11, cap. 26.

The sumptuary Laws. The Fannian Law 122
Various laws of the Roman Republic passed to restrain private luxury and extravagance. The Fannian was passed B.C. 61, and limited specifically the expenses of various feasts.

Asots 123
Not a *proper* name, but that of a class. An ἄσωτος in Greek means literally one without soundness or salvation, an accursed one, a profligate. Our word *sot* has no etymological connexion with this; I suppose it is to be traced to *seethe, sodden.*

Bern Wine 125
A translator's mistake. *Beaune* wine is meant: still an esteemed vintage.

Nymphs 127
Poetical for water, as they were divinities of sea, rivers, and fountains.

He is too old to learn 127
Lit., "'Tis hard to use an old dog to the lash."

Like Master like Man 127
In the original the adage runs: "The cover is worthy of the dish." Jerome (ad Cromatium) quotes it with application to a bishop who complies with the evil manners of the people.

The Satyrist 128
Satyrist is a mis-spelling. Satire has nothing to do with *Satyrs;* it is from *Satura,* an olio, or hotch-potch.

The Catian School 128
Catius is the "learned" gastronome of Horace's satire on the devotees of the table, ii. 4, 88.

When I fall into any Calamity or Sickness, then I betake myself to Philosophy, etc. 129
This recalls the noted distich:

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

The Comedian 130
Terence.

That expression of the Satyrist, etc 131
The line is from Juvenal, vii. 111 : "then his hollow wind-bags breathe forth unmeasured lies."

The most elegant Poet 132
Virgil, Georg. i. 145.

Pliny tells us, etc. 132
This seems to be an imperfect recollection of Pliny, Lib. ii. cap. 37.

White Hares feed on Snow 133
Ib., Lib. viii. cap. 55.

Austin, pray take Care of that Lady, etc 133
Lit., "that Nymph." He means that Austin is to mix more wine with his water.

Dryer than Furius's Mother-in-Law, upon whom, etc ... 133
See Catull. Carm. 23. Not quite correctly rendered. The jests are broken upon Furius himself as one of an interesting family, who are described as being hard as wood or flint, drier than horn, than heat, or cold, or hunger, etc. Readers may consult Mr. Robinson Ellis's masterly edition of Catullus.

Gallus 134
This seems to be the punster's hobby-horse, and is ridden to death. The three meanings here are: (1) Gallus Cybeles, (2) Gallus Gallinaceus, a poultry-cock; (2) Gallus *Gallaceus*, the latter being a word invented for the occasion, from *Galla*, a Frenchwoman, like *Gallinaceus*, from *gallina*, a hen. Austin says presently, "I have had to do with French women."

Goose's Liver 134
See Pliny, lib. x. cap. 22, an amusing passage. The delicacy is still appreciated in the form of "Strasburg pies."

Bulimia 136
Βουλιμία, a rare Greek word for intense hunger; literally, "ox-hunger." The allusion is probably to the impious act of Ulysses' companions (Od. xii.), who, pressed by hunger, slew the oxen of the sun, when the meat shrieked and groaned upon the spit, etc.

Sorbon, etc. 138

Sorbere means to swallow. Hence; "Why may not that be called Sorbon where we *sorb* (absorb) plentifully?" Again, *sorbum* (sorb) is a sour berry. Hence the force of Austin's capping pun.

You don't leave a Shoulder of Mutton for a Sheep's Head 140

Lit., "the horse for the asses," a Greek saying.

Wheaten Plumbs 141

Cerea. The meaning is *waxen*, referring either to the colour or softness of the fruit. Virg. E. ii. 53. These plums are termed *wheaten* in some parts of England from their colour.

Damascens 141

Whence *damsons.* The fruits of the fertile plain of Damascus, the "Eye of the East," have always been celebrated.

Either drink or go your way 141

ἢ πῖθι ἢ ἄπιθι. Bibe aut abi.

I have spent much Study 142

Lit., "much *lucubration*," or work by lamp-light; night-work.

Ten Shillings 144

The word is *scutalum*, a coin bearing the stamp of a shield; Ital., *scudo;* Fr., *écu.*

... ... 147

Comment will hardly be expected on these somewhat "dry," after-dinner exercitations. They have a certain interest, as indicating that grammatical study was at the time in its infancy in Europe, and might be even diverting from its novelty. But in the words of the text, "we must have regard to the Company, who are not all equally diverted with these matters."

A turn in our Garden, in a poetical Manner 148

The allusion is to Horace, Ep. i. 4, to Tibullus: "An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres: Sauntering silently amidst the healthful woods."

Solæcisms 150

The derivation of this curious word is said to be from Soli or Soloe, a city in Cilicia; according to others from Soli, in Cyprus, where a corrupt dialect of Greek was spoken.

Jupiter hybernas, etc. 154

The line is ascribed to one Furius Bibaculus, whom Horace ridicules for his absurd images: "Jupiter spat white snow on the wintry Alps."

Cicero . . . . vy'd with Roscius, etc. 155

See Macrobius, lib. ii. Satur. cap. 13.

... ... 157

It will be noticed that the personal *names* in this Colloquy have all some religious or moral signification: Eusebius, pious; Timothy, one who honours God; Chrysoglottus, golden-tongued; Theophilus, lover of God; Uranius, heavenly-minded; Sophronius, temperate; Eulalius, well-spoken; Theodidactus, taught of God; Nephalius, sober.

Wedges, one drives out another 157

A Greek proverb, generally used in a bad sense. Dr. Chalmers gave a good turn to the thought in his noble discourse on the "expulsive power of a new affection."

Socrates preferr'd a Town Life, etc. 157

"Sir, let us walk down Fleet Street."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Nature talkative enough 158

"Think you of all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

Wordsworth.

Fortunate Islands 158

See Lucian: "Veracious History," xxvi.

The best of Company 159

Lit., "Your shades," as explained above, p. 390.

Jewish Ceremonies and Delusions of the World ... 161

Lit., "Jewish Shadows and Illusions *(præstigiis)* of the world." The connexion of the modern sense of *prestige*

with illusion, such as is produced by sleight-of-hand is curious and instructive.

I do not fly to all 164
An allusion to the Athenian belief in the good omen of the flight of the owl, sacred to Athene. See above, p. 383.

Estridge 166
Ostrich.

The King himself has not such a Seat 167
Lit., "You surpass even Alcinous himself," alluding to the famous gardens of that king in the Odyssey.

A dish of Beets, without either Pepper, etc. 170
Alluding to Martial's epigram on the insipidity of the root. (xiii. 13.)

Ut sapiant fatuae fabrorum prandia betae,
O quam saepe petet vina piperque cocus !

A Tarpaulin 170
A Sailor.

A Similitude that explains it 171
Prov. xix. 12: "The king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion."

Ovation. Supplication. Triumph 173
An Ovation was among the Romans a lesser Triumph. In the latter the victor entered the city in a chariot, his brows bound with laurel; in the former he appeared on horseback or on foot, the wreath was of myrtle, and other accompaniments of the procession were diverse. A Supplication was a solemn thanksgiving to the gods, decreed by the senate after a great victory; generally preluding a triumph. The etymology of *ovation* is unknown. Pott connects with εὖα, εὐάζω. It has nothing to do with *ovum*, an egg; but there is a pun in the text with allusion to the eggs just mentioned.

How can a Shadow pretend to give Light, etc. 173
The joke is founded on the fact of Eulalius being an Umbra, a shadow or uninvited guest, as above explained, p. 390.

Hit the Nail on the Head 174

Lit., "You have touched the matter not with a needle, as they say, but with your tongue." Rem acu tetigisti, Plautus, Rud, v. 2, 19: for one who exactly touches the very point in question.

And so conclude 174

Lit., "Then the catastrophe of the play."

A noble Dinner, fit for a Prince... 177

"An Epicurean, not to say Sybaritic repast" in original.

In Wine there's Truth 178

A well-hammered proverb. Herodotus: "As the wine sinks down, words swim atop." Plutarch: "What's in the heart of the sober is on the tongue of the drunkard." Athenæus has it simply: "Wine and Truth." Theognis: "As gold and silver are tried by fire, so wine reveals the mind of a man." Euripides: "The mirror of the form is of bronze, but that of the mind is wine." Some modern forms are: "Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy." "Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises." "Wine washeth off the daub." "Wine wears no breeches."

The Song of the dying Swan 182

This legend, like others relating to birds, appears to be a most ancient one, derived, like that of the *phœnix* and other birds, from Persia and India. One form of the story of the phœnix was, that every 500 years he visited Heliopolis in Egypt, and buried his father in the sanctuary of the sun (Herod. ii. 73); another, that on arriving at old age (500 or 1461 years) he burnt himself in his nest, singing the while to himself a parting song. According to another account, it was the swan who sung the farewell to the phœnix. Perhaps this is but a variation of one idea; the migration and immortality of souls being suggested. See Creuzer, *Symbolik*, ii. 167. Among the Greek poets, swan was used as a synonym for poet. And Horace calls Pindar the "Dircæan swan." I suppose the swan in Wagner's *Lohengrin* is an introduction of the old notion from the mythology of the North.

The whole Sum of Religion 186

Lit., "The prow and poop;" see above, p. 384. A sailor, on reading a religious tract given him by a friend, said it was "all right from stem to stern."

Kickshaws 188

Probably from the French *quelques choses.*

Not the Affluence, but the Straitness of my Fortune ... 188

"The horn not of my plenty (copia) but of my poverty (inopia)." The myth connected with the horn of Plenty or horn of Amalthea is told in varient forms. One of them is that when the goat which suckled Zeus in Crete broke one of her horns, Amalthea filled it with fresh herbs, and gave it to Zeus, who placed it among the stars. Another is that Zeus himself broke off the horn and gave it to one of the daughters of King Melisseus, endowing it with the power of becoming filled with whatever the possessor might wish.

Prince Peter 189

A literal rendering of *Princeps*, first or chief of the apostles. The present passage is suggestive of several reflections, *e. g.*: How much or how little of religious feeling inspired the glorious architectural works of the Middle Ages? Granted that they proceeded, as Eulalius says, from ambition rather than from charity, we, possessing so rich a heritage of beauty cannot well join in his grumble. How far is the reproach of neglect of the poor in those ages historically justifiable? Perhaps the opinion may be hazarded that Erasmus himself was defective in æsthetic feeling. Here are some texts on which Mr. Ruskin might preach eloquently.

We call him Lord, because he hath redeemed us by his holy blood from the Tyranny of the Devil 196

The prevalent theory of the Atonement among the Fathers was that the life of Christ was a ransom-price paid to the Devil as a means of man's release from spiritual bondage.

Presents 196

It was an ancient custom among Greeks and Romans to

distribute *apophoreta* (lit., things carried away) or presents among the guests at the close of an entertainment. Thus Martial elegantly styles his 14th book of Epigrams *Apophoreta.*

Heliogabalus 196

One of the many practical jokes recorded of this moral monstrosity. Another was, to invite a number of poor guests to a banquet, seat them on wind-bags, which suddenly let them down and left them a prey to wild beasts.

We'll drink their Healths 201

"We'll celebrate the *epinicia*": songs or sacrifices after a victory.

Apotheosis of Capnio 202

The title reads literally: "Concerning the incomparable hero John Reuchlin, numbered amongst the divinities." *Apotheosis* is a late Greek word for deification. Augustus and his successors in the Roman purple had the title *divus* applied to them after death. The ecclasiastical practice of canonization was borrowed, like many others, from Roman paganism. *Capnio* (Gr. καπνός smoke) is a punning reproduction of Reuchlin's name; the German *rauch*, smoke, being similar in sound to the first part of it. He is said to have been induced at Rome, according to prevalent custom, to take up the Greek appellation, as Erasmus substituted the name by which he is known for the Dutch Gerard. Reuchlin was one of the stars in the dawn of the new learning: Hebrew scholarship was his great mark of distinction. His dates are 1455-1522.

Spatter-Dashes 202

The word in original is *petasatus*, "with your travelling cap on?"

True as the Gospel 204

"A Sibyll's leaf" in original: alluding to the prophecies of the famous Cumæan Sibyll, written on leaves. "Credite me vobis folium recitare Sibyllæ?"—*Juv.*

Damask 205

Derived, of course, from Damascus.

Gorbellies 205
With prominent bellies.

Harpyes 205
In Homer this was simply a description of stormy winds, "snatchers." A personifying myth gradually grew up around the idea in later Greek poets; and was set forth in most striking imagery by Virgil, Aen. iii. 210. The fantastic gargoyles on old churches, etc., point back to similar notions. There were *eight* Harpies in all, according to some accounts.

These Devils 205
Original: "Furies." Here we have another personification, but of violent human passions instead of storms. As persons, the three Furies (Alecto, Megaera and Tisiphone) were regarded in the light of avenging or tormenting spirits.

St. Jerome with the Lion by his side 206
He is represented in Christian art in the dress of a Cardinal, with a lion at his side, probably emblematic of the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." Domenichino's picture of the Communion of St. Jerome in the Vatican will be remembered by many.

Myriads of Angels 206
Original: "of Genii." There is a close affinity between the pagan notion of genii, and the Christian doctrine of angels, or guardian spirits.

I'll set him in Gold in my little Chapel, among the choicest of my Saints 208
Lit., "He shall stand in gold in my Lararium, among the select deities." The *Lararium* was the sanctuary in a Roman household, where the images of the Lares or tutelar deities were placed. The "select" deities among the Romans were twenty in number, comprising the principal gods and goddesses of the Pantheon. Another graft from Paganism on the customs of the Christian Church.

Catherine of Sien 208
She is said to have vowed perpetual celibacy at the age of eight! and to have written some fanatical things. Pius II.

(Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini) was himself from Sienna. Catherine died 1380; Pius II. succeeded to the chair 1458. It is clear what was Erasmus's opinion of this kind of saintship.

Fare you well too. . . . I will fare well, but not be a Cook 209

This is a jest founded on the identity of sound, as formerly pronounced of *quoque*, *too*, and *coce*, the vocative of cocus, *cook*. Thereby hangs the following tale: Quintilian, in his 6th book (on Laughter) relates that a certain candidate for office, who was supposed to be the son of a cook, having solicited a man for his vote in Cicero's presence, the latter said: "Ego *quoque (coce)* tibi favebo." "*I also (I O cook)* will favour you." This would be retailed about the forum and the sacred way as Cicero's "last!" The pun is about on a level with that of Horace on a man named *Rex;* both calculated to produce solemnity rather than laughter in the modern mind!

Beef without Pepper or Vinegar... 211

See above, p. 395.

Undeniable Arguments 212

Lit., "Achillean Arguments," *i. e.* irresistible as the hero.

By all your Grammar 214

"Before the Areiopagitic Grammarians." The point lies in the fact that the Areiopagus was the highest judicial court at Athens.

By logic then 214

"Before the Amphictyonic Dialecticians." The allusion being to the great Grecian Council of the Amphictyones. As it was composed of various nations, so the dialecticians are divided into various schools.

The Grand Elixir 215

The word and the idea are derived from the Arabic, the Arabs who spread along the coasts of the Mediterranean from the middle of the 7th century being the great "scientists" of the Middle Ages. From the same source comes the "Philosopher's stone." The word in the original is *Panacea*, Greek for universal remedy.

Thunderbolts. Trident. Spear... 215
The emblems of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pallas respectively.

Jack Ketch 217
"Hangman," original. Jack Ketch was hangman in the latter part of the seventeenth century. His predecessors were Derrick, Brandons (father and son), and Dunn. See Chambers's "Book of Days," i. 799.

Prevent it by a Denial 218
"Sing a song of ill omen," original.

What would you have me say 218
"What song do you wish for?" in original.

A long Chorus 218
Original, "A long *epiphonema;*" in rhetoric, the conclusion, the moral, *l'envoi.*

A little too hasty 224
Lit., "So far your harvest is in the blade." Ovid, H. xvii. 263.

This sweet Ball 224
A *pastille*, which means here an aromatic globe to be carried in the hand. They were much in use in Erasmus's time as antidotes to the fearful smells that abounded indoors and out. Also termed *pomanders.*

A Nun 225
French, *nonne, nonnain;* German, *nonne;* Latin, *nonna.* The ultimate derivation appears to be from the Greek νόννος, νόννα, found in Jerome and other ecclesiastical writers. Perhaps it is a common, founded on a proper name. The designation employed throughout this Colloquy is *monacha*, female monk, the idea being that of a *solitary* life.

Plagiaries 225
See above, p. 382.

Eubulus 225
Meaning "good counsellor," the characteristic part he plays in the dialogue.

Catherine 225

Also characteristic, the name being derived from Greek καθαρός, pure, and associated with the memory of the saint of Alexandria. "To bind St. Catherine's tresses" is an old saying, meaning to live a virgin. The firework called a Catherine's Wheel is a curious memento of the mode of her martyrdom. The more correct spelling is Katharine.

What a Torment Love is 228

"What a Cross" in original. It occurs in Plautus and Terence as a synonyme for a tormentor; as also the frequent expression, *in malam crucem!* analogous to *Go and be hanged!* The allusion is, of course, to the Roman punishment of crucifixion.

Fool's Cap with Ears and Bells 230

Readers who desire to know all the history and mystery of fooling and jesting will do well to consult Dr. Doran's *History of Court Fools;* also an interesting supplementary chapter to the same, contributed to Chambers's Book of Days, i. 181.

Fictitious Father 232

Lit., "Factitious (artificial) father."

Liberi 233

Free ones, the customary appellation of Roman children, as opposed to born slaves. One born free, again, was termed *ingenuus*, which is opposed to *libertinus*, or *freedman*, who had formerly been a slave.

The Clemency of the Christian Religion has in a great measure cast out the old Bondage, etc. 233

See on this interesting subject, Lecky, *European Morals*, ii. 65, sq.; and Hallam, *Middle Ages*, chap. ii. pt. ii. "Early in the fifteenth century a writer quoted by Muratori speaks of slaves as no longer existing."

If a military Servant casts off the Garment his Master gave him, etc. 233

The custom of *livery* (corruption of *delivery*) is to be traced to the feudal system, under which every grade of retainers had delivered to them as badges of their service, coats, &c., of particular shape and colour.

You don't espouse some Body else 236

In the original it is stronger: "marry *others*." If the state of conventual life was such as is so broadly hinted in this Colloquy, the suppression of convents can hardly have injured the lot of women so greatly as Mr. Lecky, ii. 391, supposes.

Burgundian Wine 236

Beaune wine, as above, p. 391.

What Sort of Cattle? 237

"What birds," in original. From the connexion of birds with omens. Perhaps the allusion is here to the black raiment of the friars, suggesting ravens or crows, which were ill-omened birds. Perhaps "cattle" is corrupt for *chatels*.

400 Crowns 240

"40" in original.

The burnt Child dreads the Fire 240

"The struck fisherman will be wise" is the proverb half quoted in original, alluding to an ancient story of a fisherman struck by a scorpion-fish amongst his haul. Analogous are: "Once bit, twice shy." "The scalded dog fears cold water."

Uneasy Wife 241

Lit., "The wife who finds fault with marriage."

Eulalia, Xantippe 242

Characteristic names, Eulalia meaning "well-spoken," and Xantippe being the name of Socrates' notorious shrew-wife.

English Wool 242

The wool-trade was the staple trade of our country from the fourteenth century, the great source of its commercial prosperity. See Hallam, *Middle Ages*.

Mushroom... 243

Fungus is an epithet of a heavy, stupid man in Plautus. "*Stulti, stolidi, fatui, fungi, bardi, blenni, buccones*," Bac. v. 1, 2.

As the Maggot bites 243

As the fancy suggests. A popular notion seems to have

widely prevailed that the cerebral sensations accompanying thought were due to some living agency. So the Scotch, "He has a bee in his bonnet;" the French, "rats in his head;" the Dutch, "a mouse's nest in his head."

David's Sow 243

The story runs that a Welshman having a sow with six legs, was one day leading a party of visitors to the stye. When they came up, David's wife was discovered asleep in the stye in a state of inebriation. "It's the drunkenest sow I ever saw!" exclaimed one of the spectators. This allusion is, of course, a smart interpolation of the translators.

Swearing and cursing like a Foot-Soldier 244

This is a heightening touch, added by the translator. "Swear like a trooper," is more familiar. Probably the proverb came into use towards the close of the Middle Ages, and refers to the swaggering and violent style of the mercenary troops which then began to be employed.

A Woman of Spirit 244

See next page. "A virago." This is but a lengthened form of *virgo*, maiden, and was applied by Roman writers to maidens of masculine or heroic mould; hence to Pallas, Diana, an Amazon, etc. The repugnance felt towards women of this type in the more refined civilization of Christianity, is indicated by the lapse of the word into its modern objectionable sense.

... ... 244

There is here a *hiatus* in the translation, which may be thus supplied: "*Eu.* A new sort of Shield. You only wanted a Distaff instead of a Lance. *Xa.* His bones would have felt that he had to do with a Virago."

Every one his Faults, etc. 246

Alluding to the Greek proverb: φίλου τρόπους γίνωσκε, μισήσῃς δὲ μή. Know your friend's habits, do not hate them.

> A friend should bear a friend's infirmities:
> But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
>
> *Shakesp. Ju. Cæsar.*

Jockies have particular Sounds, etc. 247

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem.
Hor. Ep. i. 33.

In the Hippo 248

This is for *sollicitus*, anxious, troubled: original. The origin of the word seems to be not quite certain. Perhaps it is connected with being *hipped* like a wrestler seized by his antagonist. "I have thee on the hip."—*Shakesp.*

Venus' Girdle 255

The most famous passage relating to this magical petticoat is that in the 14th Book of the Iliad, where Juno borrows it in order to beguile Jupiter to sleep, and so be enabled to pursue her machinations against the Trojans.

Hold him by this Handle 256

Epictetus says every thing has two handles, one by which it may, the other by which it may not be held. The general use of "seizing a handle, affording a handle, etc.," in the sense of opportunity, is found in Plautus and elsewhere.

Three Months Lying in 257

Trimestris fetus. "Three months' Child," would be more accurate. The joke is founded on the fact that there were crops which ripened in three months called *trimestria.*
Columella and Pliny.

Would throw the House out of Windows 260

Lit., "Would mix heaven and earth." *Licet et mare coelo confundas, homo sum.—Juv.*

Carthusian 261

Corrupted from Chartreusian, the order having been founded by St. Bruno of Cologne at La Chartreuse, 1086.

Samian literati 262

Samos was the birth-place of Pythagoras, who made the letter V symbolic of the diverging paths of virtue and vice; also of Callistratus, who is said to have reduced the alphabet to 24 letters. Hence in several senses the Samians might be called "lettered." Further, the expression seems

to have been used as a scoff, *literatus* meaning also *branded*, like a slave or malefactor.

Conversation the pleasanter for being something [*sometimes*] *interrupted* 264

Voluptates commendat rarior usus.—Juv.

Mushrooms and Poppies 265

As things which can be cut down at a stroke.

Religion and Liberties 265

Pro aris et focis. "For altars and hearths." The ideas of Religion and Home are blended in this famous Roman phrase. On the Roman *focus* or hearth stood the Lares or household gods in little niches; and in their honour the fire was kept burning.

Run the Gantlope 266

The old brutal military punishment of making the delinquent run between two files of men, each of whom bestowed a blow on him as he passed. Also used at sea. Gantlope means a rod or switch. The Germans say: *spiess-ruthen laufen;* the French: *passer par les baguettes.*

Philetymus 268

Lover of Truth.

Pseudocheus 268

Liar.

Tax on Urine 271

Suetonius (Vesp. 23) tells that Vespasian having laid a tax on urine, Titus expostulated with his father on his meanness. Vespasian's reply was that "Gain has a good smell, no matter what it comes from." He was the author of many "good things." Some readers will possibly be reminded of Mr. Robert Lowe's famous proposal to tax lucifer matches, and the neat motto he had ready "*E luce lucellum*": *From light a little profit*, for the stamp.

My last Shift 272

"Last anchor." From the Greek. Sailors termed the largest and strongest anchor the sacred anchor, and in time of peril it was the last cast.

Forgeries I make turn to a considerable Account ... 274

"I sell this kind of smoke for a long price," in original. The figure is applied by Martial (iv. 5, 7) to those who make empty promises of interest at court, which come to nothing, like smoke.

Who call a Fig a Fig, and a Spade a Spade 274

From Aristophanes. The things mentioned are appropriate in the mouth of an honest Greek rustic.

With Slight of Hand 274

The original adds, "Ulysses and Mercury" (as patrons of trickery and thieving) "being at my right hand."

The worst Sign in the World to Sailors 275

See Pliny, ii. c. 37.

Mole Hills 276

Lit., "Warts," a still stronger hyperbole.

Cold Comfort 276

Lit., "a Scythian speech." Σκυθῶν ῥῆσις, Lucian. A Greek saying for anything rude or harsh in the hearing.

Necessity a hard Portion... 276

Lit., "a hard weapon." "Necessity, which is the last and greatest weapon." Liv. iv. 28.

The Italian Humour 277

The old classical habit of railing at whatever was foreign as barbarous.

... ... 278

The transference of old Pagan associations of Venus with the protection of sailors to the Virgin Mary is another interesting example of the assimilation of the old mythology by the Roman system. One would imagine no stronger satire could have been written against the practice of supplication to many of the saints. Erasmus, however, in the apologetic piece at the end defends himself from so extreme a charge!

St. Christopher 279

There was a gigantic wooden statue of him in Notre

Dame, removed in 1785. The legend of this saint affords a good example of the influence which language exercises on thought, so that some myths are simply "diseases of language" (Max Muller). Christopher (Χριστοφόρος) means as a *name, Christ-bearer.* Hence the legend of his bearing the child Jesus across the stream, and being ready to sink beneath the growing weight of Him who bore the sins of the world; of his gigantic stature, etc. The historic individuality of the good man is quite obscure. Perhaps he was an unconscious invention throughout.

For he being not unacquainted with the Distress, etc. ... 276

A quotation of Dido's words to Aneas: *Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.* Aen.

To divine Help 282

"To the sacred anchor." See above, p. 406.

O Virago! 282

The noble sense of the word now lost in English use, equivalent to "What a heroine!"

Diversoria... 286

This is a corrupt form for *deversoria*, lodgings or inns (from *deversor*, to turn aside from the road).

Jesting Women at Table... 287

The employment of women in this capacity appears at one time to have been more general than that of men. See Dr. Doran's article in Chambers's "Book of Days," vol. i. 179.

German Inns 288

The whole of the following description is reproduced substantially in Sir W. Scott's Anne of Geierstein, ch. xix., with characteristic details and colouring.

Stoves 288

Hypocaustum is the word used in the original; which was the room in a Roman bath heated by a furnace below; sometimes used for the furnace itself. The use of *stove* as in the text for a room heated by a closed furnace is certainly not usual now-a-days; but *stube*, (Ger.) denotes room.

Having all Things in Common... 289

"A true coenobium," in original. κοινόβιον, lit., common life. Used by Jerome for convent, and *coenobite* for monk, as distinguished from the solitary *eremite* or *anchoret.* ἐρημίτης, a dweller in the desert; ἀναχωρητής, one who has *retired* from the world.

At Rome, Paris, or Venice, there's no Body thinks any thing strange... 289

Or "nobody wonders at anything." A trait of good breeding which is perhaps as noticeable in those cities in the present day, in contrast to the *staring* habits of many of our fellow-islanders. Grace of manners is one of the truest monuments of an ancient civilization, and is particularly striking in Italy generally.

Not Damask ones... 290

"Not Milesian," in original. Miletus was famed for the softness and beauty of its cloths.

Wine—how far from being tasteless 291

"How unsmoked!" in original. The Romans mellowed their wine in the *fumarium*, or smoke-chamber.

Bloody Iambics 301

Alluding to the old story of Archilochus of Paros, who invented this measure; and who in revenge for the refusal of his betrothed Neobule's hand by her father Lycambes, satirized them with such virulence that they both hanged themselves. See Horace, Ep. i. 19, 24; ad Pisones, 80.

Blitea instead of Margarita 302

The former word means *insipid*, from some herb called βλίτον, *blitum*, strawberry-blite, etc. Margarita, a pearl.

Whatsoever comes into his Head in his mad Mood ... 303

"Whatever his splendid Bile suggested to him," in original. A quotation from Horace, Ser. ii. 3, 141 :—

"maledicit utrique, vocando
Hanc Furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis."

Splendida means bright-coloured. The whole phrase is a metonymy for "inflamed passion."

Φεύγετε, κ.τ.λ. 303

A verse said by Pliny to be used in magical remedies.

Mercury's Mace 303

His herald-wand, *caduceus* (κηρύκειον), symbolizing his office as messenger of the gods, by which he gave or took away sleep, summoned souls from Hades, or sent them thither.

He leers and sneers at me 304

"His nose and sardonic laugh," in original. For *nose*, see above, p. 385. There is some doubt as to the origin of "Sardonic." In Homer, Plato, etc., it is given Sardanic, (as if from σαίρω, to grin, which is the probable derivation.) Others derive it from *sardonion*, a plant of Sardinia, which puckers the face when eaten. The ancients spoke of other kinds of risibility: the Ionic, Megaric, Chian laughs, Ajax's laugh, etc.

Thomas Linacre 305

One of the minor names, like those of Grocyn and Latimer, to be mentioned with honour in connection with the revival of Greek learning, 1460–1524. He studied under Chalcondylas at Florence, and brought his Greek to Oxford. The "stupid party" there called themselves "Trojans," as a mark of hostility to the new learning. He was also the means of founding the College of Physicians.

Holding up our Fingers 306

The old game of guessing how many fingers are held up before a blindfold person.

No Scruple 306

i.e., Difficulty, *Scrupulus* (Lat.) a pebble.

The Ovation 309

A punning allusion to *ova*, eggs, of which they were partaking. On *ovation* and *triumph*, see above, p. 395.

Stumbled at the very Threshold 312

"*Struck* (like a ship) in the very harbour;" another ancient form of the proverb.

Such a kind of Judge as the Cuckoo and Nightingale once had 319

That is, an *Ass* according to the fable.

I have begun 321

Original, "*præsul agi*," which may be paraphrased, "I

have led off the dance." The allusion is to the Salii, or dancing priests of Mars, the leader of whom was called *præsul.* Like the modern, "I have opened the ball." It may be worth noticing that with the Romans dancing was essentially a religious performance, and was not respectable otherwise. There is certainly a close connexion between religious enthusiasm and rhythmic movements of the body. Witness King David; Milton's dance of angels in Paradise Lost; Ranters and Shakers. Sterne (Sentimental Journey), watching a family dance at a French peasant's house, says: "I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the dance!"

Poets are always reflecting, etc. 321

The word is *blathero*, our *blather*, *blether*, Ger. *blattern*, etc.

Mischievous Deities 323

"*Vejoves*" in original. *Veiovis* was an unpropitious, ill-omened deity who had a temple on the Capitoline Hill. Ovid (Fast. iii. 430) speaks of him as the youthful Jupiter. It seems more probable that the Roman etymology of the name was mistaken, and that this was a deity of Etruscan origin.

Harmless Thunderbolts 323

"Bruta Fulminia." Pliny says, "There are brute and idle thunder-bolts, such as come according to no rule of nature," ii. 43, 43. Hence the expression, *brutum fulmen*, has passed into a proverb for blind and senseless denunciations, such as those of the Pope!

A Sort of Lightning that proceeds from a Glass, etc. ... 324

An old Greek saying; whence our "flash in the pan."

That you are not become blacker than a Coal before now. 324

From the effect of excommunicating curses.

Ask me any Thing that you have a Mind to ask me ... 325

Lit., "Inquire from heaven even to earth." A proverb, from Plautus.

Symbolism is indeed a military Word 325

Σύμβολον, symbolum, denotes a token, sign, or pledge. Among the many applications of this idea, is that to a military signal or watchword. Hence, in ecclesiastical usage, a creed or confession of faith was termed a watchword—a means of mutual recognition and bond of union among Christians. Analogous to this is the ecclesiastical use of *sacrament.* This was originally the military oath of allegiance, taken by the Roman soldier to his general. So, metaphorically, the Christian on his baptism took an oath of allegiance to Christ, the Ἀρχηγόν, or "Chieftain of Salvation." The "Apostles' Creed," so-called, dates, as a composition, from the fifth century.

I would not put my chief Confidence and Hope in him, etc. 327

Lit., "I would not cast my sacred anchor in him, etc." See above, p. 406.

Lest any should imagine him to be a Creature 328

Alluding to the Arian heresy which taught that Christ was a Creature of God, although the most perfect.

I am not an Apuleius turned inside out... 328

Alluding to the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, a fable relating the adventures of a man who has been metamorphosed into the form of an ass. Various speculations have been mooted as to the inner purport of the allegory. The story ascribed to Lucian, of *Lucius or the Ass*, is similar. Both pieces are said to have been founded on a work of one Lucius of Patræ.

Natural Rock 329

Lit., "living rock," which meant natural, in the sense of being unwrought or unremoved. But the epithet seems to point back to the ancient belief in the *growth* of stones. It was probably a dim perception of the truths which geology has brought to light.

That is beside our Creed (symbol) 337

There is a play on *symbol*, which denoted also the cheque or ticket given up by each guest at a common meal or pic-nic, to be presented for payment afterwards.

The Old Man's Dialogue... 339

The names are characteristic: Eusebius, Pious; Pampirus, All-experienced; Polygamus, Much-married (not, however, exactly in the sense in which Artemus Ward gave this epithet to Brigham Young); Gluxion, Sweet-like.

New Faces 339

Lit., "New birds." Ironically for old acquaintances.

What do you mean with your Glass Eyes, you Wizard? 339

Lit., "you Fascinator?" Alluding to the superstition of the "evil eye," which still so strongly prevails, especially in Italy, suggested by the glare of Eusebius, through his spectacles.

According to the Greek Proverb. . . . talking not about *a Waggon* 340

The translator has here missed the point. The phrase is *de plaustro loqui*, and means speaking *down from* a Waggon. The proverb is traceable to the rude beginning of Comedy, when the stage was a waggon, and the actors boors, their faces smeared with dregs; and when the "play" consisted of gross ribaldry and abuse, seasoned with more or less rude wit, levelled at the passers by, at well-known characters, or even at the immortal inhabitants of Olympus themselves.

Eu. Why thou'lt never be old 341

Lit., "Truly a Tithonus' old age, as they say!" Aurora (Eôs) obtained for him, her lover, the boon of immortality, but neglected to ask for eternal youth, so that he pined away in ever increasing decrepitude and begged that he might be changed into a cicada. Tennyson ("Tithonus") has wrought at the idea with his usual exquisite felicity of expression:

"I wither slowly in thine arms
Here at the quiet limit of the world
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn."

Both Erasmus and the translator have mis-applied the saying about Tithonus. It is applicable to a decrepit, *not* to a fresh old age.

You were as great a Maggot 341
See above p. 403. Lit., "There was no greater Trifler than you."

My own mother-Wit 341
Lit., "My own Mars": my own unaided exertions.

An indifferent good one, and according to the Proverb, in a competent proportion to my own 342
The proverb is quoted from Plutarch: τὴν κατὰ σεαυτὸν ἔλα, *Choose a wife of your own condition.*

That which the Greeks call Freedom from the encumbrance of Business 343
ἀπραξία. Latin, *otium. Leisure* is the nearest equivalent in English.

I act the part of Mitio *in the Comedy* 343
The genial old bachelor-uncle of Terence's *Adelphi,* who is so well "foiled" by his churlish brother Demea.

Crates 344
One of the Cynic school, a disciple of Diogenes and Antisthenes. One of their principles was that pleasure is pernicious; and a favourite saying is ascribed to Antisthenes: "I would rather be mad than glad!" *Metrodorus* was the most important follower of Epicurus. He is said to have placed happiness in the possession of a well-constituted body; regarded the Belly as the great test and measure of bliss!

εὐθυμία 345
Literally, good-humour, (or temper) cheerfulness. The Greeks had also ῥᾳθυμία, easiness of temper, generally shading off into the sense of indolence.

If I feel any Disorder, &c. 346
Lit., "lassitude."

Cackling gossip. . . . my Pullet. . . . French woman, ... French husband 347
The old play once more on *Gallus, Gallina* in their different senses. See above, p. 392.

There had passed some Words between us, in the future Tense... 347
An allusion to the old legal and ecclesiastical doctrine

concerning the binding force of verbal contracts before marriage. Any contract made in words of the present tense *(per verba de præsenti)* "I take you to wife"; and in case of cohabitation in words of the future tense *(per verba de futuro)*,—"I will take you to wife," was a valid marriage, and the parties might be compelled in the spiritual courts to celebrate it *in facie ecclesiæ*.

I have brought a Noble to nine Pence 348

"Have given up horses for asses," in the original. The noble is said to have been called so on account of the superior quality of the gold.

Master of seven Arts 348

In the Mediæval schools the division of studies was into the *trivium* and the *quadrivium*; the former comprising Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric; the latter, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy. "All these studies were however referred to theology, and that in the narrowest manner; music, for example, being reduced to church chanting, and astronomy to the calculation of Easter," (Hallam. Middle Ages.) The above is of course the origin of the Title "Master of Arts."

Stock and Block 349

Principal and interest.

More dangerous Rocks than those of Scilly 349

"Than any *Malea*," original. The proverbially dangerous promontory to the S. of Laconia. The play of words Malea, Alea, assists the play of thought around the image of a shipwreck.

An Allowance always to be made to one that makes the first Essay 349

Συγγνώμη πρωτοπείρῳ: "Pardon the novice" *(protopeirus*, him who makes his first attempt or trial). Play on Proto— and Pam-peirus.

The Greek proverb, etc. 351

Of which our translator appears to miss the point. "One must either eat tortoises or leave them alone," is nearer to the sense. The notion was that if one ate a little of tortoise flesh, it gave one the "gripes"; if more freely the

pain was soothed. The saying about "going the whole hog" is similar.

A Man of Art will live anywhere 352

More literally, "Art is nourished in every land." Also: Λιμὴν ἀτυχίας ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις τέχνη, "Art is a harbour of refuge to men." Of course "Art" is used not in the specific modern sense, but in the general one of practical skill, craft.

Pope Julius the Second 353

Erasmus appears to have had the most cordial dislike for the character of this filibustering Pope. He was at Bologna when Julius made an entry into that city after a seige; and keenly contrasted his martial imperious bearing and pompous *entourage* with the meekness and humility of the Gospel. The dialogue, *Julius Exclusus*, or Julius shut out of heaven, is ascribed on internal evidence to Erasmus, although he never owned its authorship. He satirized the Pope also in the *Praise of Folly*: "I can show you an old man, whose valour is equal to that of any youth; who to disturb law and religion, spares neither expense nor caution, and to whose folly his flatterers join the name of zeal, piety, and strength of mind."

This being my Lot, I make the best on't... 354

"This Sparta which has fallen to my lot, I adorn," in original.

They were all asleep, and added a dead Weight to my Waggon 356

That the body is lighter awake than sleeping is stated in Pliny, H. N., vii. 17. Archbishop Trench, in his note on the miracle of Christ walking on the sea, speaks of it as a "well-attested fact," and concludes that "the human consciousness, as an inner centre, works as an opposing force to the attraction of the earth, and the centripetal force of gravity."

Humming Ale 356

According to the original, simply, "remarkably good." Some explain *humming* as corrupt for *spuming*, foaming; others from the *sound* good liquor is supposed to produce

when drawn. This is wide of the mark. In Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Ben Jonson, *Hum* is named as a particular kind of strong liquor. "Strong waters, *hum*, Meath and Obarni." Humming ale was probably that in which there was an infusion of spirit.

A Parson 357

"Pastor" in original. It is curious to note the stumbles that have been made over the derivation of this word. Thus Blackstone takes it to be equivalent to *persona*, the church being represented in the person of the minister. Others think it to be connected with the German *pfarrer*. The true explanation is, doubtless, that which connects it with *paroecia*, *parochia*, *parish*; parson is contracted and corrupted from *paroecianus*, or *parochianus*, pastor of the parish.

Wolves, Wench 357

A *double entendre* on *lupa*, which may mean either a she-wolf, or a whore.

Good Men! 361

A phrase said to have been current in popular speech in France for men whose wives were not all that wives should be.

St. Anthony takes charge of the Hogs 364

His patronage of swineherds originated in the story of his forest life.

What he knows is what he has learned in private Confession, etc. 365

A joking way of describing his ignorance. "He shakes his head, but there's nothing in it."

I should not say much perhaps, but I should cudgel her handsomely 366

More spirited the original: "I should not treat her to *bad* words, but to a *good* cudgel."

Accoutrements of a hectoring Soldier 367

Lit., "Distinctions of Thrasonic folly." Thraso is the blustering soldier of Terence's *Eunuchus*. By some insensible transition of thought the name of Hector, the gentlest

hero of the Iliad, has come unjustly to be associated with military swagger. Probably there is as little true connexion between what the French term "Chauvinisme" and the personal character of M. Chauvin.

The Bishop of Rome and the Monks 369

Gregory the Great (Pontiff 590–604), having been himself "dragged from the cloister to the papal throne by the unanimous voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people," was the great man who shed lustre on monachism and gave impetus to its progress in Europe.

The very Pagan writers have taken notice of them that have wore Cloaths so thin, etc. 369

The allusion is apparently to Juvenal's second satire, where he satirizes one Creticus, a pleader, for appearing in a *multitium*, or soft transparent robe.

Whatsoever is deeply rooted in the Minds of men . . . . must be removed by degrees, as a Horse's Tail is pluck'd off by single Hairs 372

The story is told of an ancient captain, that he set his soldiers to pull out a horse's tail, which they being unable to do, he shewed that it could be accomplished by removing it hair by hair: teaching the lesson that difficulties might be overcome in detail which were not to be overcome by one great exertion of force. Horace employs the allusion as illustrating the argument called *Sorites*:—

> "Utor permisso, candaeque pilos ut equinae,
> Paullatim vello, et demo unum, demo et item unum,
> Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi."
>
> Ep. ii. 1, 45 sq.

The Mendicant Orders 373

Their institution appears to have sprung from a reactionary movement against the worldliness of the established clergy and the ostentatious luxury of the ancient monastic orders. The Dominicans took their name from Dominic of Toulouse, and were established in 1216; the Franciscans from Francis of Assisi, in 1223. The Mendicants appear to have given a stricter application to the austere rule of Benedict, who founded an order in the sixth cen-

tury. They were debarred by their foundation from acquiring possessions, and were to be maintained by alms only. The assumption of the peasant's dress of the period and locality was, of course, in keeping with those principles. See on this subject Lecky's *European Morals* and Hallam's *Middle Ages.* The latter points at the interesting analogy between the relation of the Mendicants to the Church of Rome in the thirteenth century and that of the Methodists to the Church of England in the eighteenth. See also Sir James Stephen's Essays on *Ecclesiastical Biography.*

Do us the Honour to preach to the People To-morrow ... 374

Under the fostering policy of the popes, the Dominicans and Franciscans enjoyed exemption from episcopal authority, and could preach or hear confessions without permission of the ordinary. This policy rendered them the fastest friends of the popes and their supremacy. The unwisdom of the opposite policy of the rulers of the English Church has often been a subject of remark: the Methodists have passed into gradual estrangement from a communion from which they never formally separated.

Antronius 376

The name carries an allusion to an old Greek commonplace, Ἀντρώνιος ὄνος, *an Antronian ass*, for a person heavy in body, stupid in mind. At Antron, in Thessaly, there is said to have been a breed of big asses. Suidas.

Lady's Apartment, Ladies 376

Heroina, heroine, is the word used in the original for courtly and fashionable women, as though they were a species of demi-goddesses.

Decrees and Decretals 378

Of the Popes. The spurious "Decretals of Isidore," which appeared in the eighth century, gave to the Bishop of Rome an appellant jurisdiction, and forbade national councils to be held without his consent, etc. Upon this imposture the fabric of Papal supremacy over the different national churches was gradually raised. Hallam's *Middle Ages.*

As Panniers don't become an Ox, so neither does Learning become a Woman 381

A Latin proverb: "Bos clitellas" (portat), Cic. Att. v. 15. "Optat ephippia bos niger, optat arare caballus," Hor. Ep. i. 14, 43. Similar is our "Putting the saddle on the wrong horse."

What Books did she read? The canonical Hours. For the Use of whom? Of the Order of Benedictines. 381

The canonical hours, when sacred offices should be performed, are: *Matins; Prime*, 6 a.m.; *Tierce*, 8 a.m.; *Sext*, 11 a.m.; *Nones*, 2 p.m.; *Compline*, from *complementum*, that which *fulfils* the day. The usage was derived from Ps. cxix. 164: "Seven times a day do I praise Thee." In the text, "Hours" is used in the transferred sense of devotional books for use at such times. "For the Use of whom?" is a mistake of the translator. It should be: "according to what (or whose) usage?" The reader will not miss the stupid abbot's anachronism in making the Virgin read a Benedictine book of Hours.

Paula and Eustochium 381

Two examples of learned female saints. The former is said to have been taught Latin by Jerome.

Morites in England 382

Moricæ in original. Probably refers to the ladies of Sir Thomas More's family.

Petrus Ægidius 383

He was employed by Francis I. to visit and describe the most celebrated places in Asia, Greece, and Africa; and published an account of his travels, besides other works.

Epithalamium 383

As its etymology signifies (ἐπί, θάλαμος, *against, a chamber*), the *chorale* sung by girls and boys before the bridal chamber. The splendid song of Catullus on the nuptials of Julia and Manlius (61) will be recalled by the classical reader, with its refrain, Io Hymen Hymenaee!

I can't see a bit of a Maid 383

"Muscam puellam," or "*fly* of a maid," in original.

Scotus's Fountain . . . . a Lake of Frogs 384
There were two great Schoolmen who bore the name of Scotus, indicating their derivation from the northern part of our island: (1) Johannes Scotus Erigena, born c. 800, the earliest great name of the Scholastic period. (2) Johannes Duns Scotus, born c. 1274, the opponent of Thomas Aquinas' theological system; hence the party division of "Thomists" and "Scotists." The stigma cast on Scholasticism in the expression "a Lake of Frogs" is thoroughly characteristic of Erasmus. Like other great classical scholars, he appears to have had no relish for metaphysical studies; perhaps no understanding of their nature or value.

How total a Darkness has seized your Eyes! 384
In the original, τὸ σκότος (darkness) is used for the sake of forcing a pun on the name *Scotus*.

You should come off as ill by seeing the Muses, as Actaeon did by seeing Diana... 385
Possibly there may be "English readers" who need to be informed what Actæon's fate was. He had the ill-luck, while hunting, to come upon Diana and her nymphs bathing, whereupon the goddess, "ever chaste and fair," turned him into a stag, and he was set upon and devoured by his own dogs.

I hear somewhat, but I don't know what it is 385
Lit., "I hear, like a donkey listening to a lyre." Among other *opprobria* cast upon this inoffensive brute, has been from ancient times the charge of insensibility to music; unlike the horse (witness the famous passage in the *Merchant of Venice*, act v., sc. 1), birds, serpents, etc. Perhaps many an ass would have "something to say for himself," like Balaam's, if he could only speak.

Are you going to Louvain to see the University? ... 385
This university was founded in 1426, later than the other great schools of Europe; in the midst, in fact, of their golden era. It became celebrated during the next century for its theological faculty, and in Lipsius's time, 1606, numbered 6000 students.

One of our Priests 385

"Mystæ," "initiated ones," in original. The derivation of both *muse* and *myst*, *mystie*, etc., from *mu*, the sound made with all-but-closed lips (Lat., *musso*, *mussito*, Eng., *mutter*, *murmur*),—indicating the notion of something secret, not to be uttered above one's breath—is interesting. The idea is intensely religious and, it may be added, Biblical. "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things kept secret from the foundation of the world." Revelation, in the teaching of St. Paul, is constantly the open disclosure of an age-long *mystery*. Corresponding to this distinction of mysteries known to the few, and revelations for the many, is the Pythagorean division of teaching into the *esoteric* and *exoteric:* that behind and that outside the veil. Christianity likewise incorporates this distinction.—*Mark* iv. 11.

The Name of the Buslidians, etc. 385

According to the native spelling the name is Busleiden. Jerome, the friend of Erasmus and Sir T. More, who founded the college of the "three languages" (Hebrew, Greek, and Latin) at Louvain, died in 1517.

Conjugal Amenities: the husband has been call'd Block-head, etc. 387

It may be worth while giving these elegancies of vituperation in their classic forms. The husband is called "a fungus, a flask, a sponge;" the lady is saluted with the epithets, "*scrofa* (breeding sow), *Acco* (tumour)." Acco, according to Hesychius, was an old woman who went mad on seeing her face in a mirror.

Must the Matrimony be without Juno and Venus? ... 388

Juno was the great protectress of the female sex, and in this capacity received many and various appellations, *Cinxia*, *Domiduca*, *Interduca*, *Februa*, *Jugalis*, *Lucina*, *Natalis*, *Populonia*, *Pronuba*, *Virginalis*, *Matrona*, etc. Women sacrificed to her as Natalis on their birthday, as the men to their genius. The great festival of *Matronalia* was celebrated in her honour on the 1st of March by the women. Juno is specially the divine type of the married

woman ; hence her presidency over the marriage rites. For fuller information consult Smith's *Dictionaries* and Creuzer's *Symbolik*, sub voc. Venus, as *Genetrix*, favoured the pleasures of sexual love. The bride on her wedding day sacrificed a lock of her hair to Venus.

That earthly drunken Venus, but another heavenly One, etc. 388

Alluding to Socrates teaching on the distinction between sensual and spiritual love. See the *Phædrus.*

Gracchus and Cornelia 389

See Plutarch's Lives : *the Gracchi.*

Admetus' Wife 389

Admetus, for neglecting to sacrifice to Artemis on his wedding day, was doomed to die ; but deliverance from death was promised him on condition of the substitution of his father, mother or wife in his stead. Alcêstis, the wife, consented to the sacrifice, but was rescued from death by Hercules, who wrestled with him for her body. The story forms the plot of Euripides' beautiful drama *Alcêstis*, treated by Mr. Leighton in a picture exhibited in the Royal Academy a few years ago.

Porcia and Brutus 389

See Plutarch's Lives : *Brutus.* To test her capacity to face the danger of her husband's enterprise against Julius Cæsar, and her right to share the secret which clouded his brow, she wounded herself severely in the thigh. On parting from Brutus on the fatal day, her eye fell on a picture of Hector taking leave of Andromache,—that scene of purest pathos in all Homer—and fainted : the only mark of weakness she ever showed. On Brutus' death, she put an end to her own life.

Nasica, Paterculana 389

The first Scipio Nasica was adjudged when a young man to be the purest citizen of the Republic, and was therefore sent with the Roman matrons to Ostia to receive a statue of Cybele which was being transported from Pessinus in Asia Minor, the chief seat of her worship, to Rome, in order to satisfy a Sibylline oracle. Sulpicia, the daughter

of Paterculus, was in like manner selected from a hundred Roman matrons, in virtue of her modesty, to dedicate an image of Venus at Rome. Livy.

What shall I say to the rest? I' ll tell you in your Ear. 390
Probably that they are to hang themselves, or some such polite salutation.

Exorcism 391
The original meaning of this word (ἐξορκισμός) was the administration of an oath to another. In the early Christian era it came into corrupt use to denote the supposed act of expelling demons by the solemn appeal to sacred names. The correct word for this act is the Latin *adjuration.* On the prevalence of this superstition in the East Christian Church, see Lecky, *European Morals,* i. 401 ff; *Hist. of Rationalism,* i. 25; and in later times, *ib.* i. 125 ff. It reached its height in the fearful witchcraft-mania in the seventeenth century. Lecky points out that the Anglican clergy stand in this matter in favourable contrast to the Catholics on the one hand, and to the Puritans on the other.

Such a Flam 392
This word was formerly current in good English in the sense of a lie, fiction, or imposture. It is still in provincial use, but rather in the sense of *flattery.* Various derivations have been suggested, none of which appear satisfactory. *Flim-flam, flimsy, fleer, flout,* etc., appear to represent that instinctive motion of the lips and cheeks with the blowing forth of the breath, which expresses contempt, as for something lightly blown away.

Faunus, a Priest (of those which in Latin they call Regulars, but that is not enough unless they add the same in Greek too) 393
The monastic clergy were termed *regulars* (Lat., *regula,* a rule) from their compliance with Benedict's famous rule of life, which separated them from the world, while the *secular* clergy remained in it. The Greek equivalent to *regulars* is *canonici* (κανονικοί); whence in short and corrupted form our *canon,* for a clergyman attached to a cathedral. The true explanation of this word is perhaps not to be found in

the primary meaning of canon (κανών), a rule; but in a secondary meaning of a measure or ration of food and drink as supplied to soldiers; just as *prebendary* is he who enjoys the *praebend* or benefice (Lat. *præbeo*) attached to his stall.

Menander's Phasma 394
The title of one of Menander's comedies, in which a girl, under the feigned apparition *(phasma)* of a goddess to whom religious rites were being rendered, enjoys the society of her lover. See Donatus's introduction to Terence's *Eunuchus.*

The Agnus Dei 395
It consisted of a small cake of wax stamped with the image of the Lamb bearing the banner of the Cross.

He would leave the most urgent Affairs in the World, etc. 397
Lit., "he would forfeit his recognisances, etc.": a proverbial Latin saying for putting aside the most serious business.

This guardian Devil 397
Lit., "the paedagogue demon," supposed to keep as close attendance on the spirit as the Roman slave upon his young master to and from school; for such was the duty of the Roman paedagogue (lit. *child-leader.*)

The Master of the Show 398
Lit., "the Choragus of the Play." The duty of the Choragus was to superintend and bring on the stage the chorus, which played so essential a part in the ancient drama.

The Devil cries out. . . . you are my own yourself ... 398
This reminds us of the story in Tertullian (De Spectaculis, c. 26) concerning the lady who went to the theatre, and there became possessed with an evil spirit. When rebuked by the exorcist, the demon replied that it was a legitimate seizure, he had found her upon his own ground!

That he should say the glorious 78th Psalm three times over 398
In the original he was to say the Lord's Prayer three times; why the translator should have altered this is not clear.

Imperial Heaven 401

Translator's blunder for *empyrean* heaven. The Oriental notion—set forth in the Cabbala, or oral tradition of the Jews—was that of a series of heavens on an ascending scale of glory. Hence the Biblical expressions "heaven of heavens—seventh heaven, etc." But *empyrean (fiery)* is derived from Ptolemy's astronomy. He makes his fifth and last heaven to consist of pure elemental fire.

On the whole subject of the preceding colloquy the first chapter in Lecky's History of Rationalism may be read with advantage ("Magic and Witchcraft"). Although the sceptical movement to which Erasmus indirectly contributed, was beginning to set in with force during his time, this fearful superstition continued for nearly two centuries to dominate the mind even of educated Europe. It is not clear that Erasmus was himself free from it, although he so unsparingly exposed the impostures to which it gave rise. Lecky and Buckle have amply illustrated the tenacity of the belief in Scotland. Most readers will recall the performances of the German adept Dousterswivel in Sir W. Scott's *Antiquary*. Writing in 1829, Sir Walter says in his introduction to the novel, that this portion of the story is "founded on a fact of actual occurrence."

The Alchymist 402

This long-prevailing mania was derived from the Arabs, the great "Scientists" of the dark ages. The Arabic *al kimia* denotes "the secret:" the object of this pseudo-science being the discovery of the secret of the transmutation of metals into gold, and the discovery of the elixir of life. The last alchymist in England was James Price, of Guildford, a fellow of the Royal Society. On the failure of his experiments he committed suicide by drinking some laurel-water. See Chambers's Book of Days, i. 602.

Philecons. . . . Lalus 402

"Fond of listening." *Lalus*, "Talkative."

Foibles 403

Lit., "He has so far a *mole*." i. e., blemish.

What's well begun is half done 405

"*Dimidium facti qui cœpit, habet*," Hor. Ep. i. 2. 42.

Every Block will not make a Mercury 405
A Greek proverb referring to the frequent use of wood for the statues of this god.

The Virgin Mary, that you know is worshipped at Paris 406
It should be : " is worshipped by the *Paralii*, or dwellers on the coast." Translator's mistake. An allusion to the famous shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, near the coast of Norfolk.

The Matter was then debated 408
Lit., " ventilated." A good word, calling up the mental picture of tossing into the air, and so *winnowing*.

I admire Balbinus could not smoak the Roguery ... 408
Lit., " that Balbinus had no nose for such a fellow." The general explanation of this usage of *smoke* is by referring to the idea of discovering a hidden fire by the issuing smoke. Such a derivation is evidently contrary to all analogy ; and it is surprising to see it given in standard works. To *smoke* in the sense of discovering a fraud, or a secret, etc., is radically the same word as the Anglo Saxon *smoeccan*, to smell or taste, Ger. *schmecken*. The *active use* of the organs of smell and taste is indicated. To smoke, like a fire, etc.—the neuter verb—comes from Anglo Saxon *smiccan*. The one word in our language represents two distinct ideas.

Jockeys, who sell and let out horses 412
The word had formerly this wider signification, although now generally limited to the professional riders in horse races. The account of the word commonly given is that it is a diminutive of Jock or Jack : another example of that hasty hap-hazard etymology which was common, before the principles of the science were rightly understood. Why should *Jockey* rather than *Jimmy* or *Billy* come into use in this sense ? The word in all probability is derived from a Teutonic radical, which appears in all the English, German and Norse dialects : jog, shog, shock ; Anglo-Saxon, sceacan ; Ger., schaukeln ; Norse and Dan., jukka, jukke, etc. The word would thus be pictorial, pointing to the peculiar jogging, shaking movement of a rider on horseback.

This was fighting a Man with his own Weapons ... 414
Lit., "You handsomely acted the Cretan towards a Cretan." The ill-odour of the Cretans in the ancient Greek world is indicated in several similar proverbs. St. Paul quotes from "a prophet of their own," viz., the great seer Epimenides, a verse in support of the charges against their character: they were "liars, evil beasts, idle bellies." See also Plato, *Laws*, book i.; Callimachus, *Hymn to Jove*, 8, etc.

Horse-courser 414
For *locatorem*, lender, letter-out. This application of the word is unusual and appears to have passed away.

Irides 417
i. e., son of Irus. Irus is the public beggar introduced in the 18th book of the Odyssey. "Misoponus:" "Labour-hating."

Apitius 417
The name of three notorious belly-worshippers at Rome, one of whom lived in Sulla's time, the second under Augustus and Tiberius, the third under Trajan. One of them left a book on cookery.

The Goddess Laverna 418
She was the patroness of thieves, especially in the sense of *secret contrivers of fraud*, at Rome. Horace (Ep. i. 16. 60) introduces the picture of a hypocrite who after offering public sacrifice, and loudly calling on Janus and on Apollo, —gods of Light and Day,—mutters under his breath the following prayer: "*Fair Laverna, grant me grace to deceive, grace to appear a just and holy man; cast the veil of night over my sins, cover my frauds with a cloud!*" One is tempted to moralize upon the fact of so remarkable a worship having existed and been popular. Religion may be connected, in fact, be founded upon any and every human passion and instinct. Men idealize their desires, and then worship them. They may be devout in their evil. There are many modern worshippers at the altar of Laverna.

An Artist will live anywhere 419
More literally, "Every land feeds art." A Greek proverb.

There is another to the like effect, "Art is men's harbour in misfortune." Of course the term *art* is used in the original sense of practical ability for particular work, skill, craft.

Wherever I find a hungry Sea-cob, I throw him out a bait 419

λάρος κεχηνώς, a Greek commonplace. What bird is exactly intended is not certain; probably either a comorant or sea-gull. In the word sea-cob it is not easy to trace the appropriateness of the designation (*cob*, Anglo Saxon *koppe*, *head* or *top*) to a bird.

The Touchstone 421

This was a dark-coloured schist, called *lapis Lydius*, the Lydian stone, sometimes the Herculean stone, on which gold when rubbed left a mark. In Greek a touchstone was termed βάσανος; and many proverbial sayings originated from the idea. Pliny xxxiii. 8; xxxvi. 20.

... ... 422

The latter part of this Colloquy hints at the fearful evil which mendicancy had become in the middle ages, and at the growing feeling that repressive measures would become necessary. The Catholic Church had taken beggars under her peculiar protection, and the faithful made a practice of lavishing thus upon them, not so much from the purer motives of charity, as from a desire to benefit their own souls. The recoil from this state of things was almost equally terrible; witness especially the penal legislation in England under Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. See Lecky, *European Morals*, ii., 960 ff.

The Fabulous Feast 424

For the benefit of the "English reader" it may be pointed out that the names of the parties to this Colloquy are, as in several others, characteristically descriptive: *Polymythus*, "Story-teller;" *Gelasinus*, "Laugher;" *Eutrapelus*, "A Wit;" *Astæus*, (ἄστυ), corresponding to Latin *urbanus*, "Town-bred," lit., therefore "Clever;" *Philythlus*, "Nonsensical;" *Philogelos*, "Laughter-loving;" *Euglottus*, "Smooth-tongued;" *Lerochares*, "Delighter in trifles;" *Adolesches*, "Prater."

So rather ought a Feast to be without Orders and a President... 424

ἄναρχον καὶ ἄνομον, lit., "rule-less and lawless." The ancient custom was to have a *symposiarch* or *ruler of the feast* at wine-parties : in Latin *rex convivii* or *magister bibendi.*

An usual Proverb, that has more Truth in 't than good Latin, Novus Rex, nova lex 425

This is good Latin as it stands, but in the original it runs "*Novus Rex, novus lex :*" a specimen of popular or dog Latin.

Provided Regard be had to Probability and Decency ... 425

τὸ πιθανὸν καὶ πρέπον, original.

May I have the liberty to speak three Words? Eut. What do you like the Feast to be an unlucky one? . 425

This is an allusion to the Roman legal custom of holding certain days *nefasti*, or in a technical sense *unlawful*, on which there was a cessation of public business ; and the *praetor*, or magistrate, was not allowed to pronounce the three words, *Do, Dico, Addico.* Hence the word *nefastus* passed into the sense of *unlucky*, as in the text. It would be better rendered, however, *unlawful* in this place, according to the context.

Shot free 426

Escot, scot, and *shot* seem to be three forms of the same word (Anglo Saxon *sceat*), denoting the proportion of payment, legal or otherwise, which falls to each. Hence the legal expression, *scot and lot.* The radical idea is that of something *cast down.*

Story of Agesilaus 426

See Plutarch's Lives for further stories of his sobriety.

The Marshal of the Hall 426

The "architriclinus," in original : the word used in the New Testament for "ruler of the feast." The word "marshal" has represented a variety of offices in the course of its history. Etymologically and originally it meant a *horse-boy* or *ostler ;* and in course of time, officials employed in various charges in great households were designated by this name.

John Botzemus, the Canon of Constance... 427

An esteemed friend of Erasmus.

Drink and Blow 427

See above, p. 393.

Boots and Shoes 428

Boot appears to have changed its signification. The root is found in Anglo Saxon *botan*, to put something over another; hence *abotan*, *about*. The original meaning of boot was a wrapping for the leg: leggings, gaiters, greaves. So in text.

The Statute of Rheims 429

This city was under episcopal government from the time of Clovis down to the French Revolution; and to this government Guizot traces the origin of European civilisation.

The Shadow of the Ass 429

Alluding to Demosthenes' amusing story, in satire of foolish litigation, concerning the owner and the borrower of an ass, who went to the courts on the question whether the borrower was entitled to lie down in the *shadow* of the animal.

The Fishmongers' Fair and the Butchers' Time to be starved 429

A witty circumlocution for the Lenten season.

Born under a lucky Planet 430

Lit., "under the favour of Mercury:" as above, the patron of tricksters and thieves.

Tale with an Epilogue . . . . one with a Prologue ... 430

Lit., "with a *coronis* . . . . with a *proem*." The *coronis* was the curving flourish of the pen with which transcribers finished the copy of a poem. The *proem*, a musical term, like prelude, stands of course for preface.

A Surplice, the chief Vestment us'd in performing Divine Service 430

"*Summa* vestis," original, the *uppermost* vestment. *Pallium* is the word in original.

Monstrous Rogues 431

Lit., "such *portents!*" Erasmus seems to have borrowed this sense of the word from Cicero, who describes P. Clodius as "a fatal portent and prodigy of the State" (Pis. iv.); and Gabinius and Piso as "two portents and all but funerals to the State!" (Prov. Cons. 1.)

Fool's Paradise 433

Limbus fatuorum. According to the notions of the Schoolmen, there were *limbi*, or states intermediate between heaven and hell, reserved (1) for the patriarchs; (2) for unbaptized infants; (3) for fools and other irresponsibles.

Coal instead of a Treasure 433

See above.

Lewis, who us'd to take a Pleasure in tricking Tricksters 434

"In deceiving gaping Crows," according to original. Many readers will recall the striking manner in which Sir W. Scott has exhibited the traits of Louis's character in his *Quentin Durward.*

The King . . . . perceived he was no Blockhead 435

Lit., "That he was not altogether of sinister disposition:" sinister in the sense of left-handed, loutish, stupid.

Letters patent 436

In original, "diplomata," on which see above, p. 384. Letters *patent* are of course opposed to those closed and sealed; they are on open sheets bearing the sovereign's seal and sign-manual. Their contents are to be *known to all.*

The Embassador 436

The word is supposed to be of Teutonic origin; and both modes of spelling appear to have prevailed from the first. That with the A is the more correct. It is curious that at present the spelling of ambassador and embassy should remain diverse.

When the Maid was gone out of the Way, he makes off with one of the Brass Pots 438

This reminds one of the humourous incident of Caleb Balderston's Raid in Scott's Bride of Lammermoor. In a note

Sir Walter says that it was founded on facts related to him by a friend with circumstantiality—this, in reply to a charge against its extravagance. *Erasmus's* story is perhaps more extravagant, and may be equally true.

The Pawnbroker 438

"Foenerator," original. Bailey renders the same word by *usurer* and *pawn-broker*; the callings seem formerly to have been identical. The history of pawn-broking, and the sign of the three golden balls from the arms of the Medici of Florence; and their association with *Lombard* Street, still the great haunt of money-lenders, is interesting.

Where was you drag'd up, at Hog's Norton? 440

A bit of spice added by the translator. Lit., "Where did you learn those manners of yours?" Hog's Norton is a village in Oxfordshire. The name appears to be corrupt for *Hoch* or High Norton, and of itself gave rise to the legend of the boorishness of the people.

Talk of the Devil, and he'll appear 440

Lit., "The Wolf in the Fable," see above, p. 383.

A Theological Dinner . . . . a melancholy entertainment indeed 440

Lit., "You promise a Scythian banquet." The epithet Scythian was proverbially applied by the Greeks to what was harsh, dull and barbarous, as opposed to their own joyous and cultivated way of life. Erasmus might have alluded to the *Thracians*, when speaking of a theological feast; for they, according to Horace, *fought* over their cups! Carm. i., 27.

The Knocker (called a Crow) tied up in a white Cloth... 442

The *corvus* or crow refers to the usual *shape* of the knocker. The custom of tying up the knocker (in a wedding glove) at the house of an *accouchée* has come down to our day.

A Quandary 442

A very amusing word in its origin. It is said to be an English corruption of the French *Qu'en dirai-je?*—"what shall I say about it"—an ejaculation of perplexity. It seems to have come into use in the seventeenth century; is found in

Beaumont and Fletcher. It would be interesting to know if there is any anecdote or incident to account for its coming into use.

Christiernus, King of Denmark, etc. 443

Christiern II. who has been called the Nero of the North: he was driven from the throne of Sweden by Gustavus Vasa, and afterwards from that of Denmark by his subjects, 1523. He died in prison, 1559. Francis I., after the battle of Pavia, 1525, was kept prisoner at Madrid by Charles V. He was set at liberty in 1526, on signing a treaty renouncing Naples, the Milanese, Genoa, Flanders and Artois. Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., was crowned King of Hungary and Bohemia, 1527. He succeeded Charles in the Empire, 1558. These dates may refresh the memory of the historical reader, and call to mind the state of Europe at the time Erasmus was writing. Since the Turks had in 1453 taken Constantinople, they had become the anxiety and terror of Europe. The migration of distinguished Greek scholars, Chrysoloras and others to Italy, during this period, is an important and interesting fact in connexion with the revival of Letters.

Christ's seamless Coat is rent asunder on all Sides ... 443

The "seamless coat of Jesus" is a favourite metaphor with ecclesiastical writers for the unity of the church. Perhaps it may not be impertinent to remark that the metaphor appears to be neither Scriptural nor appropriate. The *Body* rather than the Coat of Christ—the body not a bone of which was broken—designates, in St. Paul, the unity of the church. The seamless coat however, better answers to the doctrine of so-called "Catholic" unity,—or rather *uniformity.*

Artists use to be most exquisite in their later Performances 444

Lit., "Are wont to surpass themselves, etc." An anticipation of Burns's sentiment concerning Nature:—

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!"

Horace's Saying takes place here... 449
See Ep. i. 2. 69 : "A jar will long retain the odour of the liquid with which when new it was once impregnated."

The Body of an Ass, as it happened to Apuleius ... 450
On the story of the man metamorphosed into an ass, retaining the thoughts and feelings of humanity, as told by Lucian and Apuleius, see above, p. 412.

As much as Darnel does to a clear Eye-Sight 450
For this ancient notion, see Plautus, Mil. ii. 3, 50 ; Ovid, Fast. i. 691, "let the fields be free from darnel that spoils the eyes."

An Alembick 452
An Arabic word. A still or chemical retort.

Why does Coriander help the Memory? Why does Hellebore purge the Memory? 452
This very ancient notion of particular herbs being *specifics* against certain diseases appears to have been exploded by modern science. One of the chief uses of hellebore amongst the Greeks was as an antidote to madness. So Horace (Ser. ii. 3. 82) proposes to give the largest dose of it to *misers* : perhaps a whole Anticyra of it, alluding to the place of its noted growth.

God and Angels are Spirits, but we feel the Spirit ... 453
This as it stands is not clear. The meaning turns on the original sense of *spiritus*, Lat. (πνεῦμα), which is simply *wind, breath.* Fabulla means that a *breath* is something to be felt. Hence the disputed sense of psalm civ. 4. "He maketh his angels spirits," or "He maketh the winds his angels or messengers."

The Garment of Hercules informs us how much a Garment contributes to the Health of the Body ... 453
Alluding to the vest sent to Hercules by the centaur Nessus, and which consumed his body.

That Question, whether one and the same Soul is capable of wearing out many Bodies, it shall be left to Pythagoras 453
Alluding to the famous Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

σῶμα as though it were σῆμα 454

σῆμα, a tomb. A poor play on words.

They whose Minds are not taken up with the love of corporeal Things, dwell in a tent, and are ready to come forth as soon as the Commander calls ... 454

Something resembling this beautiful idea is ascribed to Pythagoras in Cicero, De Senec. xx. He forbade men to depart from their guard or station in life without the order of their Commander. Plato used similar dissuasives from suicide in the Phaedo.

There's no going out before the Landlord calls out ... 455

"Just as a landlord, who has not received his rent, pulls down the doors, removes the rafters, and fills up the well, so I seem to be driven out of this little body, when Nature who has let it to me takes away one by one, eyes and ears, hands and feet. I will not therefore delay longer but will cheerfully depart as from a banquet. Musonius in Stobaeus. See also Seneca, Ep. lviii.

If we can give any Credit to the Fables of Socrates, their Wings were broken by their falling from heaven.

See the Phædrus. The idea of Socrates is however rather that of the wings decaying and perishing and so being lost to the soul during the present fallen and mortal state.

The Soul is the Act of an Organical, Physical Body, having Life in Potentia 456

See Aristotle, *De Anima* ii. 1. The English word *act* (for *actus* Lat.) inadequately represents the Greek ἐντελέχεια, the Entelechy, or *realization* of what was previously only δύναμις, or *potentiality*. Fabulla's question, "Why does he rather call it an *Act* than a *Journey* or *Way?*" alludes to a lawyer's distinction.

College of Sages 457

"Sapientum centuriae," "the centuries (in the Roman military sense) of wise men," original.

Sense in Timber-Trees, etc. 458

It would be interesting to have some verification of the

fact mentioned—if indeed it be a fact of external nature, not an illusion of the imagination. The phenomena of climbing plants observed by Darwin certainly appear undistinguishable from these of intelligence. Science still appears unable to draw a sharp line of demarcation between the vegetable and animal world. The above is from Pliny, Natural History, xxiv., 1.

You philosophize very bluntly 459

"Pingui Minerva," "rough mother-wit," original. Hor. Ser. ii. 2, 3: "Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva."

Greek Etymology of Μήτηρ from μὴ τηρεῖν, i. e., from not looking after 462

If this etymology was intended for a joke, it is a very poor one. It is possible that Erasmus intended it seriously, for in his day the science of the subject was not yet even in its infancy. Μήτηρ with the kindred words in various Indo-European dialects is probably derived from the Sanskrit *mâ*, to *make*. Max Müller, Oxford Essays, 1856, p. 14, sq.

She shall be saved in Child-bearing 463

σωθήσεται δὲ διὰ τῆς τεκνογονίας, 1 Tim., ii. 15, "*through* her child-bearing." Alford's sensible note is worth quoting: "The construction of the sentence is precisely as in 1 Cor., iii. 15, "but he *himself* shall be saved, yet so as through fire." Just as that man should be saved through, as passing through fire which is his trial, his hindrance in his way, in spite of which he escapes,—so shall she be saved, through, as passing through her child-bearing, which is her trial, her curse (Gen. iii., 16) her (not means of salvation but) hindrance in the way of it." Of course there has been a variety of forced explanations of τεκνογονία, from the Fathers downwards.

I won't discharge you till you have finished the good Service that you have begun 464

There is a pretty pleasantry here,—obliterated in the translation. Eutrapelus says, "Consider me as your *mancipium*, or *bond-slave*." "Very well," replies Fabulla, "I shall not *manumit* you until, etc." On the Roman ceremony of manumission, see Smith's Dict. Ant.

NOTES.

VOL. II.

What strange Dress is this? ... ... *Page* 2

A description of the attire of the middle-age Pilgrim follows. The silver scallop-shells embroidered on the coat are said to point back to the use of these shells as drinking-cups in Palestine. The tin and lead images were mementoes of various shrines: Louis XI. is depicted by Scott wearing a number of them round his hat. The *rosary* (so-called because the string of beads given by the Virgin to Dominic scented of roses) was hung upon the right arm; called "snakes' eggs" in text, because the latter cohere when laid, like a string of beads.

A Visit to St. James at Compostella, and after that to the famous Virgin on the other Side of the Water in England 2

The shrine of Compostella in Galicia owed its celebrity to the legend of the discovery of St. James's body there. The scallop-shell was peculiarly the emblem of pilgrims to this shrine.

> "And how should I know your true love
> From many an other one?
> O by his scallop-shell and hat,
> And by his sandal shoon."
>
> *Friar of Orders Gray.*

There are other (fabulous) explanations of the associations of the shell. Its real origin is probably to be traced to its primitive usage as a cup. Pilgrims wear it as a badge in Japan at this day. The fact that seventeen English peers and eight baronets carry scallop-shells in their arms is a curious memorial of the fame of St. James of Compostella. The custom of "Grotto" among the street-boys of London,

observed on old St. James's day, August 5th, is still more interesting to antiquarian feeling.

Fobbing the Saints off 3

Lit., "Smearing your face before the saints," something like "rubbing the face" *(os perfricare)* for impudence. *Fob*, or *fob off* (Ger. *foppen*, to jeer, rally) for making game of another was formerly classical English.

The Discharge sent to St. Ægidius 4

The story is told of Charles the Great, that despairing of the pardon of his sins, St. Aegidius obtained a note from an angel containing this verse : *Ægidii merito Caroli peccata remitto.*

Stones that are infamous for this, that they can't keep a Secret 4

An allusion to the Lydian touchstone. See above, p. 429.

Bubby 4

Bub, bubby, bubble, bobble, bubukle (Shakespeare) appear to be different forms of one word, denoting any wart-like swelling or excrescence.

Go Snips with him 5

To *snip*, to cut off short ; cf. snap, knap, nip. Dutch *snippen*, German *schnippen*. Hence to go snips, to go shares with another.

> " Pray, sir, let me go snips with you in this lye,
> And be not too covetous of honour ! "
>
> *Dryden, An Evening's Love, Act v.*

The Virgin beyond Sea 8

The shrine indicated is the far-famed one of our Lady of Walsingham, in Norfolk. By some strange mistake, its situation is described in text as " at the extreme end of England, between the *West*" (instead of *East*) " and *North*." At the time of Erasmus' writing, this shrine was at the full height of its popularity.

There is a clever neat Church, but the Virgin does not dwell in it herself ; but upon Point of Honour has given it to her Son. . . . . In that unfinish'd Church, that I spoke of, there is a little boarded Chapel, etc. . 8, 9

The Chapel was founded in 1061 by the widow of Ricoldie

de Faverches. It was said to be an exact reproduction of the Santa Casa or home of Mary at Nazareth; from a passage farther on, p. 12, it would appear that a legend grew up, representing it to be the actual house itself. Three hundred years later, a similar legend prevailed with regard to the chapel at Loretto,—said to have been carried by angels from Nazareth. The fine church referred to was built in 1420. The shrine was visited by several English kings: Henry VII., Edward I. and Edward II. made the pilgrimage. Henry VIII. walked thither barefoot to present a costly necklace to the Virgin. The emperor Charles V., when he desired to confer with Wolsey, made the pilgrimage a pretext for his visit. The shrine was broken up and despoiled by Henry in 1538.

The holy Wells 16

The belief in their medicinal virtue declined in course of time and they became converted into "wishing-wells." The votary knelt on a stone between the two wells, placed a hand in each, up to the wrist, drank as much of the water as he could collect, and breathed his wish. These wells are still shown. The reader will find an article on Walsingham in that excellent compilation, Chambers's Book of Days, vol ii., p. 174.

As your Homer says, my Heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches 16

Παρὰ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός,

Il. xv. 280.

"Their spirit fell to their feet."

But are there Days in Purgatory? 18

Lit., "Is there Day in the infernal regions?" A catch on the double sense of day as opposed to night, and as a portion of time.

The Chapel Officers 19

Lit., "The Mystagogues," who in Greece initiated worshippers into the sacred mysteries.

All the Gold in Tagus 21

One of the legendary auriferous streams, like Pactolus; the notion being probably derived from the colour of the soil.

St. Christopher at Paris... 21

On this famous colossal statue, see above, pp. 407-8.

Him of a Cart-load 21

A common Greek figure of speech for anything excessively big.

The toad-stone 21

French, *crapaudine.*

... ... 22

For the passage on stones and their resemblances to natural objects, compare Pliny *De Gemmis.* The grotesque and mimetic element in Nature, exhibited also in the forms of orchids, etc., is a subject worthy of more attention than it has yet received.

Three Stone Statues of Men in Armour, etc. 26

Reginald Fitz-Urse, William de Tracy, and Richard Brito or the Breton, are named as having taken the most active part in the assassination of the archbishop. There was a fourth conspirator, Hugh de Moreville. The scene is described with characteristic picturesqueness in Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury."

William Warham the Archbishop 28

Erasmus' best friend and patron. Wareham appointed him to the living of Aldington, in Kent, prevailing over the scholar's scruples against accepting the benefice (while unable to discharge parochial duties from ignorance of the language), by providing otherwise for the cure of souls, and charging it with an annual pension of 100 crowns to Erasmus. The archbishop was a man of humour and of most amiable social qualities, as well as industrious in his official duties; and appears to have conceived a very warm affection for Erasmus. He made him other large presents of money. In his letters, our scholar has done justice to the character of his friend. To Leo X. he describes him as "a person who for learning, piety, episcopal virtue, and desire to promote literature, was not equalled in England." To the Abbot of St. Bertin: "Of those who are kind to me, I place Wareham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the first place. What genius! What copiousness! What vivacity! What facility in the

most complicated discussions! What erudition! What politeness! What gentleness! From Wareham none ever parted in sorrow. This conduct would do honour to a monarch. With all these qualities, how great is Wareham's humility, how edifying his modesty! He alone is ignorant of his eminence; no one is more faithful or more constant in friendship." Wareham, on his part, said to Erasmus: "I have received from you that immortality which emperors and kings cannot bestow."

The Scotch Divinity 31

Scotica Theologia, or the theology of Scotus. Concerning the two great Schoolmen who bore this surname, see above, p. 421.

The Parathalassian Virgin 32

i. e., The Virgin beyond the sea, our Lady of Walsingham.

Chaloupe 33

"Cymba," original. A skiff or long boat, shallop.

A Conventicle of poor Men 35

A *conventicle* is a *littte convent.* The term was originally applied to a faction of monks resisting the selection of a new abbot, etc. It is not difficult to trace the process of thought by which it came to designate dissenters' meeting-houses. There is an analogy here between *conventicle* and *chapel.*

My Roman Stations 37

The various churches and altars in Rome, the tour of which was one of the great achievements of the middle-age pilgrims. See a very interesting Tract published by the early English Tract Society, edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., "The Stacions of Rome (in verse from the Vernon MS., ab. 1370 A.D., and in prose from the Porkington MS., No. 10, ab. 1460-70 A.D.) 1867."

Ἰχθυοφαγία, On the eating of Fish 38

The object of the Colloquy is to distinguish between prescriptions of human authority, and divine laws. To make a fishmonger and a butcher discuss such questions together may appear at first sight somewhat inappropriate. We must bear in mind, however, that the popular mind was

thoroughly aroused at this stirring epoch, in the North of Europe especially, to the importance of these questions. Erasmus says in his defence of the utility of the Colloquies that they were being everywhere discussed by this sort of persons. He probably selected such for this colloquy for the sake of a broad and lively treatment of the subject. It is nevertheless very tedious to a modern reader: the opinions discussed having ceased to excite interest or occasion dispute amongst rational men. We suppose the coarsenesses of parts of this dialogue must be tolerated on some plea of artistic realism; but they are excessively disagreeable.

A Dispensation of the College of Cardinals coming out 39

According to original, "an edict from the Roman Senate," an illustration of the long prevalence of the names and forms of the Roman Republic—carried over into the Catholic Church—long after the reality had melted away.

The Kettle calls the Pot Black-Arse 40

A coarse paraphrase of the original: "the blind man casts abuse at the one-eyed."

You are very smart upon me, but what you say is very silly 40

Lit., you are thoroughly *salt* (*salsus*, sharp, facetious), although your speech is *saltless* (*insulsa*, unsalted, insipid.)

The Falling Sickness 44

Epilepsy, the sufferer from which is prone to fall suddenly to the ground.

"*Brutus.* He hath the falling sickness.

Cassius. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you and I, and honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness."

Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, i., 2.

You don't believe that Dolphins carry Men on their Backs... 46

An allusion to the charming Greek myth of Arion, who on his way home to Corinth from Sicily, whence he was returning laden with prizes and presents from a musical contest, having excited the greed of the crew,—obtained permission to play once more upon his lyre. Dolphins were

attracted round the prow; and when he plunged into the sea, one of them carried Arion on his back to Tænarus, whence he escaped to Corinth. The detection of the would-be murderers followed on their arrival.

We dip Children . . . . all over in cold Water 50

The Catholic church recognises that the ancient mode of baptism was by immersion. Such is the radical meaning of the word. Affusion—pouring or sprinkling—appears to have been substituted from considerations of humanity and convenience. The rubric in the Book of Common Prayer directs the Priest "to dip it in the water discreetly and warily:" "But if they certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water upon it, etc."

Pope Clement 53

This was Clement VII., who had just been elected, 1523. He was a natural son of Julian de Medici. He formed the "Holy League" between Henry VIII. and Francis I.; and was himself besieged in the Castle St. Angelo by Charles V's. troops. On the marriage of Henry with Ann Boleyn, Clement issued a bill of excommunication against him, which led to the separation of the English church from Rome.

That mischievous Ate, etc. 54

In the earlier forms of the myth, Ate was especially the divinity of mischief, and was hurled from Olympus in punishment of her tricks. In the tragedians the idea passes into that of Guilt bringing sorrow and bane after it.

Francis and Charles 54

Erasmus is evidently anxious to speak well of both these great rivals, who vied with each other in their endeavours to patronize him. In 1517, Charles invited Erasmus to his court at Brussels, and settled on him a pension of 300 livres. In the same year, the great scholar Budaeus was instructed to write to Erasmus on behalf of Francis, inviting him to Paris to assist in forming a college for the study of the three languages, similar to that recently established at Louvain. It appears that Erasmus loved his independance too dearly to permit him to accept the offer.

His letter to Francis on the subject, in which he takes occasion to plead for peaceful counsels among princes, reflects great credit on his character; as does that which he wrote to Charles after the battle of Pavia (1525), interceding for his prisoner Francis,—a noble effusion; and that again to Francis, congratulating him on the recovery of his liberty.

Councils 58

The Council of Basle, 1431–1443. The Council of Constance, 1414. The "late Lateran Council" referred to was that held in 1517. These were all Œcumenical Councils, of which down to the present day, twelve Western, nine Eastern, have been held. Much of the freedom which Erasmus permits himself in discussing ecclesiastical matters is explained, when we recollect that he wrote in the period immediately preceding the great Council of Trent, 1545–1563, which stereotyped Catholic doctrine.

Homer's Lies 62

Alluding probably to the severe criticism which Socrates passes on Homer in Plato's Republic, for representing the immortal gods as subject to human passions, and thus degrading religious conceptions in the minds of youth.

When a Divine Law can give way to Necessity, why does not this Human Law give way to it? ... 62

Lit., "Why does this human law act the part of Terminus, deigning to yield to none?" The allusion is to the proud myth of the Romans, that when the temple of Jupiter was founded on the Capitol, all gave place to him and Juno, except Terminus ("Boundary") and Juventus ("Youth"): signifying that the power of Rome was never to cease from youth and growth. It is an interesting fact that Erasmus had, engraved on a seal-ring presented to him by his pupil, the young Archbishop of St. Andrew's, a figure of Terminus, with the motto, *Concedo nulli*, "I give place to none!"

As the Antients said, in lente unguentum 66

"An unguent with lentils," a Greek proverb for incongruity, unseasonableness in the association of ideas.

As Horace says, etc. 67
See Od., iii. 3, 1.

Doli capax... 68
There is a play on this expression which has already been used by the preceding speaker, and rendered "at Years of Discretion." It also admits the meaning attached to it by the second speaker, "easy to be imposed upon." The expression was a Roman legal phrase, the word *dolus*, (device, artifice, craft), having like other words become insensibly degraded in later times into a bad signification. See Festus, *sub voc.*

The Herb Rocket 69
Rocket seems to be a corruption of *eruca*, the Latin name for some species of colewort. Ovid has the notion of the text concerning its properties, "*salaces erucae, bulbi*," Ar. Am. 799. Pliny, Nat. Hist. xx., 13.

That every Parish Priest every Year purchase, etc. ... 74
"Twice a year," according to original.

Rabin Druin 76
A middle-age designation of the devil—*Rabuino, rabouin*, from the Spanish *rabo*, a tail. From a confusion of this word with the Jewish title *Rabbin*, a notion sprang up that Jews were born into the world with tails!

A pair of Sheers 76
"An axe of Tenedos," according to original.

Drunk as a Lord... 78
An embellishment of the translator's.

Set the whole Town into an Uproar 78
Lit., "Stir up Tyrian seas:" a somewhat out-of-the-way ancient proverb for raising tumults. Festus Pomp. explains it as alluding to the bold navigation of the Phoenicians, Tyre being one of their most famous cities.

Seeing a Canon . . . . without a Surplice under his Gown 79
A strange blunder of translator. It should be, "who had not his linen garment covered by a black cloak."

Status Qualitatis... 80
Where the act is defended as justifiable. "*Status Trans-*

lationis." Where the guilt is admitted, but thrown upon another.

Vine Leaves and Wands... 82
(Or *thyrsi*): the emblems of Bacchus' worship.

To what Shifts should we be driven? 83
Lit., "What need for a *lemma!*" In Logic, an assumption. Aristotle, Top. viii., 1, 8.

Gerson 85
John Gerson, the famous canon and chancellor of Paris (1363–1429). At the Council of Constance he distinguished himself by the eloquence with which he maintained the superiority of the synod over the Pope.

Vinegar-College. That's a Name of Wisdom... ... 90
"Ecquid habet aceti in pectore," "Has he vinegar in his bosom?" Plautus, Ps. ii., 4, 49. For sharp, shrewd wit. The allusion is *Montague* College at Paris, where Erasmus studied 1496. *Montague* or *Montacute* is from the Latin *mons acutus*, which was the heraldic device of the family. The pun on *acutus* and *acetum* is poor enough.

A Man that is sick is more ready to remember St. Rochus or Dionysius, etc. 96
St. Roche or Roque, a saint of the fourteenth century. He wrought miracles upon the plague-stricken at Placentia, while himself suffering from that disease; hence was regarded as the protector of such sufferers. St. Dionysius, or Denis, the patron saint of France (third century). The legend of his carrying his decapitated head appears to have grown out of a picture representing him, so that he might be recognised, with his head in his hands.

I would return this Proverb upon them, Saepe etiam est olitor valde opportune loquutus 98
"Many a time has even a market-gardener spoken much to the purpose:" from Aulus Gellius. A learned butcher indeed! Cicero: "There is often wisdom beneath a dirty cloak." "A fool often speaks to the purpose."

Trophonius's Cave 99
Trophonius, the Bœotian hero, had an oracular cave near

Lebadea. The entrance was so narrow that the visitor had to lie on his back with his feet to the entrance; he was then drawn in by an unseen force. He made his exit in the same manner, pale and aghast. Hence the Greek proverb, "he has visited the cave of Trophonius" for any one in distress, or melancholy disorder.

Never was any Man so nettled 103

Lit., "You would say you had caught a cicada by the wing,"—from the aggravation of his clamour. A Greek proverb.

I will make a better Batchelor than you, of a Bean-Stalk 103

The practice of making not only hats, but likewise cloaks from straw is indirectly alluded to. On the other hand nothing could be woven out of brittle bean-stalks. The phrase seems to have been a popular proverbial one.

St. Martin no Bachelor 104

This famous confessor, bishop of Tours in the fourth century, was originally a soldier, his father being a Roman military tribune. Hence Martin is sometimes called the soldier-saint.

Orders of Friars 105

The four principal orders were: the Dominicans (*Black*, also termed Friars major); the Franciscans (*Grey*, termed Friars minor); the Augustines and the Carmelites (*White.*) The later fifth order referred to was that of the Trinitarians —also termed *Cruciferi*, from the Cross embroidered on their dress. Hence the corruption *Crutched* Friars.

The Habit of a Beguin 107

So called from their head-dress. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, etc., use *biggen* for a homely old woman's cap. See Richardson's Dictionary. There is a large Béguinage at Ghent, which the visitor is expected to "do" as one of the sights of the city.

There's no catching old Birds with Chaff 107

Lit., "There's no catching the old vixen (she-fox) in a net." Another proverb is, "There's no taking the fox in the net twice." "Once bit, twice shy."

As willingly as an Ass takes his Burden 109

Horace: "I let down my ears like an ill-tempered ass, when the burden comes down somewhat heavily on his back." Ser. i. 9, 20.

Purest Marble 110

Lit., "Parian Marble."

Onocrotalus 110

A pelican. The description appears to be satirical: "boars heads *Or* in a Field *Argent*," placing one metal upon another, would be vicious heraldry.

A Chimaera 110

Original, "chimerae." An allusion to the Homeric description of the monster, "lion in front, serpent behind, goat in the middle," Il. vi., 179. χίμαιρα means originally a she-goat. Cicero terms a letter the substance of which does not hang well together, a *chimaera.*

They had both of them their Pipes open... 113

An elegant paraphrase of the original *pulcre vocalis*, "finely vocal!"

The ringing of Bells 116

There is much of antiquarian interest in campanology. Bells seem to have originated about the seventh century. It is difficult to say how the notion of the efficacy of the bell in driving away evil spirits, pestilences, etc., arose. The passing or soul-bell rung when a person was *in extremis*, seems to have had a religious purpose, distinct from that of giving intimation to friends and calling for prayer on behalf of the departing one. There is an old distich on the church-bell:—

Funera plango, fulgura frango, sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Death's tale I tell, the winds dispel, ill-feeling quell,
The slothful shake, the storm-clouds break, the Sabbath wake. Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

On the preceding Colloquy Erasmus' remarks in explanation and defence should be read. The form of vanity which he here satirizes appears not to have been uncommon

in his times; it was probably a survival from Roman habits. The tomb of Hadrian, that of Cecilia Metella, etc., are monuments of this singular passion for pomp and show after death. Montaigne, living somewhat later than Erasmus, speaks with peculiar displeasure, of the "persevering vanity" of a relative of his who, tormented during his last hours by the stone, amused himself by giving, with intense anxiety, directions concerning the ceremonies of his interment. Essais, Liv. I., Chap. iii. We may remind the reader here of Mr. Robert Browning's fine piece, "The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxed's church."

Πολυδαιτία. 125

Not a classical Greek word. It is used here to express the idea of "Variety in entertainments." *Dispar convivium* is used as an equivalent Latin title of the Colloquy: "unequal feast" is hardly a translation of this. "Diverse entertainment," according to the character of the guests, etc., is meant.

Bedlam rather than a Banquet 127

"Convicium, non Convivium," original. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that Bedlam is a corruption of Bethlehem, the lunatic asylum, formerly a religious house, in London.

I have read in Horace that they ought not to exceed five.. 128

"*Ne sit quinto productior actu.*" "The play is not to exceed five acts." Ars Poetica, or Ad Pisones, 189.

The old Proverb, A hearty Welcome is the best Cheer ... 128

Lit., "Before all things they brought cheerful faces." *Ante omnia vultus accessere boni.* Shakespeare: "Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast."

When you perceive any dispos'd to be quarrelsome ... 130

Lit., "When you perceive τὴν ἄοινον μεθήν, the *wineless drunkenness* arising:" a very expressive phrase. Plut. ii., 716 A.

A Wife fighting with the Husband for the Breeches ... 131

Lit., "for the mastery," simply. The phrase about the breeches is common to French, Dutch, and German popular speech, with our own.

Ideots 131

The spelling with the *e* was formerly the current one in English. We still retain *e* as representing the Greek ι in diphthongs, as *phaenomenon*, etc. The signification of the word has departed by gradual changes widely from the original. The Greek senses of ἰδιώτης were (1) a private person; (2) a layman, an unprofessional person; (3) an unskilled, ignorant person generally; (4) a bungler or blockhead. In the sense of one naturally deficient in reason, *idiot* is a modern word. Our jeering usage of the term is really correct and classical.

A good Maxim in Life, Too much of one Thing is good for Nothing 131

The famous adage, *Ne quid nimis*, μηδὲν ἄγαν, "nothing too much." It truly expresses the fine classic sense of measure and harmony. We may recall Horace's "*Est modus in rebus;*" and his censure of the quest even of virtue, "*ultra quam satis est.*" Ser. i. 1, 106; Ep. i. 6, 15.

Beatus and Boniface 132

The original meaning of *beatus* is *happy, prosperous;* hence by a common association of ideas it was often used for *wealthy*, as in our text.

The theme of this Colloquy is one of profound philosophical interest: the slavery of the human mind to language. South, in his powerful sermons on the *Fatal Force and Imposture of Words*, has chastised this folly with a more burning scourge than Erasmus. The importance of the subject cannot have escaped the attention of any of the great thinkers. We may recall the Platonic exposure of Rhetoric in the Gorgias; Montaigne's short chapter, *De la Vanité des Paroles*, etc.

A Face as ugly as the Devil 132

"Prodigiosa facies," "a monstrosity of a face," in original. Cornelius seems to be cited as an ugly name, as if derived from *cornu*, a horn.

A greater Fool than Ben of the Minories 134

"Than Coroebus" according to original. He is mentioned in Lucian's dialogues as a typical fool. Who "Ben of the

Minories" was, and how he obtained his eminence, I cannot say.

Allay 137

The old spelling of *alloy*. From Anglo-Saxon *lecgan*, *alecgan*, to lay, lay down; hence soothe, mitigate, temper. In early English we find the form *alegga*; compare Ger. *legieren*; Fr. *alléger*; It. *allegare*.

Right of the Lord of the Manor to whatsoever is cast ashore from a Shipwreck 137

In original this right is said to belong to the "praefecti maris," the "prefects of the sea." In English law, *wrecks*, under certain conditions, are a part of the royal revenue; but this privilege was frequently granted to lords of the manor as a royal franchise. *Flotsam*, *jetsam* and *ligan*,—or goods remaining in the sea,—are likewise parts of the royal revenue. Blackstone.

The Wooden Horse 138

"Equuleus," original. A Roman instrument of torture, made in the shape of a horse.

Genius Alastor 139

In the Greek mythology Ἀλάστωρ was the avenging divinity. In the Christian demonology of the middle ages, Alastor was the executioner at the court of Beelzebub, emperor of the demons; of whom there was a regular organised commonwealth. Johannes Wierus (sixteenth century) gives an elaborate account of it in his *Pseudomonarchia Daemonum*.

One Polygraphus .... He once wrote a sort of Hue and Cry after Peace, etc. 141

Polygraphus, the "Scribbler," is Erasmus himself, and the piece referred to is his *Pacis Querimonia*, or "Complaint of Peace," printed by Froben, 1516, a beautiful composition.

Love of War stirred up by the Friars 141

Erasmus here refers to a fact that is not without importance to the philosophical student of history. Clerical influence in the Catholic church appears still, as in the middle ages, to foster war. The warlike atmosphere is

probably more congenial to the instincts, and better favours the aims of the order than that of peace. On the general causes of the cessation of the chronic state of warfare in the middle Ages, see Buckle, vol. i., p. 190, sq.

Had as good keep his Breath to cool his Porridge ... 144

For "he washes a brick," laterem lavat, Ter. Ph. i., 4, 9. He labours in vain.

Cacatile Beast 147

A coined adjective from *caco*, to perform a necessary natural office. Erse: *cach, cacach;* whence probably a nurse's exclamation, indicating an object of disgust to children.

Cyprian Cows 148

A Greek metaphor for a coarse and brutish person, because Cyprian oxen were supposed to feed on human excrement.

The old Proverb, So many Men, so many Minds ... 151

"Quot homines, tot sententiae."—*Terence.*

"Suus cuique mos est."—*Ibid.*

"Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus:
Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno."—*Persius.*

Moria's Noblemen 152

Moria, Greek Μωρία, folly.

Unequal Marriage 153

Dispar, here in the sense of *ill-assorted.*

Trophonius's Cave 153

See above, p. 447.

A Goddess that the Greeks call Psora 154

Ψώρα (from ψάω), *scabies*, the disease called *scab*, or *itch.*

Tetters 155

Some species of cutaneous eruption, probably measles.

"those measles
Which we disdain should tetter us."

Shakes. *Coriolanus*, iii., 1.

The Mange . . . . has a great many Names 155

e. g., "French, Neapolitan disease,—Spanish scab."

If she had scatter'd her Water upon the Grave of her Parents, etc. 156

Minxit in patrios cineres.—Hor.

In paganism a parent's grave was regarded with the most religious veneration; it was both crime and calamity to desolate it.

Throw her into the Thames 157

"Into the Scheldt (Scalda)," original.

Seven liberal Sciences taught in the Schools 158

On the *trivium* and *quadrivium* of the middle-age universities, see above, p. 415.

Every Boar to brim his Sow 160

Old Norse: *brimi*, flame, Anglo-Saxon: *bremman*, to be hot, on flame with passion.

"I see the bull doth bull the cow;
And shall I live a maiden still?
I see the boar doth *brim* the sow;
And yet there's never a Jack for Gill."

Percy's Loose and Humourous Songs.

Reprisals, or Letters of Mark 163

"These letters were grantable by the law of nations, whenever the subjects of one state were oppressed and injured by those of another; and justice is denied by that state to which the oppressor belongs. In this case letters of marque and reprisals (words used as synonymous, and signifying, the latter, a taking in return, *the former, the passing the frontiers in order to such taking*) may be obtained in order to seize the bodies or goods of the subjects of the offending state, until satisfaction be made, where they happen to be found." The practice has long been disused. Commissions granted in time of war for *privateers* are termed letters of marque. See Kerr's Blackstone: The Royal Prerogative. Blackstone is clearly wrong in his derivation of *marque*; he is no authority in etymology. Another writer derives it from *market*, because the holders of these letters may sell or bring to market the spoil they might take!—wide of the *mark*, indeed! Surely the meaning of "letters of marque" is letters with the king's seal: it being a branch of the royal prerogative to grant them. Analogous is *mark*, the coin formerly in use, bearing the royal sign. So again the French *lettre de cachet*, a folded letter with the king's seal.

Let there be an Act of Parliament, that the same Person shan't be a Barber and a Surgeon too 165

The wide separation of these two callings, formerly united, is a very suggestive fact in relation to modern progress. The emblem of the pole with the twisted ribbons painted on it remains. There still exists the Barber-Surgeons' Company in London, with their Hall in Monkwell Street. Barbers in Germany still perform simple surgical operations.

Sotadic 168

From Sotades, an Alexandrian poet, c. 280 B.C. A Sotadic verse is one which reads the same, taking the letters backward or forward :—

"*Signa te, signa; temere me tangis et angis:*
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor."

The author of the above distich is said to have been no less a personage than the Prince of Darkness. If so, he may be a "gentleman" (Shakesp.) but hardly a scholar. The story runs that jolly St. Martin, on his way to Rome on foot was taunted by the devil on his poor means of conveyance; whereupon the bishop turned him into a mule, mounted, and urged him on by making the sign of the Cross. The baffled spirit cried out as above, the sense being interpreted as follows: "Cross, cross thyself: unreasonably dost thou lay hands on me and vex me; soon by my exertions shalt thou reach Rome, the object of thy desire." Another example of sotadics or palindromes is :

"llewd I did live, and evil I did dwell."

(ll being old spelling for L).

Cyclops, or the Gospel-Carrier 169

With reference to this Colloquy, the following, from a letter of Erasmus to Oecolampadius, dated 15th July, 1529, will be read with interest:—"Jerome Froben told me to-day that there are those who entertain some strange sinister suspicion concerning my feeling towards you, on the ground that I have affronted you in my writings; and also that I lately turned aside from my road, to avoid greeting you. Know, that both these allegations are the idlest of dreams. I have not written a single letter by

which I meant to hurt you, or in writing which I was thinking about you. When the Colloquy Cyclops was being printed, some at Froben's works suspected, because mention is made of a "sheep's head," a "fox's heart," and a "long nose," that you were intended; whereas the fact is, this fun was poked at Nicolaus Cannius, my servant, who was ambitious of being celebrated in the Colloquies. He wears a cap of that kind, and has a long nose, and is of swarthy complexion and black hair. That you wore a similar cap I never heard, unless on this occasion. I am not so foolish, as to break such jests upon learned men. Polyphemus, too, begged to be celebrated: who was in the habit of carrying about a richly ornamented copy of the Gospel, while there was nothing fouler than his life. So the matter stands as to my writings. As to the other charge, I am in the habit of going nearly always that way to Froben's garden, when the weather is pretty fair, because the other way is somewhat close and stinks. Therefore, had no one been by, I should still have gone that way. Nor did I then know that you were over against me, but my servant told me; and I should thereupon have turned back to you, had there not been many persons present unknown to me, and I did not wish to disturb their company. I said so to my servant at the time." This occurred at Basle, where Oecolampadius resided.

Lady of the Wood 169

"Hamadryad," original.

γαλῆ κροκωτόν 169

Lit., "a weasel in a saffron-robe;" which was worn by "fast" ladies at Athens. Aristophanes.

I nubbled him so well favouredly with my right, that you could see no Eyes he had for the Swellings ... 175

Lit., "with my right I fisticuffed him, beat him black and blue in fine style, and turned his whole face into a lump." This was "proving his doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks." *Nubble* seems to be the same as *nobble*, a North-country word for *pelt*, as with stones.

I wish you may be what you are call'd 177
i. e. Polyphemus, in the sense of *famous*, the original meaning being *many-voiced.*

'Απροσδιόνυσα 178
This title is derived from the Greek proverb for irrelevancy : *ουδέν πρὸς Διόνυσον*, "It's nothing to Bacchus."

Halcyon days 179
The king-fisher (*ἀλκυών*,) supposed by the Greeks to incubate during fourteen days before the winter solstice on the surface of the sea, when it was perfectly still. Some aspirate the word (*ἁλκυών*) deriving it from *ἅλς* and *κύω*; the "sea-brooder."

St. Nicholas 180
The patron of thieves, often called "Clerks or Knights of St. Nicholas." But here his office of protector of sailors is referred to. There are many churches in sea-port towns dedicated to him. He took the place of Neptune in the Catholic transformation of Paganism. See Horace, Od. i. 5.

"Me in my vowed
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea."—*Milton's Version.*

A Dog's Head with bangle Ears 183
"Demissis auribus," "drooping ears," original.

Turn every Stone... 184
Lit., "Let every die be cast."

Servants that have no Hands; they will be unprofitable 185
A play on the Greek *ἀχείρους* and *ἀχρείους*, "without hands," and "useless."

The Sea hides all Mischief 189
"All the ills of men," according to the original,—a Greek proverb. There was a notion that one bitten by a mad dog could be cured by being dipped nine times in the sea, etc.

'Αστραγαλισμός 192
From *ἀστράγαλος*, Latin *Talus*,—the ball of the ankle-joint, used by Greeks and Romans as a die. *Cock-All*,

or *cockal* appears to be the same as the German *kugel*, a ball.

Talarian Garment 193
Talus is used in Latin for the ankle, the heel, the foot generally. The quibbling on the word in the text seems devoid of wit. "Thus Horace writes:" Ep. ii., 1, 176.

Poets . . . . give ears to Tmolus 193
Tmolus was a mountain in Lydia. To the god identified or associated with the mountain was ascribed the decision of the musical contest between Apollo and Pan.

'Αστράγαλος, *derived of* στρεφω 194
A specimen of the clumsy attempts at derivation before the subject was understood. I am not aware that the etymology of the word has yet been traced.

... ... 198
Those who are curious concerning the details of the game here discussed may consult Eustathius, Od. i., p. 1397, 34 sq.; Smith's Dict. Ant., art *Talus*. In English the name is *huckle-bones*.

Don't reckon your Chickens before they be hatch'd ... 202
"Don't sing the encomium before the victory." See above p. 385.

Heliogabalus . . . . had the Pictures of Moses and Christ hanging up in his private Chapel 204
That is, in his *lararium*, or shrine of the *lares* or household gods. See above, p. 399.

Fumblers for their Husbands 206
"Eunuchs," original.

Diluculum. Nephalius. Philypnus. 212
Day-break. The *sober man.* The *sleep-lover.*

The old Proverb, I don't sleep to all 212
See above, p. 382.

That of Hesiod, 'Tis too late to spare when all is spent... 217
"Sera in fundo parsimonia," original. "'Tis too late to save when you are at the bottom of the chest."

Pliny says, All Life is one continued Watching, etc. ... 217
See his preface to Vespasian, *Nat. Hist.*

Sleep call'd by Homer, the Cousin-German of Death ... 217
"Germanus," original. Homer represents sleep as *Twin-brother* of Death, Il. xiv. 231, xvi. 672, 682. The epithet *germanus* is derived from the root GEN, and denotes that which is genuine, hence applied in Latin to *full brothers* and sisters, having the same parents, or at least the same father.

Frugality is a handsome Income... 218
From Cicero, *Parad.* vi. 3, 49: "Magnum vectigal est parsimonia."

Agamemnon, in Homer, tells us, 'Tis unbecoming a Man of Counsel to sleep the whole Night 218
Il. ii., 24.

The Notable Art 227
Hardly a correct rendering of *ars notoria*. *Notoria* is in Latin a noun, signifying *notice, information*. Erasmus uses it as an adjective: "the *informing* art."

Words, as Homer says, have Wings, and easily fly away... 229
Mr. Gladstone has suggested that the point of this phrase, ἔπεα πτερόεντα, "winged words," lies in the fact that they are conceived by the poet under the image of arrows, shot at a definite mark; just as the Homeric exclamation, "What a word is this that hath escaped the fence of thy teeth!" expresses the idea of vain and thoughtless speech.

Merdardus 231
This elegant pseudonym for the Franciscan (referred to also in a preceding Colloquy) who made it his business to attack Erasmus and his teachings; from *merda*, dung.

The Performance, which is to be called so (i.e. holy) in the sense in which Virgil calls Avarice so 232
The word is *sacra*, and the allusion to Virgil's phrase, "auri *sacra* fames," (Aen. iii. 57) where *sacra* bears the sense of *accursed*.

Billingsgate Parsons 232
"Rabulae," original. An infrequent word; used by Cicero as a term of contempt for a ranting advocate. The common usage of the expression "Billingsgate" refers, of course, to the clamour and coarseness of the market. So

again: "to scold like a fish wife." The French allude to the "Place Maubert" in the same way.

St. Francis and the Sisterhood of little Birds 232

This was, of course, he of Assisi, died 1226. (St. Francis of Sales died 1622.) This "gentle and holy" and truly poetic soul had a most intense sympathy for all Nature. Not only the little birds, but Sun and Moon, Wind and Water, were his "brothers" and "Sisters." Dean Milman says that the only curse he can find to have proceeded from his lips was when a fierce swine killed a lamb. Lambs and larks were his especial pets, as symbols of the Saviour and of the cherubim.

No strange Thing for a Nettle to grow in a Rose-Bed... 233

Why nettle? The original is *cynorhodum*, "dog-rose," which is apt.

A hopper Arse 233

"Gladiatorial flanks," original. The above English vulgarism appears to be descriptive of the waddling, rocking movement of fat persons, and to be from the same root with *hopple, hobble.*

Master of the Science 233

"Athlete," original.

Proverb of the Brothers 235

He seems to mean that in calling Erasmus an Ass he takes him for his brother.

Humility 239

Its signification. The word is derived from *humus*, ground. *Humi repentes*, "creeping on the ground."

The Lesbian Rule 244

A phrase used by Aristotle. When an action is not squared to reason, but reason is accommodated to the action, when the law conforms to manners, instead of manners being corrected by the laws, etc.

The Bishop's Thunderbolts, Si quis instigante Diabolo, etc. 245

Alluding to the opening words of a canonical decree, "If

any at the instigation of the Devil, etc.," threatening excommunication against any who should lay hands on a priest.

... ... 249

The saying of Pope Alexander VI. Quoted again at p. 298.

Philodoxus. Symbulus 253

"Lover of Glory." "Counsellor."

The Flight of a thousand Night-Owls 253

See above, p. 383.

He is a God that helps a Man 253

Alluding to the Greek adage, ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπου δαιμόνιον, "man the divinity of man:" applied to sudden and unexpected help in an emergency. So Horace amusingly commemorates his deliverance from a bore: "*sic me servavit Apollo.*" Ser. i. 9. 78. Hence, "godsend."

That saying of Theocritus, etc. 256

A mistake for *Theognis*, 26.

Pascitur in vivis livor, post fata quiescit 256

Ovid, *Amores*, i. 15, 39.

Against the Grain and the consent of his Genius ... 258

Lit., "Minerva being unwilling and his Genius angry."

As the witty Poet Horace intimates, saying, Crescit occulto velut arbor aevo fama Marcelli 260

Od. i., 12, 45.

Virtue is conversant in Difficulties, as old Hesiod taught before the Peripatetics 262

See Hesiod's "Works and Days," 286,—a striking passage, recalling similar imagery in the Sermon on the Mount:—

"Evil is manifold and quickly reached;
Smooth is the road thereto, and nigh the way;
But the high gods do make us sweat for Good;
Strait is the gate to that, and long the road,
And steep at first—but when the top is won,
All then is easy that was hard before."

E. Arnold's Translation.

The Advice which the Fidler gave his Fellow 264

In the original the word is *tibicen*, the piper. They must have been an important class in ancient life, like the harpers and pipers of the feudal times.

Greek Fire 265

The discovery of the properties of this inflammable oil is ascribed to Callinicus of Heliopolis. Constantinople owed its successful defence in the first two sieges of the seventh and eighth centuries by the Saracens, to the use of the Greek fire. The secret remained with the Roman empire for 400 years—the Saracens then came into possession of it, and continued its use, until it was superseded by gunpowder in the fourteenth century. See Gibbon.

A mere Skeleton 266

"Syphar hominis," a mere skin of a man. Greek σῦφαρ, an old wrinkled skin, the slough of a serpent, etc.

Synodium 267

The name taken from the Greek σύνοδος, synod, which means generally a meeting; συνοδία, *synodia*, companionship, society.

Antronius 267

As a name of contempt. See above, p. 419.

Hunks 267

Said to be derived from the Icelandic *hunskur*, sordid. Richardson. More probably a contraction of the Teutonic word, hüke, hüker, German; hugkner, Bavarian; huckster, higgler, English.

The famous Painter thought that Day was lost, wherein he did not employ his Pencil 268

Apelles. Whence the celebrated proverb, *Nulla dies sine lineâ*, not a day without a line; adopted by Luther as a motto when translating the New Testament.

The Devil a Barrel, the better Herring 270

Lit., "Like lips have like lettuces."

The Mess .... that Melchisedek offer'd to Abraham ... 272

Viz., "bread and wine," Gen. xiv., 18.

German meals 276

"Beaver" for *merenda*, luncheon. Latin *bibo*, Italian *bevere*, to drink. The front part of the helmet, lifted up to enable the wearer to drink, was hence called *beaver*. In the sense of the text *bever* is a provincialism for a drink in the harvest-field.

The Seraphick Funeral 281

St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the order of Franciscans, was termed the Seraphic Saint, and the name was transferred to his followers. It implies zeal and ardour, in allusion to the association of the seraphs with fire. Isa. vi.

A Snake will not come near the Shadow of an Ash ... 293

Like the rest of Erasmus' natural history, taken from Pliny. xvi. 13.

Pope Benedict 294

This must have been Benedict XII., 1334—1342.

The Slashes in the Shoes shew the naked Foot, and so fulfil the Rule by Synecdoche 297

Synecdoche is the rhetorical figure by which a part is put for the whole, or the whole for a part. Quintilian Inst., viii., 6, 19.

That celebrated saying of Pope Alexander, 'Tis safer to affront the most powerful Prince, than any one single Franciscan or Dominican 298

Alexander VI. (Roderic Borgia) died 1503, the infamous father of an infamous family. See p. 249.

The Apologist concerning a Crab-fish, etc. 303

A mistranslation of *apologus*, an apologue, or fable. One ascribed to Æsop.

... ... 305

The stories about elephants, etc., are from Pliny, Nat. Hist., book viii. It was not thirty "Persons" according to Pliny, but thirty Elephants which the king desired to torture. The original is somewhat ambiguous, "triginta quosdam."

A Proverb, I'll give you no more Quarter than a Dog does to a Wolf 306

Lit., "We will spare them no more than wolves," Aristo-

phanes. Rewards were offered in Attica and elsewhere for the destruction of them.

... ... 307

Custom in England of strewing the Floor with green Rushes. Erasmus describes in one of his letters the filthy and unhealthy condition of English houses in consequence of this custom. See Brand's Popular Antiquities, ii. 13.

Democritical Stories 311

Democritus the great philosopher of Abdera, about 460 B.C., generally called the laughing philosopher, from his satirical habit. His contemporaries appear to have returned his scorn upon himself and his speculations.

... ... 314

Catullus's epigram on Volusius. This is a mistake— a rare lapse of memory on Erasmus' part. The epigram alluded to is Martial's, and the person who is its object, Sabidius, i., 33 :—

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

As to the famous English adaptation of the epigram, a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says the author was Tom Brown, who wrote "Dialogues of the Dead," and the person referred to was Dr. Fell, Dean of Christchurch (1625—1686) who expelled him, but said he would remit the sentence if he translated the thirty-third epigram of Martial. The result was the well-known lines :—

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell ;
But this I know, I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Brewer's Dict. of Phrase and Fable.

As to Volusius, Catullus has an ode against him and his Annals (xxxvi) beginning, "Annales Volusî, cacata charta, etc." Hence the confusion of recollection in the text.

Why does the River Arethusa run under the Sicanian sea, etc. 322

Should be, the river *Alpheus*, who (for the Greeks deified their rivers) pursued the nymph Arethusa under ground

and ocean, and sought to mingle his water with hers at Ortygia in Cicily. The beautiful myth is founded on the natural fact that the river Alpheus in Peloponnesus has a subterranean descent and flow during a part of its course.

The Lake Asphaltitis 323

The *mare mortuum* or Dead Sea.

The ignorant Antients, following Homer, believ'd the Heaven to be made of Iron 324

In the Iliad it is described as *brazen* (χάλκεος), xvii. 425; v. 504; in the Odyssey as *iron*, xv. 329, xvii. 565; also in the Odyssey, iii. 2, as πολύχαλκος. A similar notion appears in the Hebrew *rakia*, something flattened out, translated *firmament.*

The Souls of Men, that Virgil calls Sparks of pure Æther 325

In that fine passage from which the Catholic doctrine of purgatory seems to be derived, vi. 735, sq. :—

> "Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
> Concretam exemit labiem, purumque reliquit
> Aetherium sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem."

The Epicurean 326

Hedonius, a name coined from ἡδονή, pleasure. *Spudaeus*, σπουδαῖος, earnest, eager, etc.

It is commonly the Case of Farmers to be at Uncertainty as to the Ends of Lands 327

A pun on the double meaning of *fines*, that of *ends*, *final causes*, and that of *boundaries.*

If we will speak the Truth, none are greater Epicureans than those Christians that live a pious Life ... 327

Compare with the whole passage the following from Montaigne: "Toutes les opinions du monde en sont là, que le plaisir est nostre but; quoiqu'elles en prennent divers moyens: autrement on les chasseroit d'arrivée; car qui écouteroit celui qui, pour sa fin, establiroit nostre peine et mesaise? *Les dissentions des sectes philosophiques en ce cas sont verbales; transcurramus solertissimas nugas;* il y a plus d' opiniastreté et de picoterie qu'il n' appartient à une si saincte profession; mais quelque personnage que homme

entrepreigne, il joue tonsiour le sien parmy. Quoy qu'ils dient, en la vertu même, le dernier but de nostre lisée, c'est la volupté. Il me plaist de battre leurs aureilles de ce mot, qui leur est si fort à contrecoeur; et s'il signifie quelque supreme plaisir et excessif contentement, il est mieux deu à l' assistance de la vertu qu' à nulle aultre assistance. Cette volupté, pour estre plus gaillarde, nerveuse, robuste, virile, n'en est que plus serieusement voluptueux; et lui debvions donner le nom du plaisir, plus favourable, plus doux et naturel, non celui de la vigueur, duquel nous l' avons dénommee."

Liv. I., Chap. xxx.

A Sentence in Plautus that has more Wisdom in it, than all the Paradoxes of the Stoics 328

See the *Mostellaria*, iii. 1, 13.

A certain sort of Flax, which being put into the fire is not burnt, but shines brighter 328

Some, however, read *lignum*, wood, instead of *linum*, flax.

Syrus in the Comedy, after he had slept away his Debauch, spoke sober Things 331

See the *Adelphi* of Terence.

The Pox, which by Way of Extenuation they call the Common-Garden Gout 334

Lit., "The Neapolitan scab."

Do they not epicurize gloriously? Yes, if coming often to the Powdering-Tub be doing so 334

A pun is here disguised. "Do they not seem finely to Epicurize (ἐπικουρίζειν)? Yes, to *epicourīathein* (ἐπὶ κουρεῖα θεῖν, to run to the barbers' shops)."

A Callous grown insensible of their Calamity 335

Lat., *callus*, a hard skin in animals; rind in plants.

The Stable-Door shut when the Steed is stolen 336

Lit., "Sero sapiunt Phryges," "The Phrygians are late wise."

We frequently see Men that are truly pious, die with greater Chearfulness than others live 337

A notable illustration of this was to be furnished, a few

years later, in the person of Sir Thomas More, one of Erasmus's most cherished friends.

In some cases, like Momuses, some murmur against the Workman, etc. 340

Momus, in the Greek myth, represented the spirit of mockery and disparagement. He was expelled from Olympus for scoffing at Vulcan's handiwork and at Venus's creaking sandals.

That adorable Prince of Christian Philosophers ... 342

Would be better rendered, "That adorable Head of Christian philosophy" (Christianae philosophiae princeps).

Tantalus and the Stone 343

There are several different forms of this striking myth concerning Tantalus, which has strongly impressed itself on language in *tantalize.*

Chiron 349

The famous learned centaur, the instructor of Hercules, Achilles, etc.

That Cacus whom Virgil speaks of 350

Æneid, viii., 194.

"*Hic spelunca fuit, vasto submota recessu,*
Semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat."

His cave was in Italy. He is elsewhere represented as a three-headed monster.

I believe you'd make the very Post and Pillars burst with your braggadochia talking 350

An allusion to Juvenal, Sat. i., 12, 13:—

"*Frontonis platani convulsaque marmora clamant*
Semper, et assiduo ruptae lectore columnae."

"The walks of Fronto echo round and round—
The columns trembling with the eternal sound."

Gifford.

THE END.

ROBERT ROBERTS, PRINTER, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Date Due

JN 21 '47
F 12 '48
AP 11 '47
FACULTY
[redacted]
[redacted]
(Hist) Doc. Med Lib.
MY 3'50
DE 1'54
DE 23'55
FACULTY.
Reserve
[redacted]
[redacted]

PA8508 .E5 1878 v.2
The colloquies of Erasmus.
Princeton Theological Seminary–Speer Library
1 1012 00032 5235